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THE NEW YORKER

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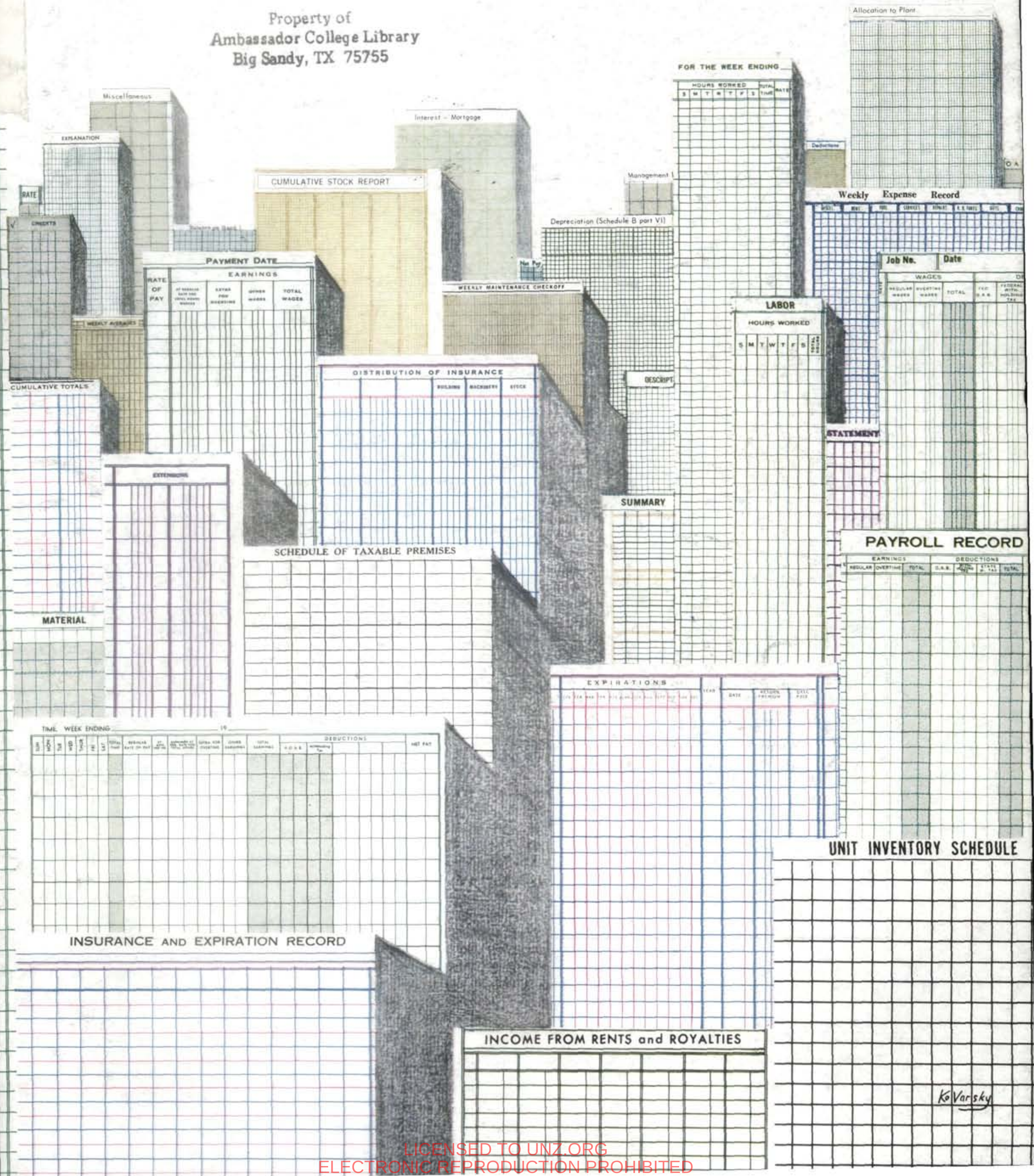
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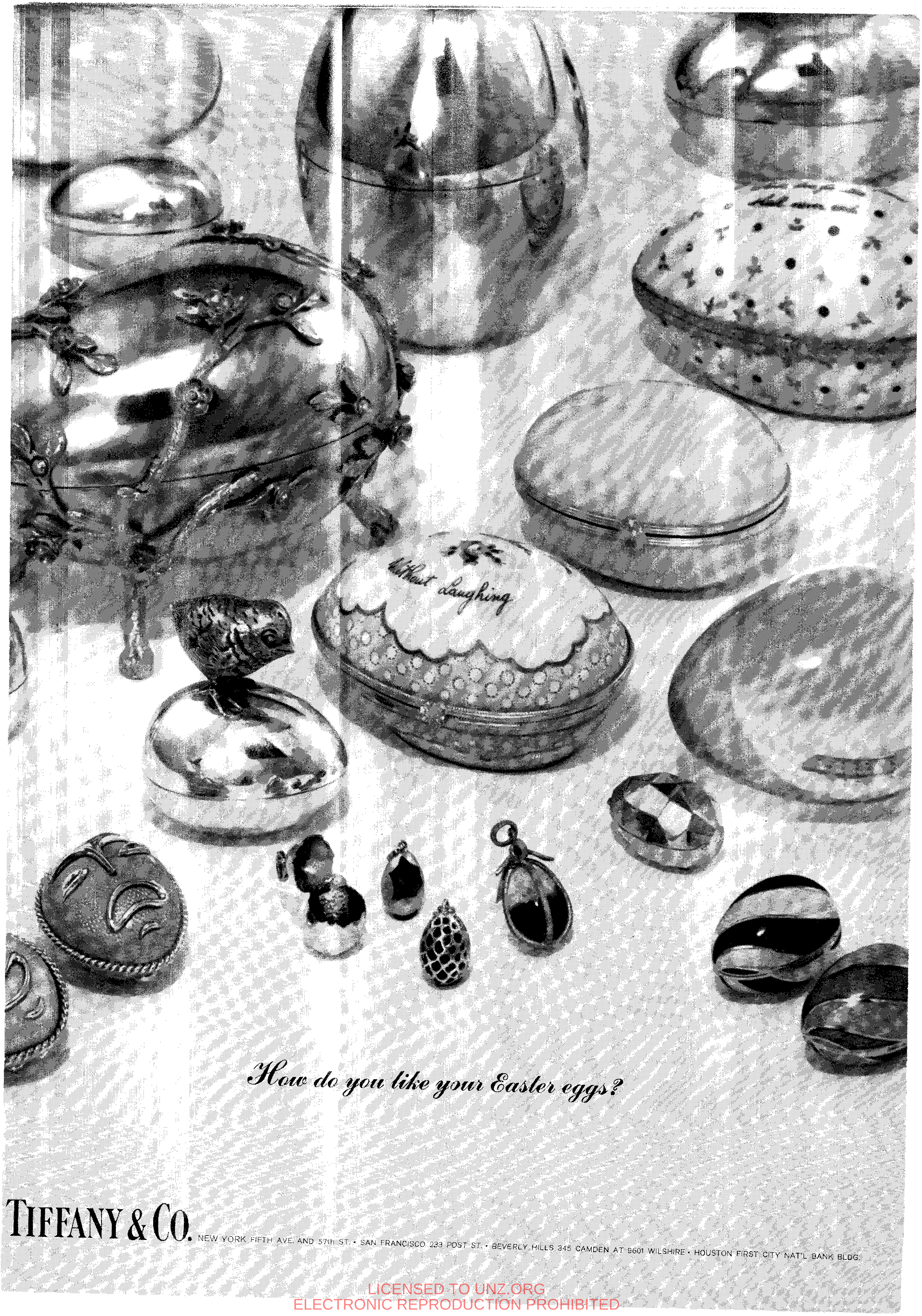
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A lively divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such admirable people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Brenda Vaccaro, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves to good advantage. The play was directed by the versatile author. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 3.)

Generation—William Goodhart's rather tiresome description of the struggle that takes place in a lower East Side loft between a beatnik and his civilized father-in-law from Chicago. Henry Fonda is excellent as the father-in-law, but Richard Jordan as the beatnik is hard to take. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hostile Witness—In this courtroom drama by Jack Roffey, which stars Ray Milland, there are a good many lagging moments, but Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs add a bit of bounce every so often. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King in an empty comedy about a psychiatrist and some horrid adolescents whose customs he finds it difficult to understand. Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, a couple of television writers, put the thing together. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—Nicol Williamson as a seedy and loquacious lawyer disintegrating under assorted pressures. A lengthy, windy, and depressing drama by John Osborne. John Harkins substitutes for Mr. Williamson at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Lion in Winter—The home life of Henry II when he, his wife, and his three sons were bickering about who should be named his successor. James Goldman is the author of this pseudo-historical drama, and occasionally he comes up with some witty dialogue. On the whole, though, the play is only fitfully entertaining, despite the efforts of an excellent cast headed by Robert Preston and Rosemary Harris. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Marat/Sade—Very long, very loud, very tedious. Staged by Peter Brook and acted by members of the Royal Shakespeare Company. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 30.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's sad and funny account of an Irish youth's last night on his home sod before emigrating to America. Under Hilton Edwards' perceptive direction, the cast, which includes Donal Donnelly, Patrick Bedford, Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, and Mavis Villiers, is highly effective. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—A large, colorful, and satisfactory account by Peter Shaffer of Pizarro's conquest of Peru. Christopher Plummer is practically faultless as the Pizarro of the affair, and David Carradine is impressive as the Inca sovereign whom Pizarro dethrones. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

3 Bags Full—Paul Ford does his best to tease some laughter from Jerome Chodorov's adaptation of a French farce, but his efforts are unavailing, and he doesn't get much help from his supporting cast. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 2.)

Wait Until Dark—Lee Remick as a blind girl trying to outwit a trio of scoundrels who want to lay hands on a doll that, as it happens, is stuffed with heroin. An implausible and wearing business. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Can't Take It with You—The thirty-year-old farce by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman has been given a lively revival by the APA Repertory Company, and the players, directed by Ellis Rabb, are one and all amusing. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik and Louis Gossett are engaging, respectively, as a Jewish grandfather in South Africa who refuses to abide by the rules of apartheid, and a Zulu servant who has been assigned to keep an eye on him. But the play, by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon, is rather fragile. Harold Rome has provided incidental music and lyrics. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. The cast includes Sandra Smith and George Gaynes. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **luv:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Larry Blyden, and Gabriel Dell all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the odd couple:** Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. The cast is headed by Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the subject was roses:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

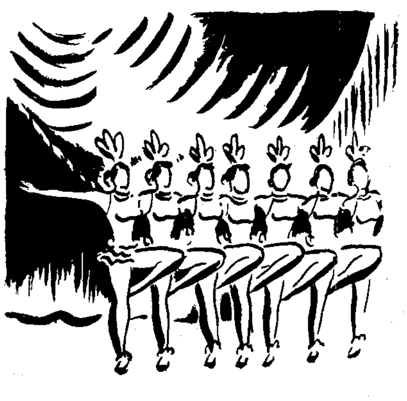
On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Extrasensory perception and reincarnation are mixed in this rather lumpy confection by Alan Jay Lerner, which has a smooth score by Burton Lane. Barbara Harris is stimulating as an ESP and metempsychic type, and the sets, by Oliver Smith, and the costumes, by Freddy Wittop, are attractive. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—A musical version of Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" that is very large but not very interesting. Julie Harris plays the daydreaming heroine appealingly, but the music and lyrics are hardly memorable, and the book is actively annoying. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—This musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess who wants to be honestly loved hasn't much to offer in the way of comedy, but it does have a lot of sprightly dances and an acceptable score. It also has the indefatigable Gwen Verdon and an enthusiastic cast. The choreography is the work of Bob Fosse, the over-all director of the enterprise, and the music and lyrics are the work of Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa in which an octet of fine young performers disport themselves most pleasantly. The music and the dances are mainly South African, and the instruments employed to keep things lively are for the most part modelled on homeland originals. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W.



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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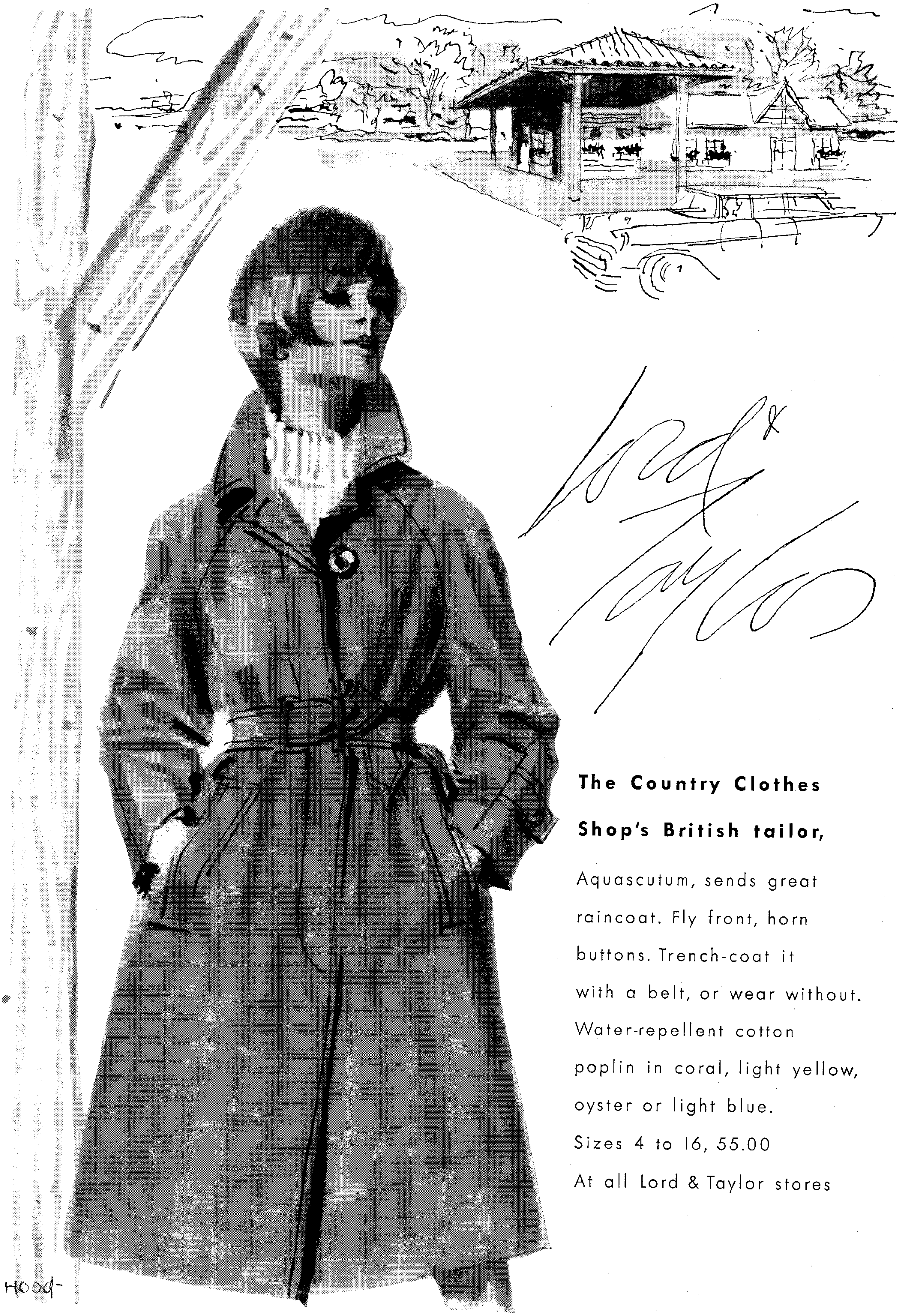

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HALF A SIXPENCE:** Tony Tanner disporting himself in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Lady Bountiful. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

It's a Bird... It's a Plane... It's Superman—Jack Cassidy, Michael O'Sullivan, and Bob Holiday in a musical based on the comic strip "Superman." Charles Strouse wrote the music, Lee Adams the lyrics, and David Newman and Robert Benton the book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, April 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**ROBERT JOFFREY BALLET:** Final performances of the engagement. Thursday, March 31, at 8: "Olympics" (première), "Pas des Déesses," "Opus 65," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Friday, April 1, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Gamelan," "Ropes," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Saturday, April 2, at 2:30: "La Fille Mal Gardée," "Sea Shadow," and "Contrasts."... ¶ Saturday, April 2, at 8:30: "Ropes," "Sea Shadow," "Incubus," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Sunday, April 3, at 2:30: "La Fille Mal Gardée," "Flower Festival in Genzano Pas de Deux," and "Contrasts."... ¶ Sunday, April 3, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Gamelan," "Opus 65," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... **BAVARIAN STATE THEATRE:** In its first appearance here, this troupe from Munich will present a two-week repertory of three plays, in German. The engagement opens on Tuesday, April 5, and ends on Sunday, April 17. Büchner's "Woyzeck" and Goethe's "Die Mitschuldigen" will be performed through Sunday, April 10. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. A limited number of simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—The company's final offering of the season is Bertolt Brecht's **THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE**, adapted by Eric Bentley. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **TOSCA.** (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

The Deadly Game—A revival of James Yaffe's adaptation of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's melodrama with philosophic overtones. The overtones get pretty annoying, but the melodrama—about what only appears to be a mock trial for murder in an Alpine villa—has its absorbing moments. The cast, which includes Rudolf Weiss, Roger De Koven, and Chet London, is quite good. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Half Horse Half Alligator—Impersonating a sampling of possible passengers aboard a Mississippi steamer, William Mooney recites, sometimes well, sometimes middling well, excerpts from a number of writers concerned with the American frontier, most of them of the nineteenth century. Not a thrilling evening, perhaps, but an agreeable one. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

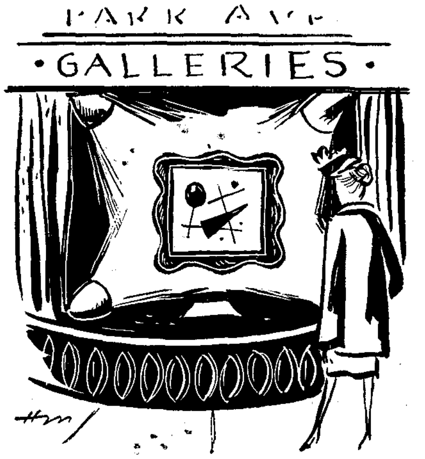
Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Ludlow Fair and **The Madness of Lady Bright**—A couple of one-act bores, the first about two young women who share an apartment, the second about the tribulations of an aging homosexual. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman, and the music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Monopoly—A program of four one-acters by a new dramatist named Jerome Kass. The characters are local and suburban types, most of them familiar Jewish and all of them recent arrivals in the middle class. Three of the plays are mere sketches; the fourth, "Young Marrieds Play Monopoly," has more substance and is quite promising. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



Phèdre—Racine's tragedy translated into flat but insistent rhymed couplets by William Packard and, under Paul-Emile Deiber's direction, performed more or less in the French manner. The result is a production that is pleasant to look at—the movements are graceful, the set and costumes are decorative—but awfully wispy, since the acting is only so-so. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Serjeant Musgrave's Dance—A preachy melodrama done in the Victorian manner and set in Victorian England. John Colicos is effective as the fanatical leader of some deserters from the Queen's Army who come to a northern coal town in order to expose the horrors and cruelty of war. The play, by John Arden, seems cluttered and synthetic, but The Establishment has given it a good production, under Stuart Burge's direction. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The White Devil—John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama, directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, March 31, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "Variations" (première), and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Friday, April 1, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "Apollo," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, April 2, at 2:15: "Agon," "Meditation," and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, April 2, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "Agon," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Sunday, April 3, at 1:15: "Ebony Concerto," "Meditation," and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Sunday, April 3, at 7:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Variations," "The Cage," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Tuesday, April 5, at 8:15: "Apollo," "Pas de Deux and Divertissement," "Allegro Brillante," and "La Valse."... ¶ Wednesday, April 6, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Friday, April 8, at 8:15, and Saturday, April 9, at 2:15 and 8:15: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 22.)

Glen Tetley—With Carmen de Lavallade, Mary Hinkson, and Scott Douglas, in a program of modern dance. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, at 8:30.)

American Ballet Theatre—Saturday, April 2, at 8:30: "Interplay," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "The Wind in the Mountains," and "Etudes."... ¶ Sunday, April 3, at 2:30: "Les Sylphides," "Grand Pas—Glazunov," "The Combat," and "Theme and Variations." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Rumanian Folk Ballet—A return engagement (two performances) by this company of ninety dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, April 9, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Mark Twain Tonight!—A return engagement (new program) of Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. CI 6-5639. Tues-

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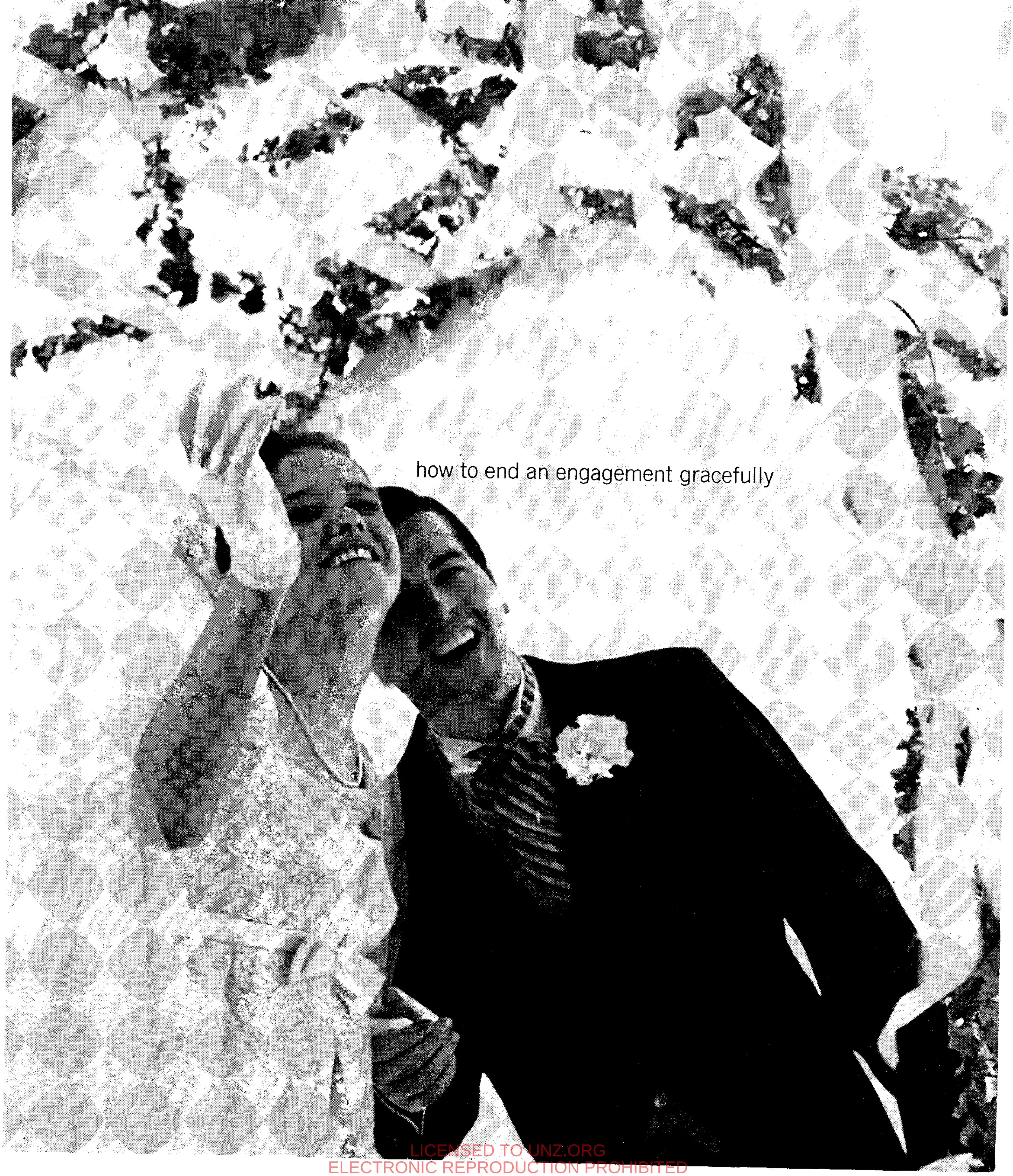
how to end an engagement gracefully

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Hasty Pudding Show—A musical, "Right Up Your Alley," is this year's Harvard-undergraduate production. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday through Monday, April 2-4, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-4600.)

The Circus—Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey will take up their annual stand on Eighth Avenue on Tuesday evening, April 5, and will be around through Sunday, May 15. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam about among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—History is made at night by Ella Fitzgerald, who is in the Royal Box at dinner and supper. The history is a lavishly illustrated account of exactly what has been going on in music for a couple of progressive generations. She is skillfully accompanied by the great big band of Jimmy Jones. The dance tunes are constructed with equal skill by the orchestra of Lee Evans. Saturday, April 2, is the last stand of the whole deal until after Easter.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The newest midtown merger, combining the corporate structure of the Barberry (Moorish) and the Little Club (candy-striped all the way, up to but not including Billy Reed, now the *padrone* of the joint enterprise). In the Little end of the merger, Horace Diaz's band plays for dancing Sundays through Thursdays from nine to two, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The age of chivalry prevails on the parquet floor between nine and twelve (or one o'clock Fridays and Saturdays) in the restaurant. George Anaya's troupe, which does walking-around serenading from eight to nine, provides the athletes' instrumentation after that. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The fashion show must go on. Freddy Alonso's band and Charles Bubeck's band make sure that it does to the proper accompaniment. So much for the main hall; in the Champagne Room, a violin and piano do non-activist music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Ben Cutler's brisk little band gets a great deal of bounce to the ounce in the Café Pierre—enough for every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Diahann Carroll, who enters the Persian Room at dinner and supper, walks in beauty like the night, and most of the time sings that way, too. The orchestras of Mark Monte (piquant) and Burt Farber (sonorous) are the flanker backs. On Wednesday, April 6, Miss Carroll will be succeeded by Vic Damone and his balladry. One stint only, at ten, on his first night. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a villa in Arcady, with nymphs bearing the triumphs of pastry chef, coffee brewer, and vintner, the whole overspread by the pastoral airs of Gunnar Hansen's violin. The artful illusion is visible until one every night but Sunday.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A skyport without the dubious benefit of helicopters, devoted, instead, to all-embracing views and the propagation of dance music, which comes—eight-thirty until one-thirty—out of the purling, skirling Jonah Jones and his quartet. No sound on Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A glowing tribute to the days when our floating population considered the steamboat the only way to go. In the middle of it sits Count Basie's blithe band, and when before has anyone ever been able to dance to *that*? The action runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This member of the nobility now takes to the British custom of hyphenated names. Its Maisonette, whose *mise en scène* turns it into the nation's most opulent bookstall, is the stamping (and stomping) ground of worldlings who are too busy to read as they run to and from the dance floor. Quintero's superb Latinos and Charles Turecamo's cheery orchestra are their guides. Closed Sundays.

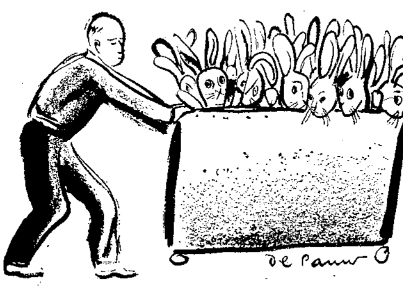
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley's concise yet convivial piano gets a workout in Peacock Alley from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week, from five to eleven on Sundays, and not at all on Mondays. A dance quartet is on the stand from nine until one every night but Sunday.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The largest single portion of Inner Space in the whole city, and occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

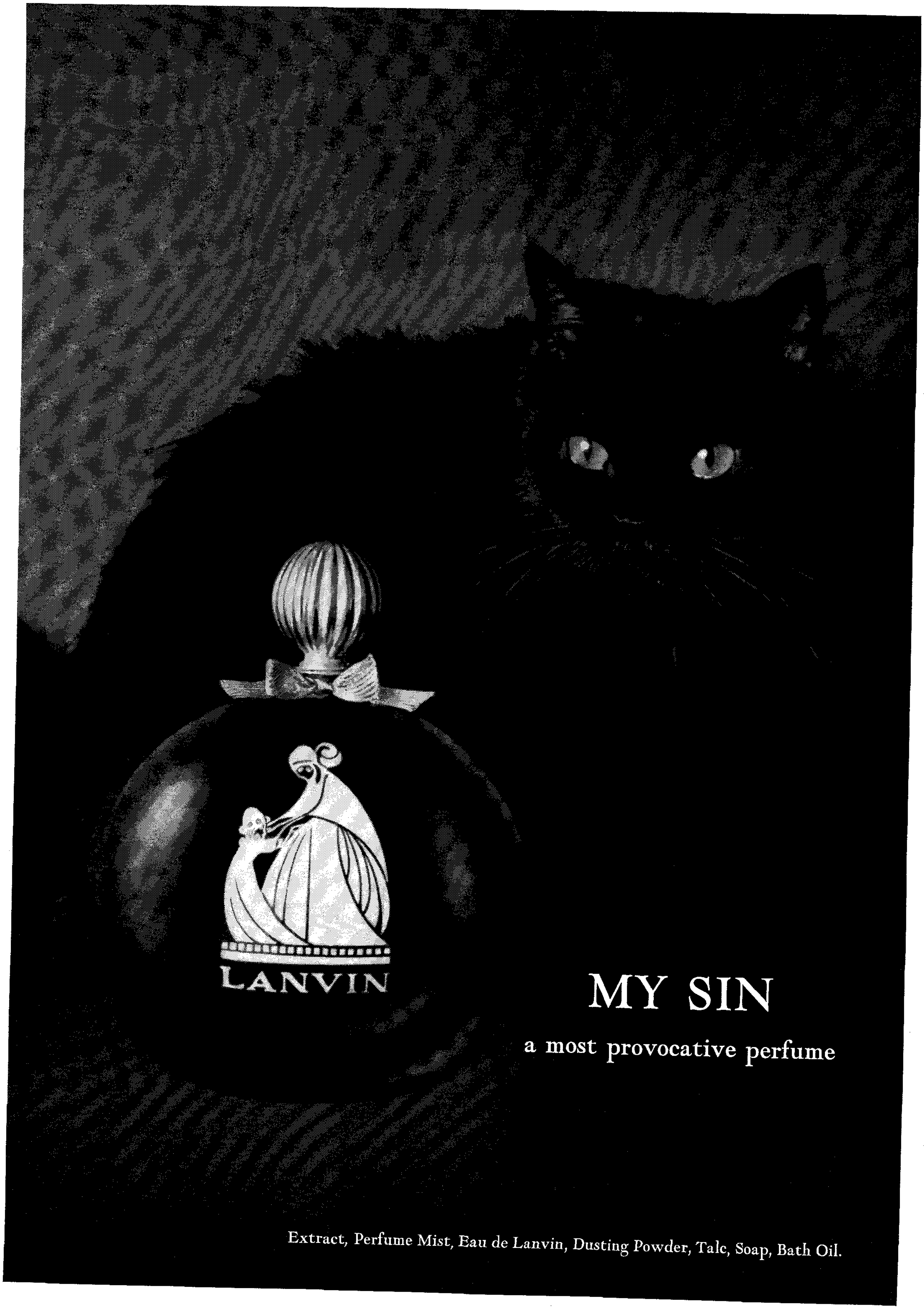
SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Eternal springs are the underpinning of the pianos of Sam Hamilton (who does the cocktail hour) and of Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who do solo flights during the evening, then up-and-coming tandem music after the theatre—all this for fanciers of eat-drink-and-be-merry. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): When in Florence, do as the Florentines do, which means bits and pieces of Italianate opera. Tourists from the States get Stateside arias. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Up aloft, in an Edith Wharton drawing room, Bobby Short sings the very best songs that sixpence can buy, and (with the assistance of his piano and his accomplished accomplices Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) sings them like mad. The ballads begin after ten. . . . ¶ On the ground floor, in a Volstead sort of bar and grill, there are songs, various and sundry, by Jimmie Daniels, the boulevardier troubadour, and (when she feels like it) Lorelei arias by Nancy Steele. Mary Small, back in action after a long holiday, sings, too, and, Murray Grand's nourishing piano is also audible. Nothing much happens until after the theatre. The whole shop shuts down Sundays. . . . **MIKE MALKAN'S,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): A youth convocation whose purpose is wholly social—girls who are to the manor born (Briarcliff and such) and boys with equal accreditation, all chattering even when Mr. Malkan sits down to a very hearty piano, which he does every night from seven until milk-route time. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The right little, tight little island at its evening's ease, through which an island wandering minstrel parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven until eleven Sundays, and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. . . . **BELL'S,** 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): One more neighborhood gathering place. What the boys and girls in the back room will have is the trio of George Taylor—none of it insistent, all of it cheerful, every night but Sunday. . . . **CHARLIE BATES,** 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): A neighborhood pub, aimed at looking and sounding 1900. Bob Emma, prancing on a tin-pan upright, takes care of the 1900 sound; Bob Gibson's trio does king-of-the-road chanting. Sundays, on the other hand, there are four-to-one sessions by the Smith Street Jazz Society Band. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the kindred arts have their after-hours here. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of the good life is enhanced every night but Sunday by Cecil Young's three-man exposition of new-school glee in music. On Sundays, sitting-in jazz groups work out from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The operator of this tiny niche, Rita Dimitri, who is Naughty Marietta to the life, does her great-gusto nights-in-Paris arias at dinner weeknights, at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Stately dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Oh, those lovely lost years in Mitteleuropa! Among the worshippers are tenors (especially the noble old-school Tibor Rakossy), sopranos, violins, zimbalon, and whatever. Worshippers who wish to dance have Béla Babai's band at their toes. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Seldom, if ever, have so many Rodolfos and Scarpias assembled under cover of night disguised as plain, ordinary waiters. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Explorers of the piano bars in this part of town are much better off here, where Charles De Forest, from ten until three every night but Sunday, sings (to his own accompaniment) about the ways and wiles of guys and dolls.



Note—The discothèque, a form of undulant fever for which time is the only cure, can best be viewed by viewers-with-alarm if they frequent these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Lap of luxury, plus music (seven-thirty until three or four) from both ticker tape and an urgent band, plus (at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty) a pagan rout by Killer Joe Piro and his dancers, who add not only verses but whole chapters to the exercise manual of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The art of the ad-lib solo dance (by, naturally, people who don't need people) is brought to fever heat and left there. (*You* will probably be left outside if you haven't a reservation.) The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music comes from a teleprinter, the hours are nine until last gasp every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): A den of propinquity, not very ornate but extremely cheerful, where the evolutions of the neatly but amusingly dressed house dancers are little masterpieces of wile and wit. The Chambers Brothers are the *vox humana* of the music, the rest of which comes from pins and needles. A ves-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tigial kitchen exists. Nine-thirty to three or four is par for this course.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Cy Walter, playing piano that is brisk and buoyant and never, never fancy-Dan. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): A panoply of panelling (hearts of oak) makes the Café Ambassador over into a stately home of England. The pianist—Joe Moon, a well-versed poet—is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Seven-to-ten dinner would be the children's hour in Vienna, from which this hotel's Le Palais derives, but the restaurant is an excellent replica in other respects. Hans Hansberg's zither goes with it. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): It is impossible to cast out the moat that is in the eye of the beholder, for it is an integral part of the toy castle that serves as a sounding board for the violin of Norbert Faconi, the president emeritus of all perambulating musicians. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of the King's retreats, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Mourners for the lost Spanish Pavilion at the World's Fair should find solace in this array of Iberian décor. Inaki & Carlos, a brace of Basque strolling players, are at home in a lot of languages. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, one of our most glorious antique shops, is the setting for Rogelio Reguera, an Iberian guitarist of the purest ray serene. He holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from six to one—in the bar. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): What is left of the Russian Empire. Marina Fedorovskaya, the keeper of this memory book, sees to it that the citizenry is provided with food, drink, music, and her own soul-searching soprano. Eight until two, except Mondays, is the extent of her reign. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer's piano (moonlight and roses) occupies this opulent countinghouse parlor from eight-thirty until about two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the ample Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner, global traveller, is at the piano, which gives off a mixture of worldly wisdom and Elysian bliss. His hours are six-thirty to midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): There's life in the old Via Veneto yet, and this vignette shows it at its busiest prandial hour. The most active promenaders are the musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The old uptown watering and dining place. Beside the bar, Conrad Monjoy sits at a very gentle piano from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Seven Hills, a bird's-eye view of Rome, serves—along with its seven-to-nine dinner—the strange and wonderful bandonion of Mario Peralta, an instrument facile enough to make all ordinary accordions seem diminished. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON GLADSTONE,** 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac Room, there are piano and baritone by Delos Rios, from Chile's coral strand. Between five-thirty and twelve-thirty, he is in fairly constant attendance. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

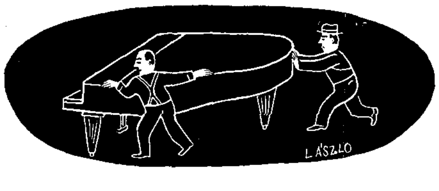
(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Bobby Darin uses the whip hand on the tense songs that are his stock in trade; Bobby Ramsen narrates plenty of anecdotes, many of them old friends. Then, too, there is a bunch of the Copa ballerinas, piquantly taking their very first steps. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music nearly every minute. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A new world, inhabited largely by young ladies (and clearly a very warm one, considering their garb.) The charade in which they are involved takes nearly two hours to pass a given point, without making any particular point. In the reviewing stand is Nelson Eddy, Nature's nobleman. A Hungarian ballet troupe (*midwinter night's madness*) is also in attendance, and rarely in the background is a raging fire named Betty Jo Alvies. On Tuesday, April 5, Mr. Eddy will be replaced by Pinky Lee, who used to put the nation's young to bed by candlelight. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Following in the footsteps of Trini Lopez as he plies his refulgent guitar is difficult enough; stemming the tide of youthful glee that arises from the audience as he recites his child's garden of verse is impossible. All this ends on Saturday, April 2, whereupon the enterprise commences a brief vacation.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The considered opinions of Julius Monk are presented, as always, in revue form ("Pick a Number XV") and, also as always, in parable, paraphrase, parody, and paradox. The cast, exceptional even by Monkish standards, involves Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, Liz Sheridan, Bill Hinnant, Dennis Allen, and John Keatts; the orchestra is the pianos of Robert Colston, Otis Clements, and Frederick Silver. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Juan Lejido, though brought up in the flamenco tradition, works American movements and modulations into his recital without damaging either culture. He is the principal event at dinner and supper in the back room but appears only at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order (to Tito Puente's band) occurs on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Mario Escudero, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, who (to hear her tell it) is beyond the help of anything at all, has her first fit of manic depression after ten. Steve Perry, a new Britisher, is the tenor, and Sam Hamilton's well-remembered piano is also available. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," the incumbent portmanteau revue, proves again the rule that nothing's perfect, but it also proves that there is still lots of merit in the old revue format. R. G. Brown is principal boy, and he is lent useful support by Richard Blair and Fannie Flagg. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sunday, is the curriculum.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The quintet of Coleman Hawkins the imperishable ends its tour of duty on Thursday, March 31. Next evening, the fivesome of Miles Davis and his quoth-the-raven horn move in for the whole weekend, Sunday included. Friday through Sunday, April 8-10, they will repeat. (On Sundays, there are matinées, too, five to nine.) Mondays, as usual, the Mel Lewis-Thad Jones Jazz Band will amiably blow the place down. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A two-ply enterprise—street-level restaurant and below-decks grotto. The restaurant, where Dave Pike's trio gets to work late in the evening, is open every night but Monday. Sundays, from five to nine, it becomes a Strivers' Row, where a varied assemblage called the Jazz Inter Action Group gets its thoughts into the air. The grotto operates like this: Miriam Makeba, clad literally and spiritually in the skin of a leopard, sings everything from busting-out songs to songs about Africans who never shall be slaves. She will be on deck except on Mondays and Thursday, March 31, an evening devoted to a rumbustious Models' Ball. Mondays, the fare is a couple of Latin bands and Symphony Sid, a commentator who is sure he invented jazz. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most important coffee plantation in the Village. With the Mocha goes mostly folk music on the best local talent, such as, right now, the crew called Charlie Brown's Generation as well as Jake Holmes, whose attitude is spoof. There is humor, too, by a newcomer, Howie Storm. On Wednesday, April 6, the Bitter End Singers will succeed the Generation. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Jazz as it used to be, but mellowed a bit, and still as good as ever to dance to, which can be done here. Among Mr. Condon's accomplices are Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, and Cliff Leeman. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet of Roland Kirk, who is never as happy as when he is working on three instruments at once, is vying for attention with the local pizza pies. On Tuesday, April 5, Art Farmer's fivesome replaces the Kirks. Visitors on Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, will also get to hear Clark Terry's foursome; Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, Cannonball Adderley's group will be added. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Abbey Lincoln's come-chase-me ballads are surrounded by the *force majeure* of Max Roach's quintet. Mondays, visiting groups do all the sounding-off. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and slow-tempo fantasy, is at work with his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson is the intermission keyboard man. Mondays, everybody stays home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The Grand Army of the Original 52nd Street convenes here for evening workouts with the likes of Red Allen, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Cliff Jackson, and Marshall Brown, who dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. Tuesdays, a bagpiper is included. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The

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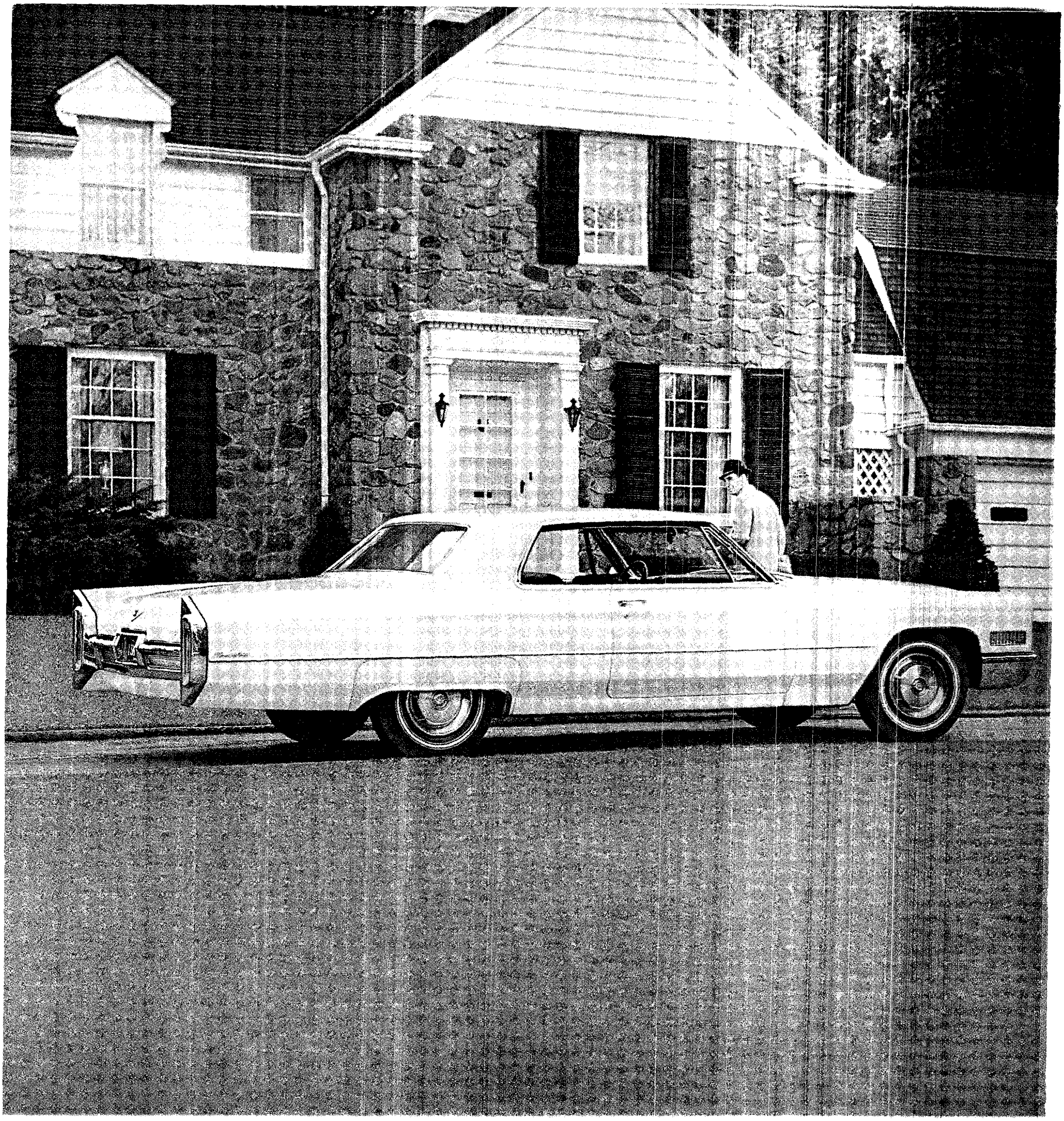

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place is open every night, and there are Sunday matinées, at four-thirty, by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): Chinos pant and pedals push as the band plays on, night after night. Through Sunday, April 3, Jackie McLean's quintet will be in the saddle; Monday, April 4, belongs to a fivesome led by Lon Hyllyer and Charles MacPherson; after that, Roy Haynes and his four sidemen take over. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Strange interludes are provided at nine and eleven, and in addition at one on Fridays and Saturdays. The creator of them is Nina Simone, whose voice and piano suggest that she has gone into a sort of retreat. She is assisted by two sidemen. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ANNETTE BARTLE—Paintings; through Saturday, April 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Drawings and a few sculptures; through April 16. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD BAUMBACH—Abstract paintings; through April 16. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHESTER BEACH (1881-1956)—A memorial exhibition of sculptures in marble, ivory, bronze, and terra cotta; through Friday, April 1. (National Sculpture Society, 250 E. 51st St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Figurative paintings; through April 23. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARIANE R. BERMAN—Paintings, lithographs, and woodcuts of carnival, beach, and park scenes; through Saturday, April 9. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT BRODERSON—Figure paintings; through Saturday, April 2. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

POL BURY—Moving sculptures; through Saturday, April 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHRYSSA—Neon and metal sculptures; through Wednesday, April 6. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIETRO CONSAGRA—Abstract bronze sculptures and drawings; through April 16. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

NIKI DE SAINT-PHALLE—Nanas, which are large multicolored and varitextured constructions of women; through April 23. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROSALYN DREXLER—Paintings; through April 14. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHAEL GOLDBERG—Semi-abstract still-lifes and landscapes; through Saturday April 2. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

JOHN GOODYEAR—Kinetic works; through Saturday, April 2. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Abstractions; through April 23. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HARTELL—Landscape and figure paintings; through Saturday, April 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY—Oils, drawings, and pastels (1909-43); through Saturday, April 2. (Valente, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

BARBARA HEPWORTH—Sculptures in stone, slate, wood, and bronze; through Saturday, April 9. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HUOT—Hard-edge paintings; through Saturday, April 2. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

GYORGY KEPES—Abstract oil-and-sand paintings (1965); through April 23. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN KOENIG—Paintings; through Friday, April 8. (Fulton, 799 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 2. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

LOREN MACIVER—Landscape, figure, and still-life paintings and drawings; through April 16. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLAES OLDENBURG—Pop art; through Saturday April 9. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

RAYMOND PARKER—Non-objective paintings; through Saturday, April 9. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAN RICE—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through April 23. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BRIDGET RILEY—Drawings and preparatory work; through Saturday, April 2. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

CHARLES SELIGER—Abstract oils; through April 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

RAPHAEL SOYER—Portrait and figure paintings; starting Friday, April 1. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK STOUT—Semi-abstract landscapes and figure paintings; through Saturday, April 2. (Dorsky, 888 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

ALLEN TUCKER (1866-1939)—Landscapes, marines, street scenes, and interiors with figures; through April 16. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARVEY WEISS—Welded-brass and cast-bronze sculptures; through April 23. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

SOL WILSON—Landscapes and cityscapes, with figures; through Saturday, April 2. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA HERITAGE**, 63 E. 57th St.: A show commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Forum Exhibition of Modern American Painters, with works by Thomas H. Benton, Arthur G. Dove, Charles Sheeler, and others; through Saturday, April 9. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 36 E. 61st St.: Paintings and drawings of flowers by, among others, Nell Blaine, Nicholas Vasilieff, and Andy Warhol; through Saturday, April 2.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by such artists as Chagall, Giacometti, and Pollock; through April 16. (Closed Mondays.). . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Braque, Modigliani, and Calder (to mention a few); through April 23. (Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and prints (by Rembrandt, Monet, Cassatt, and others) from the collection of the Electra Havemeyer Webb Fund, which will subsequently be housed in the Shelburne Museum, in Vermont; through April 23. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Recently acquired European and American prints and drawings by a spectrum of artists ranging from Rembrandt, Peter Paul Rubens, and Claude Lorrain to Jack Levine. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils and watercolors by Joseph Mallord William Turner, most of them lent by the Tate Gallery, the National Gallery, and the British Museum; through May 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and collages (1941-55) by Nicolas de Staël, together with European drawings by such artists as Gianfranco Baruchello, Eduardo Paolozzi, and Antoni Tàpies; through April 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Geometric abstract paintings and sculptures from the Museum's permanent collection, by, among others, Frank Stella, Wilfrid Zogbaum, and Ilya Bolotowsky; through April 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, and drawings by the nineteenth-century marine painter James Hamilton; through May 22. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions

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fund.)...¶ The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (among them Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson) from every section of the country; through May 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, and prints by George Bellows (1882-1925); through May 1.... ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through May 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Sculptures and recent paintings by Max Ernst; through April 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6. Will be closed from Monday, April 4, at 3, through Wednesday, April 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Spiral Press Through Four Decades," an exhibition of books and ephemera; through Saturday, April 9....¶ Illuminated manuscript leaves; through April 23....¶ The Vinland Map and other early records of exploration; through Saturday, April 2. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—Primitive oils, watercolors, and carvings from the collection of the New York State Historical Association in Cooperstown; through June 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 31, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Frank Guarrera, George Shirley, Ramon Vinay, and Giorgio Tozzi....¶ Friday, April 1, at 8: "Fidelio," with Leonie Rysanek, Mary Ellen Pracht, Jon Vickers, Ezio Flagello, Morley Meredith, Ernst Wiemann, and Charles Anthony....¶ Saturday, April 2, at 1: "Parsifal," with Régine Crespin, Sándor Kónya, George London, Jerome Hines, Justino Díaz, and Morley Meredith. ...¶ Saturday, April 2, at 8: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Richard Tucker, and Anselmo Colzani. (A non-subscription performance.)...¶ Monday, April 4, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Anita Valkki, Pekka Nuotio, Jerome Hines, Walter Cassel, and Arturo Sergi....¶ Tuesday, April 5, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, and John Robert Dunlap....¶ Wednesday, April 6, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Régine Crespin, Ruza Pospinov, Jeanette Scovotti, Richard Tucker, and Sherrill Milnes....¶ Thursday, April 7, at 8: "Fidelio," with Birgit Nilsson, Mary Ellen Pracht, Jon Vickers, Sherrill Milnes, Morley Meredith, and Charles Anthony.... ¶ Friday, April 8, at 1: "Parsifal," with Anita Valkki, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, Jerome Hines, and Justino Díaz. (A non-subscription performance.)...¶ Friday, April 8, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Frank Guarrera, George Shirley, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi. ...¶ Saturday, April 9, at 2: "Faust," with Jean Fenn, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, Cesare Siepi, and William Walker.... ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Jeanette Scovotti, Elena Cernei, Anselmo Colzani, Barry Morell, and Justino Díaz.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lukas Foss conducting—Thursday, March 31, at 8:30; Friday, April 1, at 2:15; Saturday, April 2, at 8:30; and Monday, April 4, at 7:30 (all with Gladys Kuchta, soprano, and Ticho Parly, tenor); and performances of Bach's "St. John Passion" on Thursday, April 7, at 8:30; Friday, April 8, at 2:15; Saturday, April 9, at 8:30; and Monday, April 11, at 7:30 (all with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Betty Allen, contralto; Richard Lewis and Charles Bressler, tenors; William Warfield, baritone; Thomas Paul, bass; the Schola Cantorum of New York; and three boys' choirs).

Houston Symphony Orchestra—Sir John Barbirolli conducting the second of two concerts, this one with Ralph Holmes, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 31, at 8:30.)

Monte Carlo National Orchestra—Paul Paray conducting the orchestra in its first appearance here. With Michel Block, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 1, at 8:30.)

London Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Istvan Kertesz conducting—Saturday, April 2: With Robert Ilosfalvy, tenor, and the Rutgers University Choir....¶ Sunday, April 3, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 6-7: With Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Evenings at 8:30.)

Washington National Symphony—Howard Mitchell conducting the final concert of the season, with André Watts, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 3, at 3.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Brahms program, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, April 5, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, April 2-3, at 8:30, with Erica Morini, violin; and Friday, April 8, at 8:30, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in performances of Haydn's "The Seven Last Words." The final program of the season. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, April 3, at 3 and 9.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Esther," with Netania Davrath, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Blake Stern and Stafford Wing, tenors; Kenneth Smith, bass-baritone; and Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. The final concert of the season. (Town Hall. Friday, April 1, at 8.)

Cantata Singers—Thomas Dunn directing. (Calvary Episcopal Church, Park Ave. S. at 21st St. Friday, April 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call 228-1870.)

Oberlin College Choir—Robert Fountain directing. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Ludwig Olshansky—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 1, at 8.)

Toby Saks—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Guarneri Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, April 1, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

Zara Nelsova and Grant Johannesen—Cello and piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 2, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia String Quartet—The last in a series of programs of twentieth-century music, this one devoted to the music of Hungary. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 3, at 2:30.)

Hyman Bress—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 3, at 8:30.)

Marilyn Horne—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 5, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 9, at 8:30.)

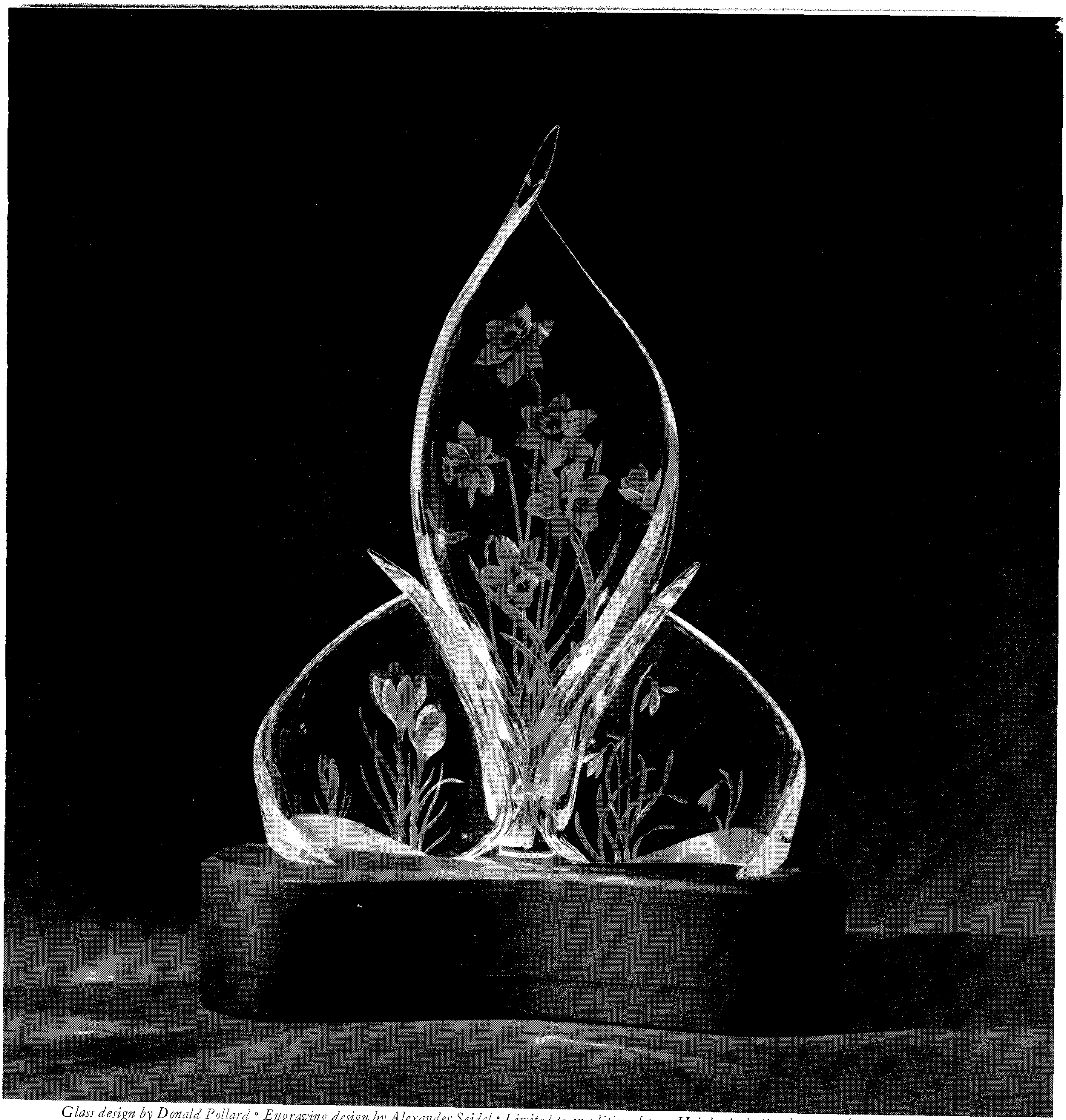
MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Juanita Hall, in a blues program, with Claude Hopkins and his orchestra. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Monday, April 4, at 9 and 11:30.)...¶ Dave Brubeck's quartet. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 6, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Sunday, April 3, at 7.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Associa-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 9.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 9. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:30; through Saturday, April 30. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, April 9.

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, April 2, at 10, and Sunday, April 3, at 10 and noon.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 2, at 2:30.)

Feis Eireann—Singers and dancers from Ireland. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, April 3, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the **gingerbread players & jack:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturday and Sunday, April 2-3, at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz," Saturday, April 9, at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . ¶ **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturday and Sunday, April 2-3, at 1 and 2:30, and Saturday, April 9, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Ching Ling and the Magic Peach," Saturday, April 9, at 1. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **mara and her company:** "Princess Qua-Qua." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, April 9, at 3.) . . . **paper bag players:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, April 2, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **peppermint players:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **storyland theatre:** "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **taubenslag productions:** "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard," Saturday and Sunday, April 2-3, at 1:30 and 3. . . . ¶ "Mother Goose's Magic Show," Saturday, April 9, at 1:30 and 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show, "The Meaning of Spring," describes the motions of the earth and the causes of the seasons, and compares our seasons with those of other planets. (Thursday and Friday, March 31-April 1, at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Monday, April 4, at 2 and 3:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 5-6, at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Thursday, April 7, at 1, 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3:30, and 7:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In **central park:** A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include mice, kids, monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **bronx zoo:** A new crop of baby lambs, kids, piglets, rabbits, and kittens will be on hand for the opening of the Zoo on Saturday, April 9. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Prose Readings—Muriel Rukeyser reading from her own poetry. (Washington Square Room, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Thursday, March 31, at 4:15. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Archibald MacLeish, Louise Bogan, William Meredith, Allen Tate, and Stanley Burnshaw reading from the works of Mr. MacLeish. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday, March 31, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.) . . . ¶ Bernard Malamud reading from his new unpublished novel. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, April 3, at 8:30.)

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—The *annual Easter show in the main conservatory* will repeat the traditional white lily cross and will also include displays of tulips, daffodils, hyacinths, and other spring flowers. (Sunday, April 3, through Sunday, April 17, Daily, 10 to 4.)

New York Antiques Fair—The annual spring event features American, European, and Oriental antiques, assembled by a hundred and thirty-five dealers. Included are Tiffany vases, Victorian Easter eggs, French paperweights, and mechanical banks and toys. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, March 31-April 1, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 2, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, March 31-April 2, at 1:45: French porcelains, Viennese enamels and other objects of art, Russian icons, ivory carvings, Tiffany glass, French and other furniture and decorative objects, and rugs and tapestries. Part I of the collection of the late Anton Meister. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 7, at 1:45: Old-master and Barbizon and other nineteenth-century paintings by such artists as Benson, Lucas Cranach the Elder, and Daubigny; from various owners.

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd—March 31 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Forward, Soviet!" (1926), a silent film, with Russian titles. . . . ¶ April 1 at 2 and 5:30: "The Trial of the Three Million" (1926), a silent film, with Russian titles. . . . ¶ April 2 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "The Young Girl with a Hatbox" (1927), a silent film, with Russian titles. . . . ¶ April 3-5, at 2 and 5:30: "Desire" (1936), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ April 6 at 2 and 5:30: "Adieu Leonard" (1943), in French, with Carette and Pierre Brasseur; no English titles. . . . **gallery of modern art,** 2 Columbus Circle—The last four programs in a series called "A Tribute to Albert Lewin." March 31: "The Living Idol" (1957), with Steve Forrest. April 1: "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" (1951), with Ava Gardner and James Mason. April 2: "The Moon and Sixpence" (1942), with George Sanders and Herbert Marshall. April 3: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (1945), with Hurd Hatfield and George Sanders. . . . ¶ The first program in a series called "The Art of Charlie Chaplin." Starting April 5: "Making a Living" (1914), "In the Park" (1915), "The Jitney Elopement" (1915), and "One A.M." (1916), plus a short with Andy Clyde and Shirley Temple. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—First league games here—At **yankee stadium:** April 12-14, April 23-28, April 30-

May 1, and May 3-5. . . . SHEA STADIUM: April 15-17, April 19-20, May 6-8, and May 10-15.

BOXING—Emile Griffith vs. Dick Tiger, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. April 25.)

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. April 23.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. April 30.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, Princeton, and M.I.T. (Cambridge, Mass. April 30.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Syracuse. April 30.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. May 7.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Ithaca. May 7.) . . . ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. May 14.)

HORSE SHOWS—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. April 23-24.) . . . ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. May 7-8.) . . . ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. May 13-15.)

HUNT RACING—My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 16.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 16 and 23.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. April 23.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. April 30.) . . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. May 7.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. May 14.)

RACING—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: April 16-May 30. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 7.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: April 23. . . . THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: April 30-May 1.

TRACK—Boston Marathon. (Hopkinton, Mass. April 19.) . . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 29-30.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. May 14.)

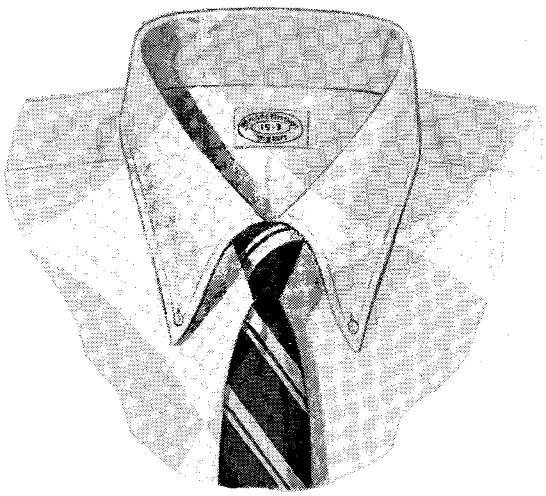
MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 16. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 21. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 12. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, April 13 and 15. . . . ¶ Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano, April 17. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, April 17. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Philharmonia, April 20. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, April 24. . . . ¶ Jon Vickers, tenor, May 1. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Boston Symphony, April 16. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 18 and May 8-9. . . . ¶ Isaac Stern, violin, April 21. . . . ¶ Vivian Rivkin, piano, April 22. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, April 24. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, April 25. . . . ¶ Schola Cantorum of New York, April 26. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, May 6. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano, April 12. . . . ¶ Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, April 15. . . . ¶ Helvetia Maennerchor, April 16. . . . ¶ Westminster Choir, April 19. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, April 28. . . . ¶ Columbia University Glee Club, April 29. . . . ¶ New York University Glee Club, May 1. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (535-5350): Van Cliburn, piano, April 16.

BALLET—The Bolshoi Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 19-May 8.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks—"Venus Is," a play by Chester Erskine, with James Patterson. . . . ¶ Revivals by the City Center Light Opera Company of "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" and "The Most Happy Fella." . . . ¶ John Gielgud and Vivien Leigh in a limited engagement of Chekhov's "Ivanov," adapted by Sir John. . . . ¶ A comedy, "The Office," by Maria Irene Fornes, starring Elaine May, Jack Weston, and Ruth White.

PROSE READINGS—Truman Capote. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. May 5.)

OTHER DATES—International Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, April 9-17. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 10. . . . ¶ Federal and New York State income-tax returns for 1965 and estimates for 1966 are due Friday, April 15. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 24. . . . ¶ April Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, April 27.



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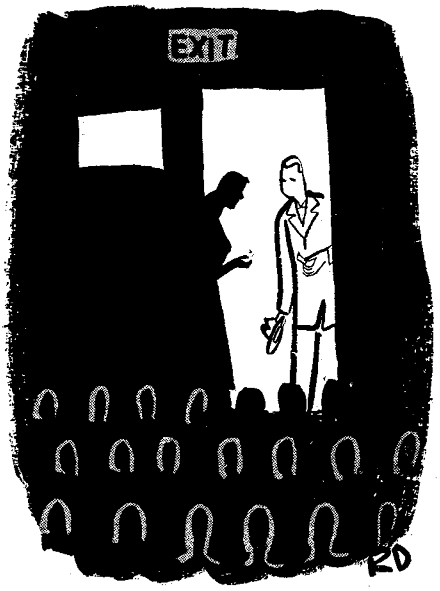
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Dear John—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Doctor Zhivago—A beautifully filmed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Starting Saturday, April 2, matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Flight of the Phoenix—A superior tale about a group of men lost in the desert and fighting to survive. With James Stewart, Peter Finch, Richard Attenborough, and Hardy Krüger, and directed by Robert Aldrich. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through April 5.)

The Great Race—A vehicle for vehicles, the latter of the Edwardian period and ably manned by Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, Keenan Wynn, and Peter Falk. Funny at the beginning; then you had better go quietly. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting April 6, tentative.)

The Group—A long movie about some girls who got out of Vassar in '33 and were fairly miserable by '39. From the novel by Mary McCarthy and directed by Sidney Lumet, with Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Larry Hagman, James Broderick, Hal Holbrook, and a great many others. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Hamlet—A highly successful version of the play, directed in a grand and passionate style by Grigory Kozintsev. In Russian. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through April 5.)

The Ipcress File—Nonsensical double-dealing in Her Majesty's secret Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing a hero more rumpled, grumpy, and attractive than James Bond. Well directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 3-5.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A touching tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Enchantingly photographed and filled with the characteristic lyrical insight of its director, Federico Fellini. Giulietta Masina plays the title role. In Italian. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting April 6.)

Lord Love a Duck—George Axelrod has directed this harsh but often hilarious study of Young America, and Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld are excellent in the leading roles. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through April 5.)

The Loved One—An overstuffed nightmare, expanding and almost wrecking the Waugh work, but with a few funny scenes. The heroes of the occasion are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Rod Steiger, Milton Berle, and Margaret Leighton. Tony Richardson directed. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Moment of Truth—The celebrated Spanish matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin plays the role of a celebrated Spanish matador in a shocking but beautiful picture by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Our Man Flint—An American version of James Bond's veddy British brand of international undercover work. Starring James Coburn, who is a funny fellow. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting April 6.)

The Pawnbroker—An extraordinary performance by Rod Steiger makes this worth seeing. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through April 5, tentative.)

Shakespeare Wallah—A sweetly sad story of contemporary India, directed by James Ivory and with a mixed cast of Indian and English actors. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Shop on Main Street—An exceptionally fine film, all the way from Czechoslovakia. The stars are Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska, and the setting is a village during the Second World War. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—Yves Montand and Simone Signoret in a model thriller, laid mainly in Paris. Directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold—Richard Burton is splendid as the grubby and despairing hero of the le Carré novel. Also on hand are Oskar Werner and Claire Bloom. Martin Ritt was the director. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through April 2. . . . ¶ Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through April 5.)

The 10th Victim—According to this comedy, world peace can be achieved by encouraging bellicose individuals to kill each other off under government auspices. Wittily written and starring Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, Eric Sykes, and several others are very funny as the participants in an air race across the English Channel in the days when flying was still only a sport. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through April 5.)

A Thousand Clowns—An adaptation of a Broadway comedy that, for a wonder, is better than the original. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 5. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 6. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting April 6, tentative.)

Thunderball—A silly, thrilling, and occasionally handsome mélange of sex and sudden death, starring Sean Connery as James Bond. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting April 6, tentative.)

To Die in Madrid—A blunt, heartbreaking, and sometimes beautiful documentary about the Spanish Civil War. With an English narration. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Where the Spies Are—A cheerful, frantic thriller, distinguished by David Niven's well-bred perplexity and resourcefulness in the midst of endless low-bred scoundrels. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 2.)

REVIVALS

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; April 4.)

David Copperfield (1955)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through April 2.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A film about the tribulation of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 1-4.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 31.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly in a film about the effect of war and death on two small children. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 31.)

Lolita (1962)—A comedy centering on a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 1-4, last showing on April 4 at 1:40.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting April 6.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 1-4.)

On the Double (1961)—Danny Kaye as a nervous G.I. who is forced to impersonate a British general. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 6.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; April 3-5.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through April 2.)

The Troublemaker (1964)—High jinks concerning the tribulations of a chicken farmer trying to set up a coffeehouse in Greenwich Village. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 5.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through April 5, tentative.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—James Cagney hoofing and singing his way through the life of George M. Cohan. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; April 5.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—A three-part comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 5.)

Zorba the Greek (1964)—Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates in a melodrama set in a village in Crete. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 5.)

Film Libraries—See listing under "Other Events," page 14.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE GROUP.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Tuesday, April 5, at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Singing Nun," Debbie Reynolds, Ricardo Montalban.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Flame and the Fire," a French documentary film, with an English narration.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through April 5: "The Silencers," Dean Martin.
From April 6: "The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
THE LOVED ONE; and **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 5: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From April 6: **OUR MAN FLINT.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 5: "Inside Daisy Clover," Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer; and "The Nanny," Bette Davis.
From April 6 (tentative): **A THOUSAND CLOWNS;** and "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THE GROUP.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through the afternoon of April 3: "The Silencers," Dean Martin.
From April 3, at 8:30: "Morgan!," Vanessa Redgrave. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call PL 1-0763.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE GROUP.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through April 5: **HAMLET** (in Russian).
From April 6: To be announced.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SHAKESPEARE WALLAH.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through April 5: **LORD LOVE A DUCK.**
From April 6: "The Greatest Story Ever Told," Max von Sydow.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through April 2: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD;** and "Agent 8¾," Dirk Bogarde.
April 3: "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds; and "The Band Wagon," revival, Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse.
April 4: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival; and "A Night at the Show," revival, Charlie Chaplin.
April 5: **YANKEE DOODLE DANDY,** revival; and "The Jazz Singer," revival, Al Jolson.
April 6: "Show Boat," revival, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel; and "Words and Music," revival, June Allyson, Judy Garland.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through April 5: **THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.**
From April 6: "The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
A THOUSAND CLOWNS.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 5: **ZORBA THE GREEK,** revival.
From April 6 (tentative): **THE GREAT RACE.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
A THOUSAND CLOWNS.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Inside Daisy Clover," Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer; and "Frankenstein Meets the Space Monster," Robert Reilly.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 5: **THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX.**
From April 6: "The Ugly Dachshund," Dean Jones, Suzanne Pleshette.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
March 31: "Nosferatu" and "Metropolis" (both silent German films).
April 1-4: **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French), revival; and "Testament of Orpheus" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
From April 5: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (in French), revival; and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (in Japanese), revival, Denjiro Okochi.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through April 2: **TOM JONES,** revival; and **DAVID COPPERFIELD,** revival.
April 3-5: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN,** revival; and "Sunset Boulevard," revival, Gloria Swanson, William Holden.
From April 6: **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY,** revival; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 5: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian), revival; and "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
From April 6: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 5 (tentative): **THE PAWNBROKER;** and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.
From April 6 (tentative): **THUNDERBALL;** and "Ten Little Indians," Hugh O'Brian, Shirley Eaton.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 5: "The Chase," Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda; and "You Must Be Joking!," Michael Callan, Lionel Jeffries.
From April 6: **OUR MAN FLINT.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 2: **WHERE THE SPIES ARE;** and "Once a Thief," Alain Delon, Ann-Margret.
April 3-5: **THE IPCRESS FILE;** and "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.
From April 6: **THE KNACK;** and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through April 5: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.**
From April 6: "The Ugly Dachshund," Dean Jones, Suzanne Pleshette.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Revenge of a Swordswoman" (with Mandarin dialogue); and "The Kingdom and the Beauty" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian).

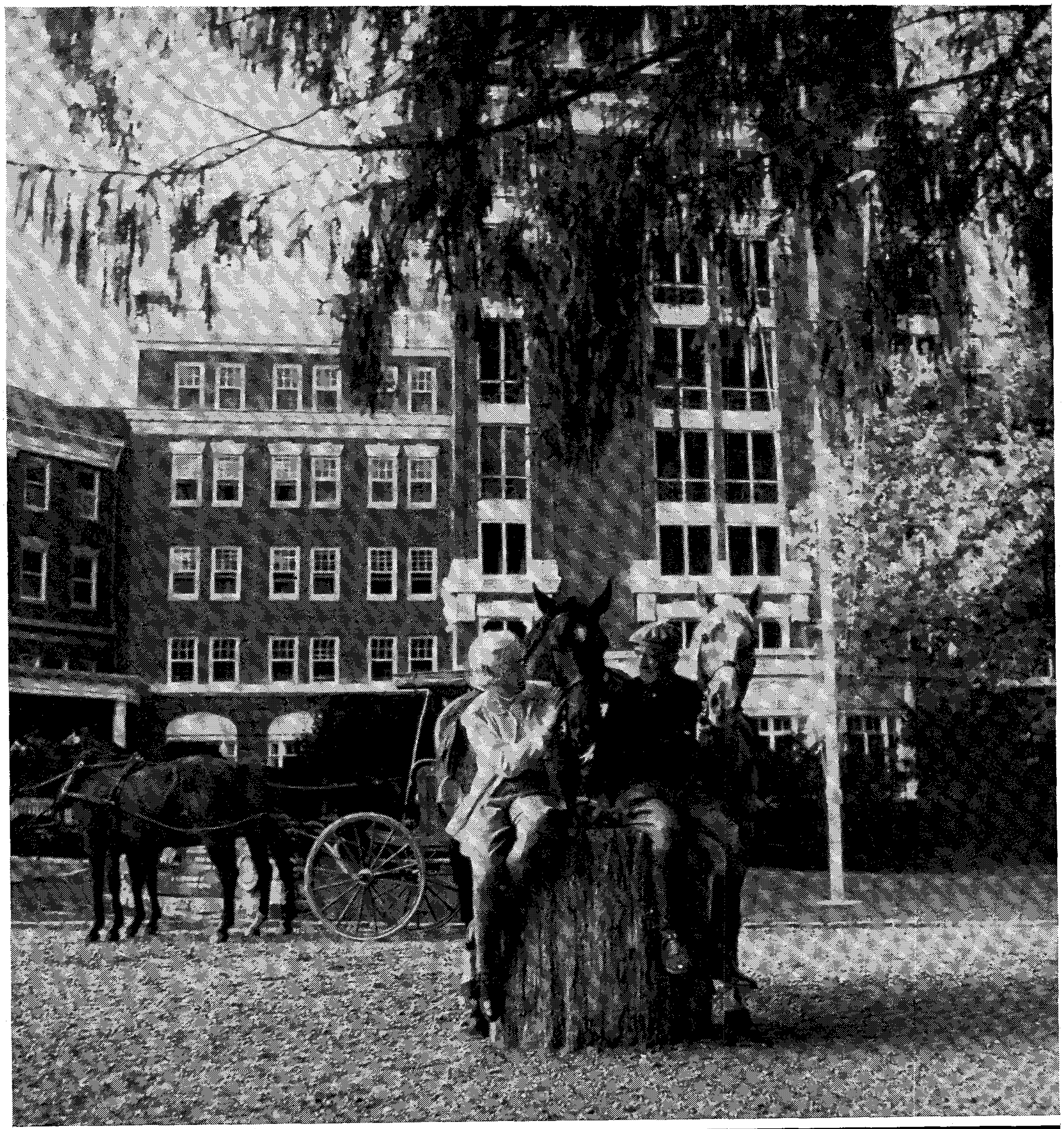
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"La Fuga" (in Italian), Giovanna Ralli, Anouk Aimée.

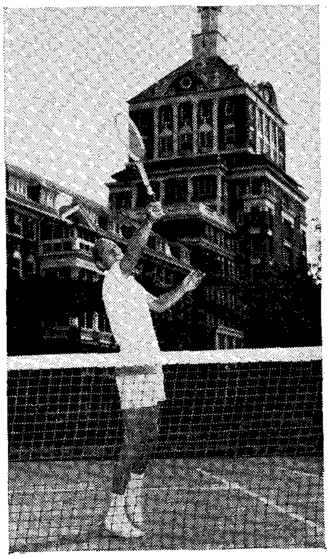
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 31: **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; and **8½** (in Italian), revival.
April 1-4 (last showing on April 4 at 1:40): **LOLITA,** revival; and "The Old-Fashioned Way," revival, W. C. Fields.
April 4 at 6:30, 8:15, and 10: Three Laurel and Hardy shorts plus a short with Charlie Chaplin.
April 5-6: "Wild Seed," Michael Parks; and "The Naked Kiss," revival, Constance Towers.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 5: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS;** and "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita," revival, Maureen O'Hara, Rossano Brazzi.
From April 6: **ON THE DOUBLE,** revival; and "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," revival, Spencer Tracy.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 31: "Toys in the Attic," revival, Dean Martin, Geraldine Page; and "The Children's Hour," revival, Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.
April 1-4: **NIGHT AND FOG,** revival; and "The Leopard," revival, Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.
From April 5: **THE TROUBLEMAKER,** revival; and "The Guest," revival, Donald Pleasence.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).





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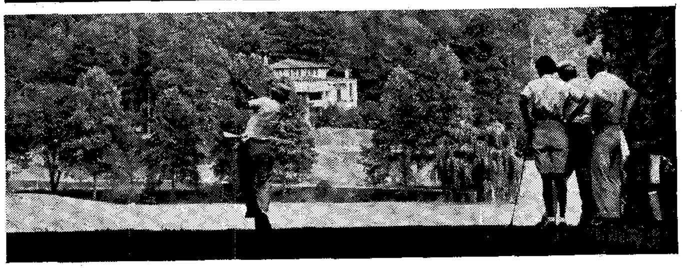

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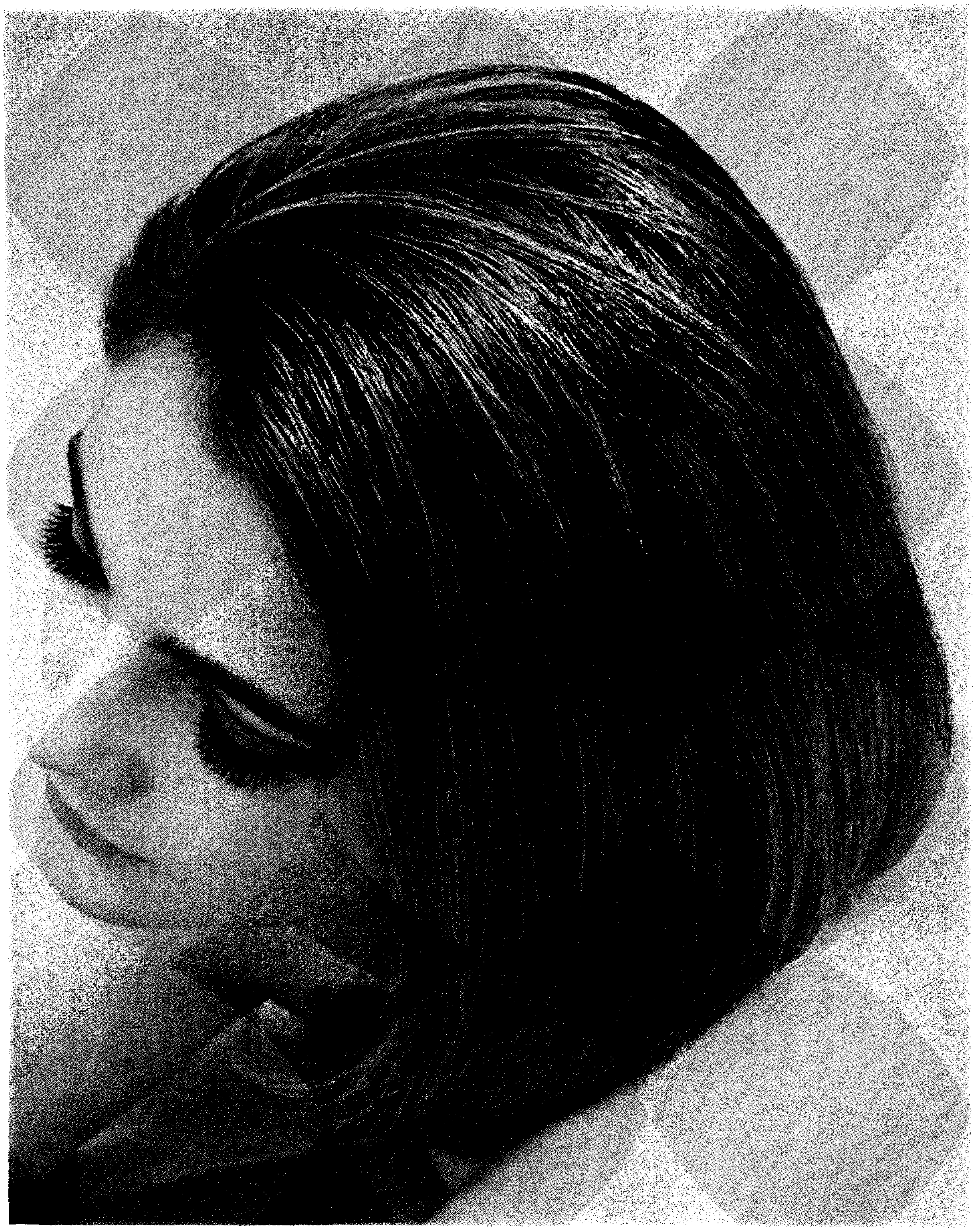

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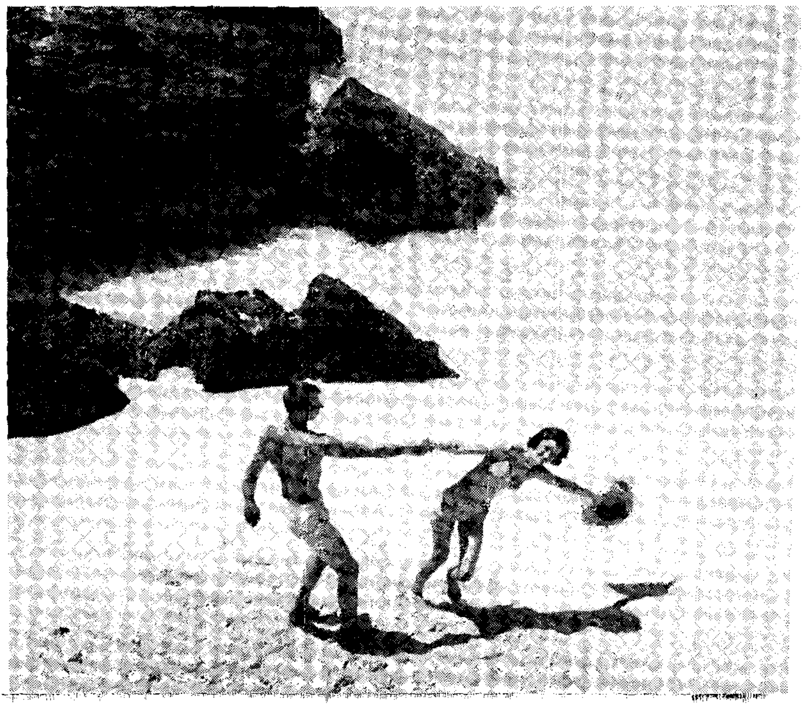

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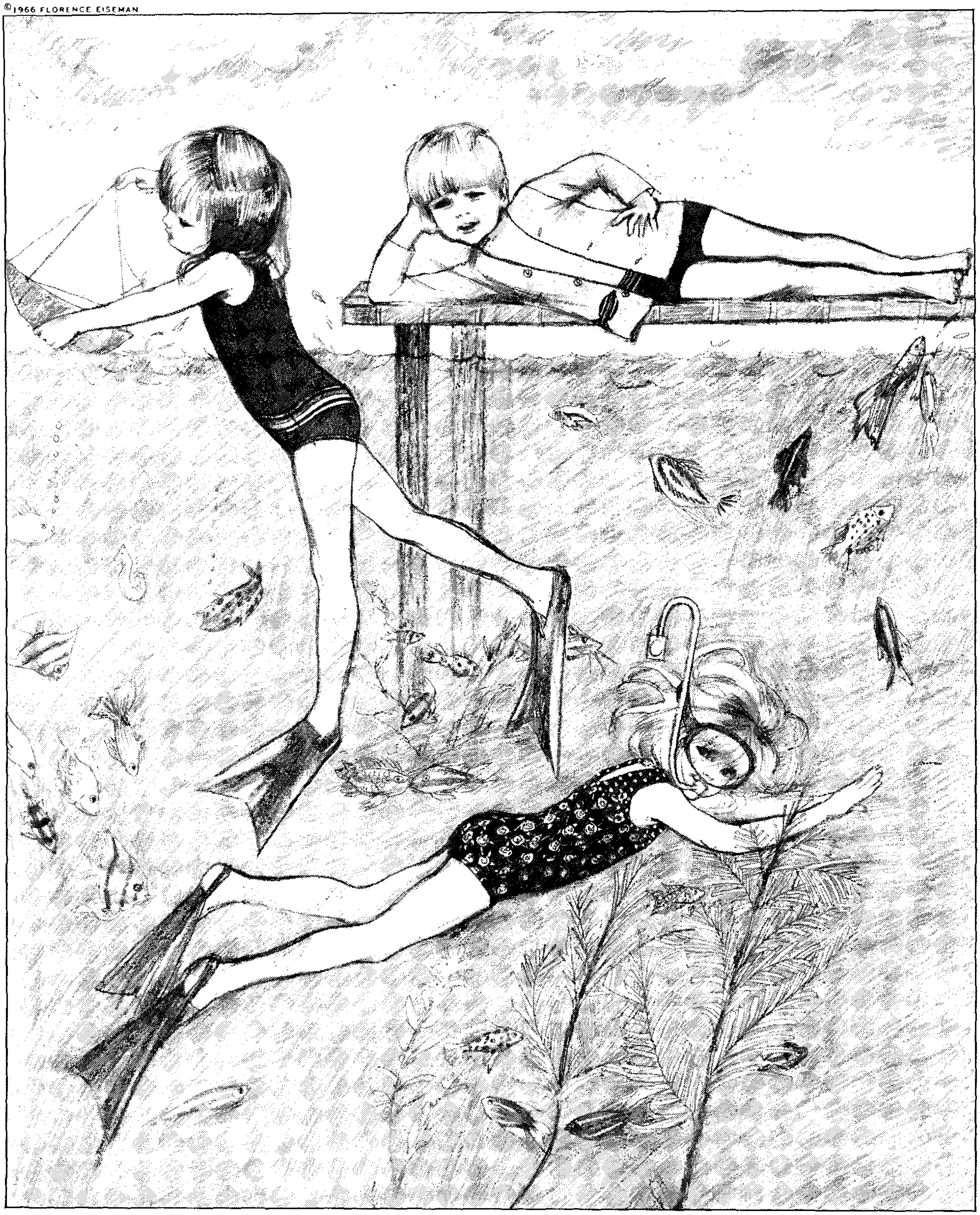

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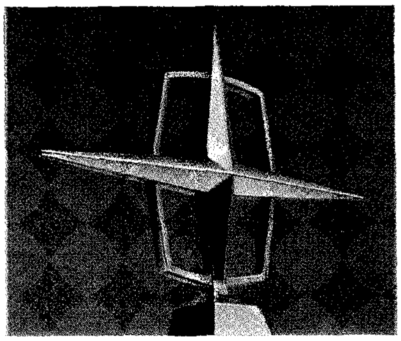

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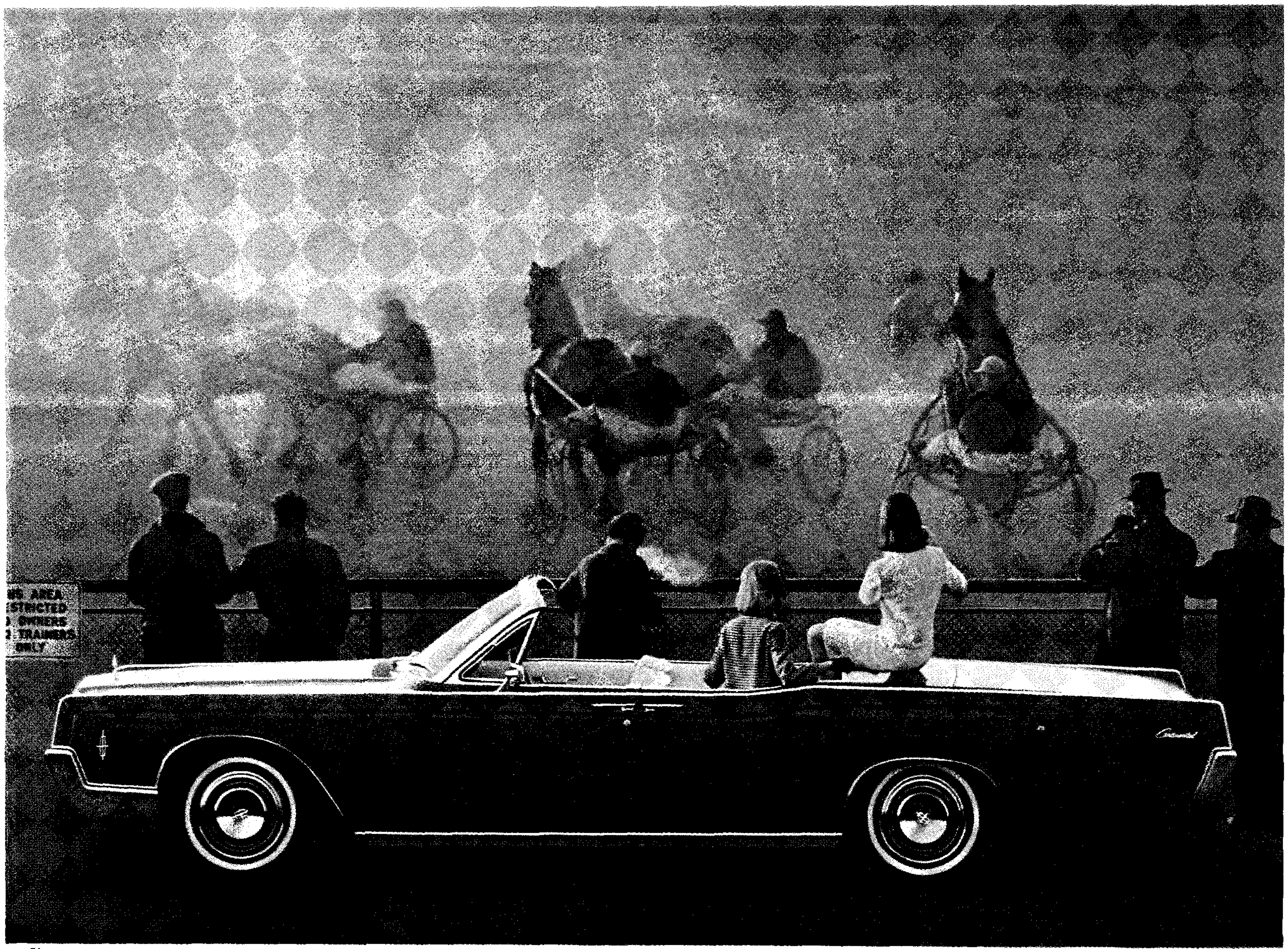

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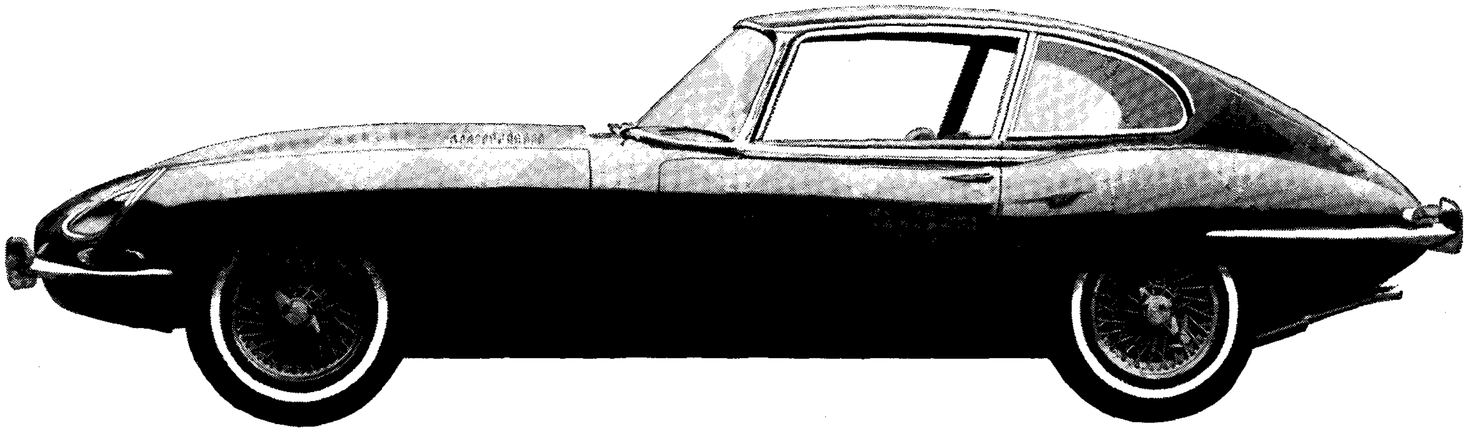
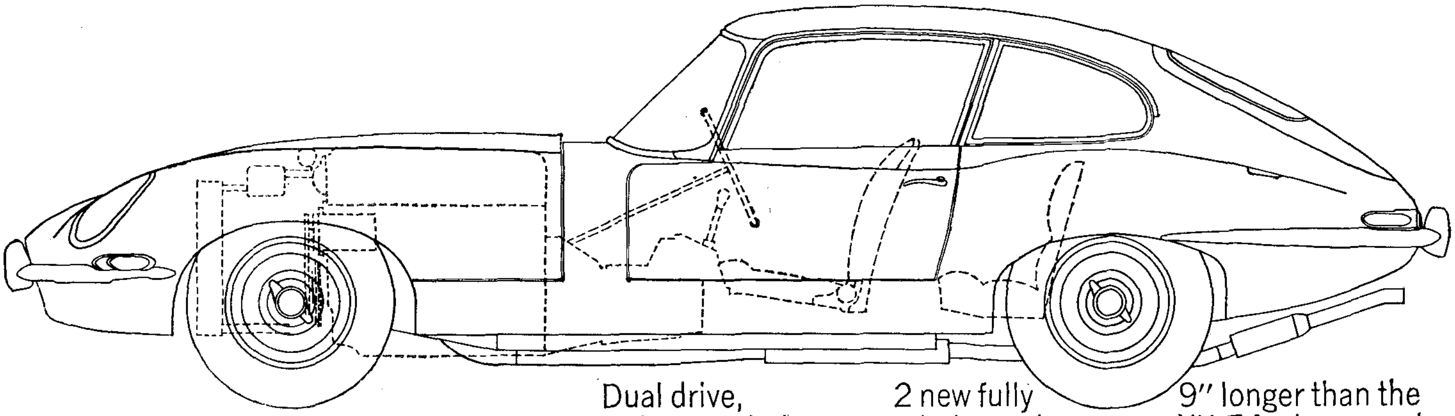


2″ higher than the XK-E for added headroom.



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It has the XK-E 4.2 litre double overhead camshaft engine, XK-E 4-speed synchromesh gearbox with diaphragm clutch, XK-E aerodynamic styling, XK-E lightweight all-steel monocoque body, XK-E dual hydraulic braking systems, XK-E power-assisted 4-wheel disc brakes, XK-E independent suspension on all 4 wheels, XK-E fine grain leather bucket seats, XK-E wood-rimmed racing-type telescopic steering wheel, XK-E positive rack-and-pinion steering, XK-E Powr-Lok limited slip differential. If you don't need back seats, buy the 2-seater roadster or coupe.

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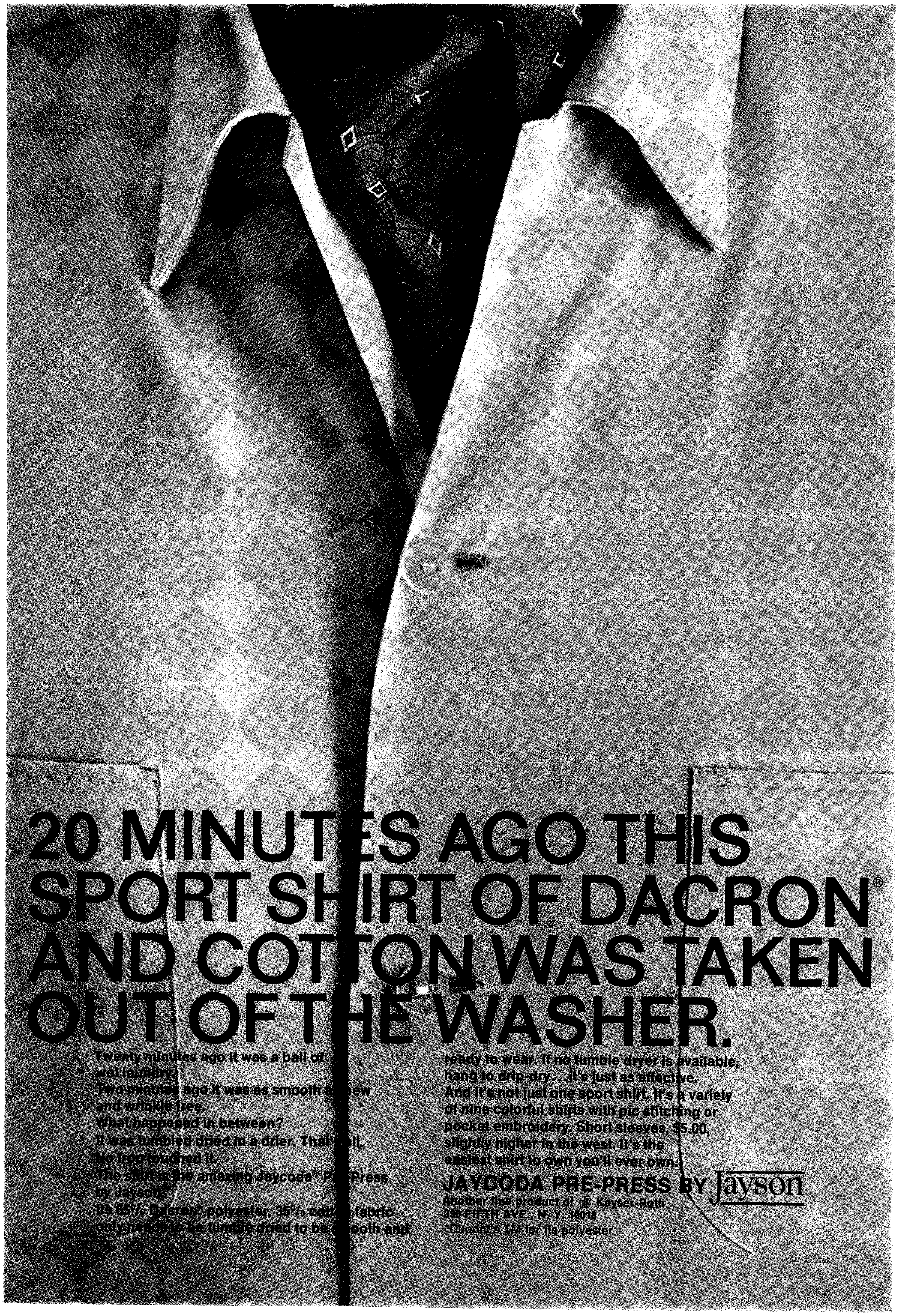
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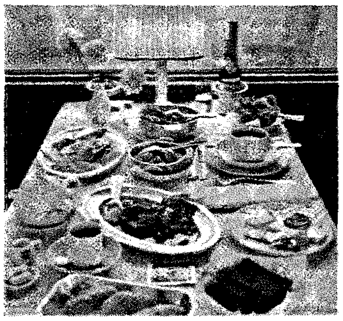
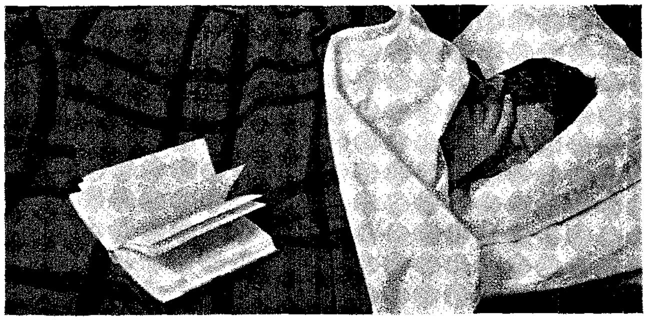
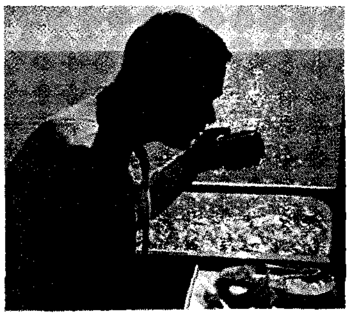




Dine on native dishes that change as often as the sights. Sauerbraten today. Osso bucco tomorrow. And don't forget the different wines, which a multilingual stewardess will be happy to help you select.



After a restful night in a commodious sleeper, wake up to the sight of a new day, a new country. And enjoy breakfast in bed.

Only in Europe can you sail the waters and scale the heights —by train. To cross from Germany to Denmark (and vice versa), trains climb right into a waiting ship. In Switzerland, they climb straight up the mountains to show what you could never see from behind a windshield or above the clouds.

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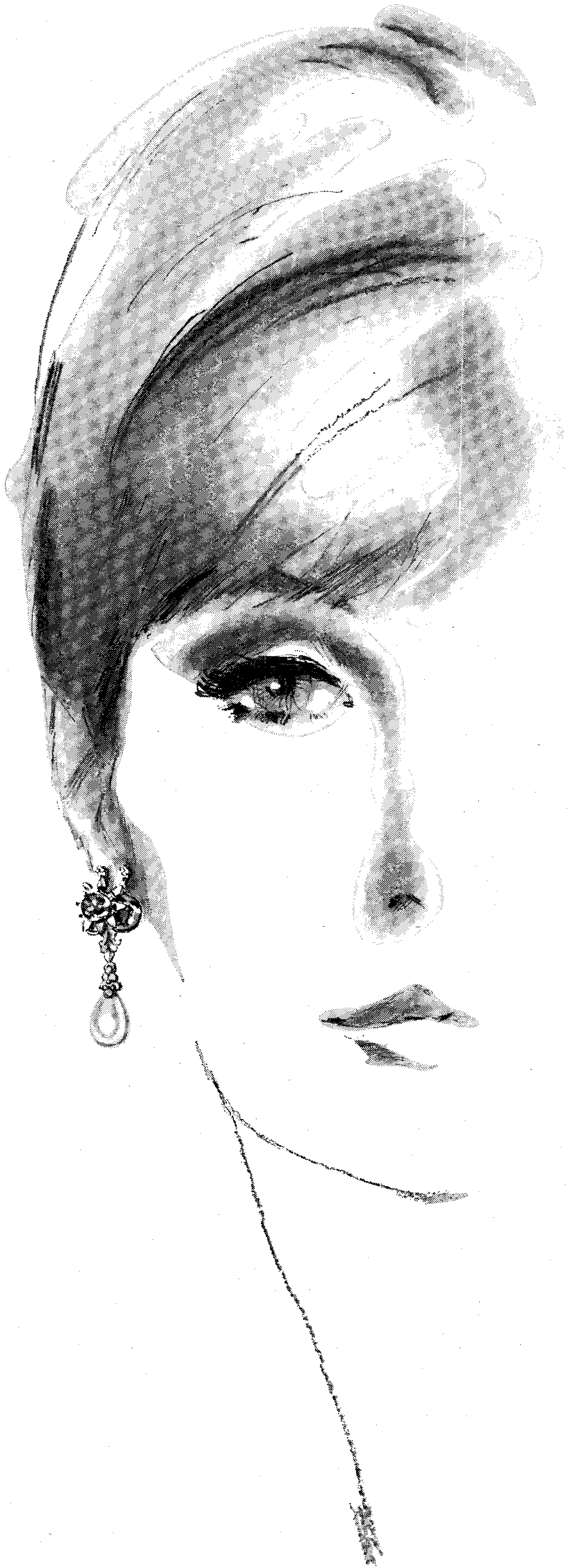

One hundred good reasons for pierced ears... see them all in Atlman's most exciting collection of these newest earring fashions! We have buttons, studs, hoops and twisted loops...drops, dangles, bangles, chandeliers and pendants...with scores of other fascinating styles, all made especially for pierced ears. Some are set with diamonds, cultured pearls, emeralds, rubies or sapphires; some are simply and demurely gold. You'll find them at the clover leaf on our main floor and in all our suburban stores, from 5.00 to 110.00. Our latest addition is a romantic group of Victorian reproductions...featured here in full size is a dazzling 14-karat drop with emerald and pearls, the pair 70.00

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

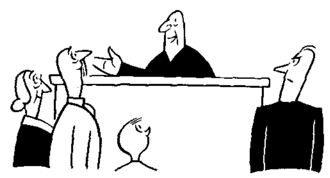
Notes and Comment

LIKE the President, the Vice-President, and many other Americans, we have found the recent public discussions of China policy instructive and stimulating. The Sinologists who have been issuing public statements and testifying before Congress have seemed to us uncommonly lucid, candid, and judicious, and the newspapers and broadcasters have performed admirably in reporting the discussions to the public. However, there has been called to our attention one notable oversight. A visitor from Washington has provided us with the text of an address delivered at the National Press Club on March 18th by one of the most eminent of all living authorities on China, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek.

Several hundred newspapermen were in attendance, but the press, as far as we have been able to tell, has made almost no reference to the speech. As a public service, therefore, we herewith provide what we hope is an adequate résumé of Mme. Chiang's views. She began by recalling that more than seven years ago she had "had the privilege of positing to an assemblage of your confreres in the National Press Club the question of how to best the continuing challenge of Communism." She went on, "I must say that my question was disputatious as well as quodlibetical but certainly not a quoddity, since the problem is very real." She then noted that there had been several changes in the world since she first posited the quodlibetical question. "A coup d'oeil will have shown any who cares to note that the original occupant of the pinnacle [of Communist power] in struggling to maintain ideological and secular paramountcy has been steadily losing ground to the interloper," she explained. "The uncouth obnoxious peasant brigand who feigns Communist intellectualism has shinnied up to the top of the Communist greasy pole, but whose manners and above all whose *ruse de guerre* are beneath Communist contempt; and that because of this country bumpkin, Russian primacy is very much on the wane." To understand this waning of primacy, she said, it is necessary to "go back in time and recollect that the focus of emphasis of Communism as envisioned by Marx was essentially microeconomics . . . as distinct from macroeconomics." She then said, " 'Das Kapital,' by appropriating only the 'Hegelian Triad'—thesis, antithesis, and synthesis—which is part and parcel of the necessary progression of Hegelian schematic thought and applying it to the theme of social evils and injustices, whilst discarding the Hegelian schema of harmonizing Greek ontology with Kantian psychology and the concept of the 'true Being,' has built within Marxism the endemic limitations which cannot permit its synthesis to continue sound and healthy ad infinitum." After the briefest of pauses, the gracious speaker said, to what our visitor described as a grand ballroom full of dropped jaws and popping eyes, "I hope I have not bored you too much with a brief recitation of the nidus of Marxist dialectics, but I feel it is necessary to have a total recall of Hegelian thought in order to have a truer understanding than the usual half-veracious and hothouse-ripened imagery of Hegelianism." She pointed out that a complicating factor in this whole business was an "indiscriminate psittacism [which] inevitably immobilizes and stultifies doctrinal dynamism," and added, making a breathtaking reëntry into the atmosphere of 1966, "For the above contrapuntal reasons, Russia is not only in the doghouse" but is in a position "to have her teeth kicked in."

Possibly out of delicate diplomatic considerations, Mme. Chiang, unlike most of the other participants in these discussions, did not recommend any specific strategy for the United States to pursue, though she took note of recent suggestions that we might make our goal "containment but not isolation" of China, and said that she hoped this would not mean "mollycoddling of the violent insane." She also cited with approval a magazine article in which it was suggested that the case for blowing up China's nuclear installations was not without merit. She ended, however, by turning the whole problem over to her audience: "Gentlemen of the Press, whatever your personal proclivities, whatever your inclinations and shades of suasion as provenders of intelligence as well as of intellect, culture, and mass communication, it has fallen upon your shoulders the responsibility to work in synergy with all who abhor nuclear and thermonuclear destruction of home and hearth and to curb realistically, thoroughly, and fundamentally the running sore that spreads suppuration on the body politic of Russia and the free world with equipotent virulence."

A LOCAL father of our acquaintance has been deeply harrowed by a decision of the Iowa Supreme Court, and cannot be comforted by any reminder of the distance that separates him from Des Moines. The court produced this powerful effect when it awarded the custody of a seven-year-old boy named Mark Painter to his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Bannister, rather than to his father, Mr. Harold W. Painter, on the ground that the Bannisters could provide the



boy with "a conventional middle-class, Middle West background," whereas the father might expose him to an "arty, bohemian" sort of life. The solidity of the Bannisters is not to be questioned. Mr. Bannister has been the Agricultural Information Editor for the Iowa State University Extension Service, and was commended by the court as a man of excellent character who teaches Sunday school. It is the court's view of Mr. Painter's artiness that has unhinged our friend. "I had always thought of myself, when I considered the matter at all, as an ordinary, middle-class kind of person," he told us. "Once, at a party, the uncombed daughter of an upstate chiropodist rose up and called me square. I bowed to her judgment. I bow to it still. But the Iowa Supreme Court has upset all my notions. I can't, for the life of me, discern a particle of difference between my quiet ways and the flaming bohemianism of Mr. Painter. The court faulted Mr. Painter for holding as his chief ambition the wish to become a free-lance writer. As a free-lance writer myself, I must decline to see *anything* grotesque or reprehensible in Mr. Painter's ambition. Mr. Painter drives a foreign car. So do I. The court very pickily objected to Mr. Painter's having changed jobs several times in the ten years he has been out of college. I have changed jobs, too, and rather often. The court noted with disapproval that weeds had been observed growing in Mr. Painter's yard. Weeds grow in mine, by God! Just what or who is the Iowa Supreme Court to pitch Mr. Painter and me headlong out of the middle class on such grounds? I have a small daughter, you know, as well as a foreign car, and I tell you I dare not put the one inside the other and drive to Iowa for very fear that some party of milk-fed vigilantes will stop the car, wrest the child from me, and install her in some Iowagonconian institution where they will initiate her into the twin mysteries of raising corn and fattening hogs. I have, in fact, told my little girl that she will never see Iowa. Naturally, it came as a frightful blow, but you will be happy to hear that she is able to sit up now and take a little clear broth."

THE State Department announcement last week that from now on it would judge on a case-by-case basis F.B.I. requests for reports on activities of Americans travelling abroad opened new and exciting vistas for tourists. The Foggy Bottom Travel Agency has in recent years offered a lot of wonderful travel ideas, but its new Big Brother Excursion Plan (also known as the Frances Knight Flight), in which you are under friendly surveillance by your very own countrymen, many of them the kind of folks you'd really like to know, is a good one, right up there with the old 21-Day Take-It-Easy Plan, which restricted travel to certain approved sections of the globe and prevented Americans from falling into the familiar trap of Trying to See Too Much in Too Short a Time. Both plans are more satisfactory than the agency's No Place Like Home Plan, which forbids you to leave the country in the first place, and the Go Now, Pay Later Plan, which enables you to visit exotic capitals and not have your passport lifted until after you get home. For those who wish—or are forced—to stick around the old U.S.A., there is, of course, the Highway Beautification Program, which ought to make things mighty pleasant.

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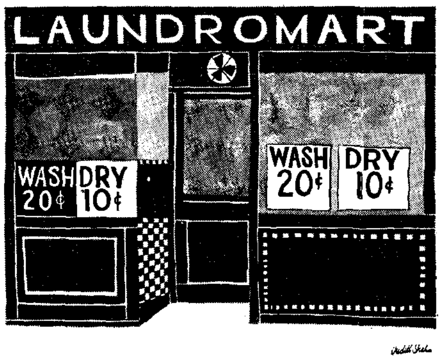
OVERHEARD in the bar car of a New York Central commuter train, Martini-with-lemon-twist to vodka-on-the-rocks: "No peanuts for me, thanks. Not during Lent, anyway."

Turner's Emissary

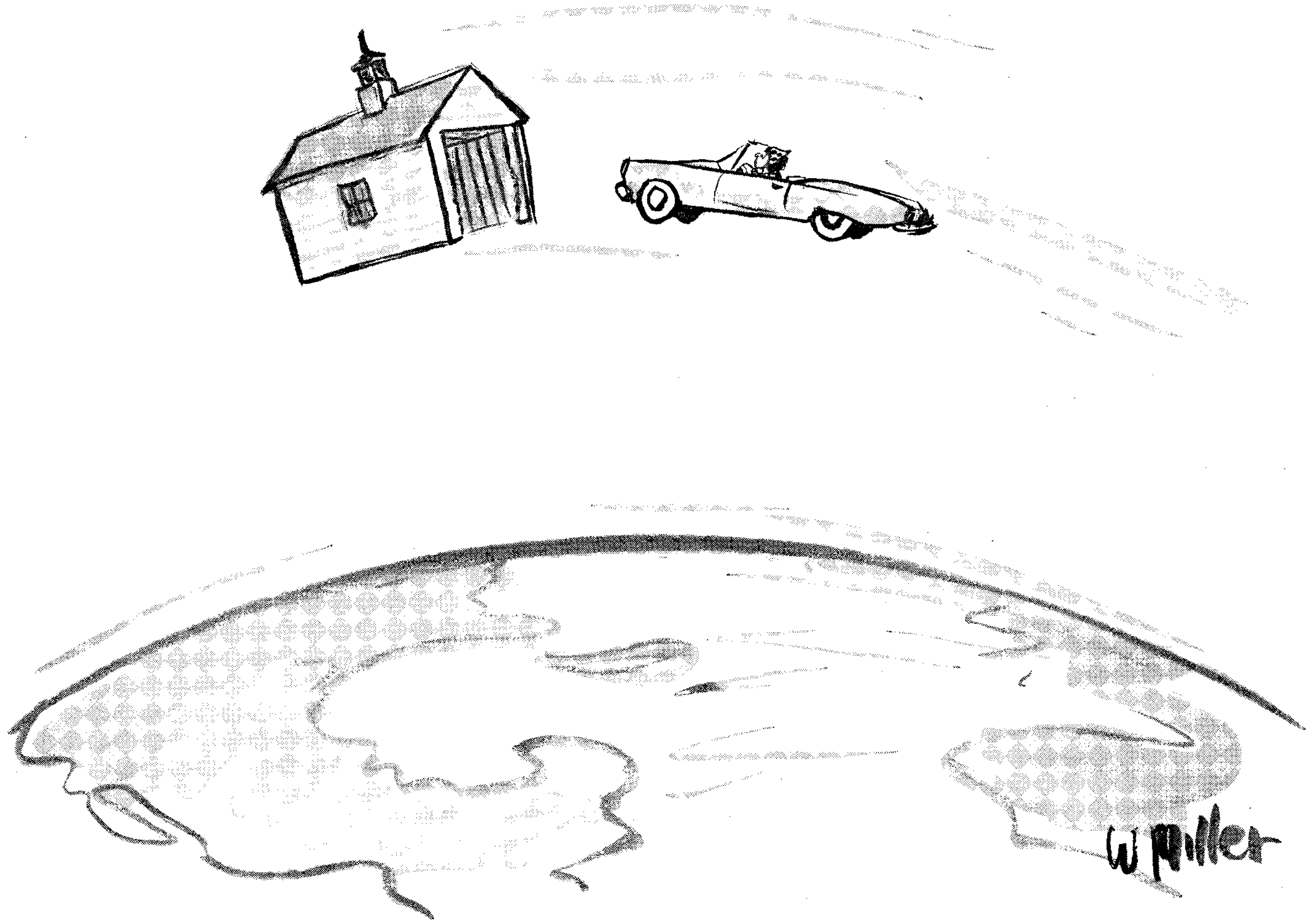
WITH the exception of six oil paintings and two watercolors from American collections, the contents of the current Museum of Modern Art "Turner: Imagination and Reality" show—forty oils, fifty-nine watercolors—were lent by England's National Gallery, Tate Gallery, and British Museum, and were brought over here and installed by Lawrence Gowing, Keeper of British Paintings at the Tate. We called on him at the Museum when he was in mid-installation, and followed him from the gallery to a fifth-floor office, which contained a table surmounted by a small red azalea bush, a cellophane package of what looked like bright-green doughnuts, and a paper bag. "Monroe Wheeler did most of the choosing of the watercolors, and I picked most of the oils," he said. "All but four of the oils were selected from the work Turner did in the last twenty years of his life, in order to show the revolutionary aspect of a period in which he developed a new consistency of painting that eliminated linear draftsmanship and classical composition and glorified light and shade. During this time, he demolished the separate categories of classic and romantic, and so on. The work is very structural, with lots of tension in it. It's not just a prototype of American abstract painting, as has sometimes been said, though it certainly *is* that. The situation is much more complex. Although structural, the pictures are very informal and very free at the same time. They reach out into the borderland between representation and the abstract. A unique achievement."



Mr. Gowing, who is six feet four, got up and reached into the cellophane package. "Have a bagel," he said. "The girls in the next room gave them to me. They also gave me the azalea plant. On the way to the lift yesterday, I heard someone say, 'Gowing and his harem.' I was delighted. I have a harem at the Tate. I like to surround myself with pretty girls."

We declined the bagel. Mr. Gowing took one, and gave the rest to an extremely pretty girl who came in from the next room with paper cups of coffee for us. When she had gone, he bit into his bagel, made a face, and threw what was left into a scrapbasket.

We took a sip of coffee, and Mr. Gowing remarked that Turner had left the British nation the entire contents of his studio—some three hundred oils and nineteen thousand watercolors and drawings. "About half of the show comes from the Tate," he said. "I'm one of two Keepers there—I deal with the British collection up to 1900, and the other deals with the modern collection. I've written books, or edited albums, about Renoir, Vermeer, Cézanne, and Constable, but I hadn't ever worked on Turner before. I started on him in October and spent five months on him. It's the first time an attempt has been made to single out these revolutionary developments of the last twenty years of his life. Our pictures were escorted from London to Southampton with great formality by the various county police. When the ship docked here with the pictures, they were put in large nets and lowered over the side by the longshoremen's union. The sight was possibly Phoenician."



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Mr. Gowing, who has written a fourteen-thousand-word monograph on Turner, just published by the Museum of Modern Art, absent-mindedly drank up the rest of our coffee, and said, when we asked whether he had got sick of Turner during the five months, "I don't remember ever getting sick of a painter. Turner's later work commanded a rhetoric—perhaps I should say a grandiose poetry—that offended the taste of the early nineteen-twenties. A kind of Byronic poetry, though I suppose Turner is a better artist than Byron. Turner wrote poetry, you know; it's often rather beautiful. There's a lot of human irony in Turner. He was a rather delicate, a very shy man, with very sophisticated perceptions. I'm a painter myself. I've done a lot of portraits, and I've recently turned to landscapes. I have a country house at Lambourn, two hours from London, where I keep my books and pictures—I own two Benjamin Wests, one of them very beautiful—and spend three days a week painting and writing. My wife, Julia Strachey, is a writer. I like to stand about under the trees painting abstract pictures—the interior spaces of the woods, which become abstracted. Besides Turner, a painter I've been thinking a lot about recently is Cézanne. I give a course on Cézanne at the Slade School of Fine Art, University College, London. I really find lecturing rather intoxicating. I never know what I'm going to say, and I come out of it with a good deal of information."

Proof

An acquaintance of ours reports to us a conversation at a toy counter in a local Woolworth's, between a bundle-laden mother and a weary saleswoman:

Mother (*removing a fire engine from a shopping bag*): "I want to return this fire engine, because—"

Saleswoman: "Do you have your receipt?"

Mother: "Well, no, but I—"

Saleswoman: "You got to have your receipt for a refund or exchange. That's the rule here."

Mother: "I must've lost the receipt. Anyway, I thought my little boy would love the fire engine, but he didn't."

Saleswoman (*curtly*): "You got to have the receipt."

Mother: "But I can prove I bought it here just the other day."

Saleswoman: "How?"

Mother: "Well, the other day—Wednesday, I think—I just finished having a bite in that little luncheonette on the corner and I thought to myself, with the kid sick and stuck in bed with a fever, I thought I better get him something new to play with, and so I passed your Woolworth's here and I said to myself I better stop off and get him a nice toy he'd really like, and then I came downstairs to the toy department and I was looking all over for the right thing and this fire engine caught my eye, so I said, 'I bet Robbie would love that, because he can play with it even though he's in bed with a fever,' and then I bought it from—I think it was you—and I —"

Saleswoman: "Just pick out something for the same price from the counter here and give me back the fire engine."

Mother: "You mean I don't have to show the receipt?"

Saleswoman: "It's O.K. I remember you."

Anti-Heliporters

In the three months or so since the day when, with tremendous publicity and lots of free champagne, the heliport on the roof of the Pan Am

Building was thrown into operation, New York Airways has been flying thirty-five daily helicopter flights between the heliport and Kennedy Airport, and, the sound effects being what they are, there are few people in the east-midtown area who are unaware of the flights. In fact, a number of people who live or work in the area have become fairly noisy themselves on the subject of helicopter noise in Manhattan, and officials of New York Airways, Pan American World Airways, and the Lindsay administration have been hearing what they had to say. The *Times* recently quoted Herbert B. Halberg, the First Deputy Commissioner of Marine and Aviation, as saying, "We've had many complaints from residents, citizen groups, and workers all along the East Side from the Thirties to the Sixties in the two months of the heliport's operation. They certainly can't all be cranks." As a result of this restiveness, Mr. Halberg, whose office licensed the heliport and has the power to rescind the license, arranged to meet informally with a small group of interested citizens to hear their views on helicopter noise. We decided to hear their views, too, and so, when the meeting was convened, in a gray-walled conference room on the fourth floor of the Battery Maritime Building, we were among a dozen or so people present. They included two lawyers, Jerome L. Isaacs and William Gold; a doctor, Dallas Pratt; an advertising copywriter, H. Stirling Watlington; an interior architect, Joseph Aronson; a photographer and writer, Jon Naar; an actress and writer, Millicent Brower; a real-estate man, Bertram Leslie; a recording engineer, Fred Plaut; and Eleanor Clark French, a member of the City Commission on Human Rights.

Commissioner Halberg, who is a stocky man in his thirties with a courteous, serious manner, opened the meeting by saying that although he understood that some people present were concerned about the flight patterns of helicopters in the midtown area, he wanted to have the discussion center on the operation of the heliport itself, since the city had jurisdiction only over that, and not over the flight patterns, which were within the province of the Federal Aviation Agency. Immediately, several people objected, pointing out that helicopter noise at the heliport and on the way to and from it was what they wanted to talk about.

Mr. Gold declared that residents of the midtown area were tired of helicopter noise and that steps must be taken to make things tolerable. "As someone has said, cities are for people," he added.

"The Mayor said that," Mr. Halberg put in.

Mr. Gold said that nobody maintained that helicopters must go; what he himself maintained was that there was a vast disproportion between the convenience the helicopter service granted to the comparatively few people who were using it and the inconvenience its incessant noise caused to hundreds of thousands of Manhattan residents. "Last month, thirteen thousand-odd people used the helicopter service. Divide that by twenty-eight days times the number of scheduled trips, and you wind up with something like thirteen people per trip—and most of those people were travelling for the stunt aspect, a touristy thrill," he said.

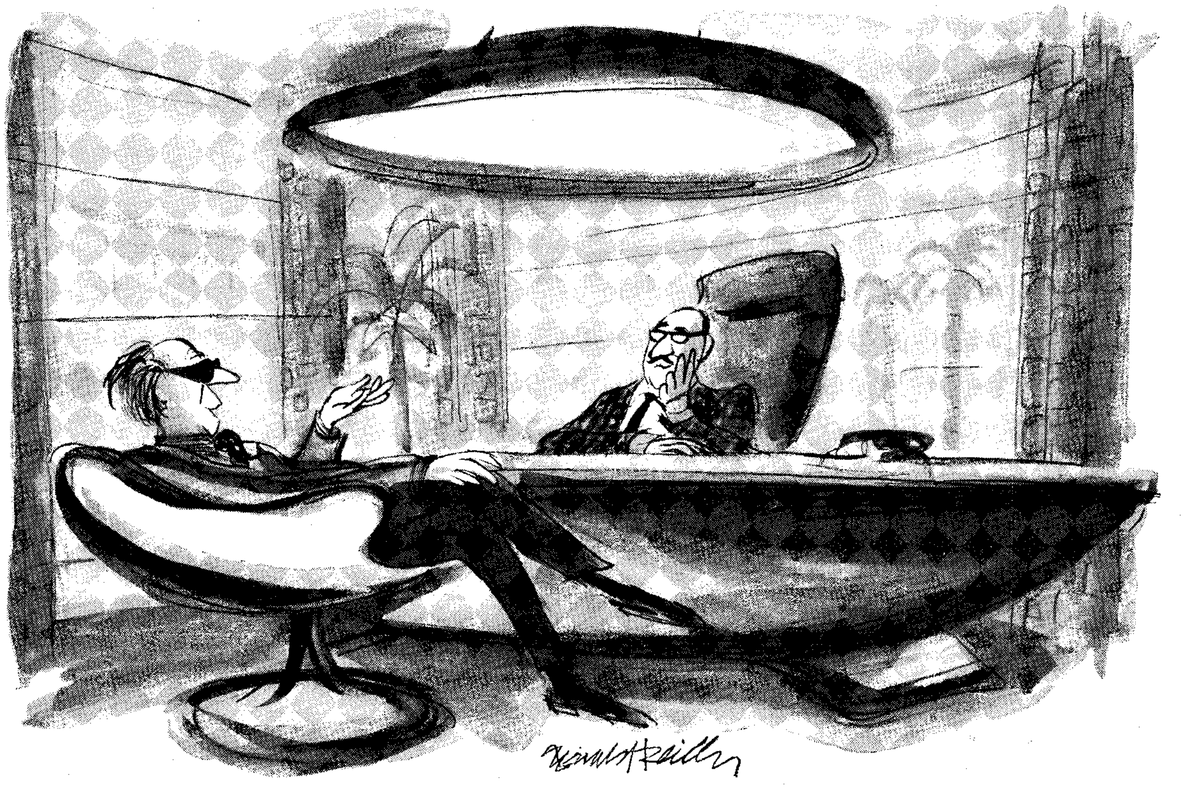
Mr. Halberg observed that the newspapers seemed to have backed the heliport scheme, that Manhattan was, after all, a showplace for many people, and that perhaps helicopter service might be considered part of twentieth-century progress.

"One of the greatest signs of progress here is city planning," Mrs. French said. "And the Pan Am heliport isn't good city planning. I happen to live on East Thirty-eighth Street, in a house where my family has lived for two generations, but we're not going to live there anymore under these conditions, with the noise made by the helicopters. We may have to sell our house."

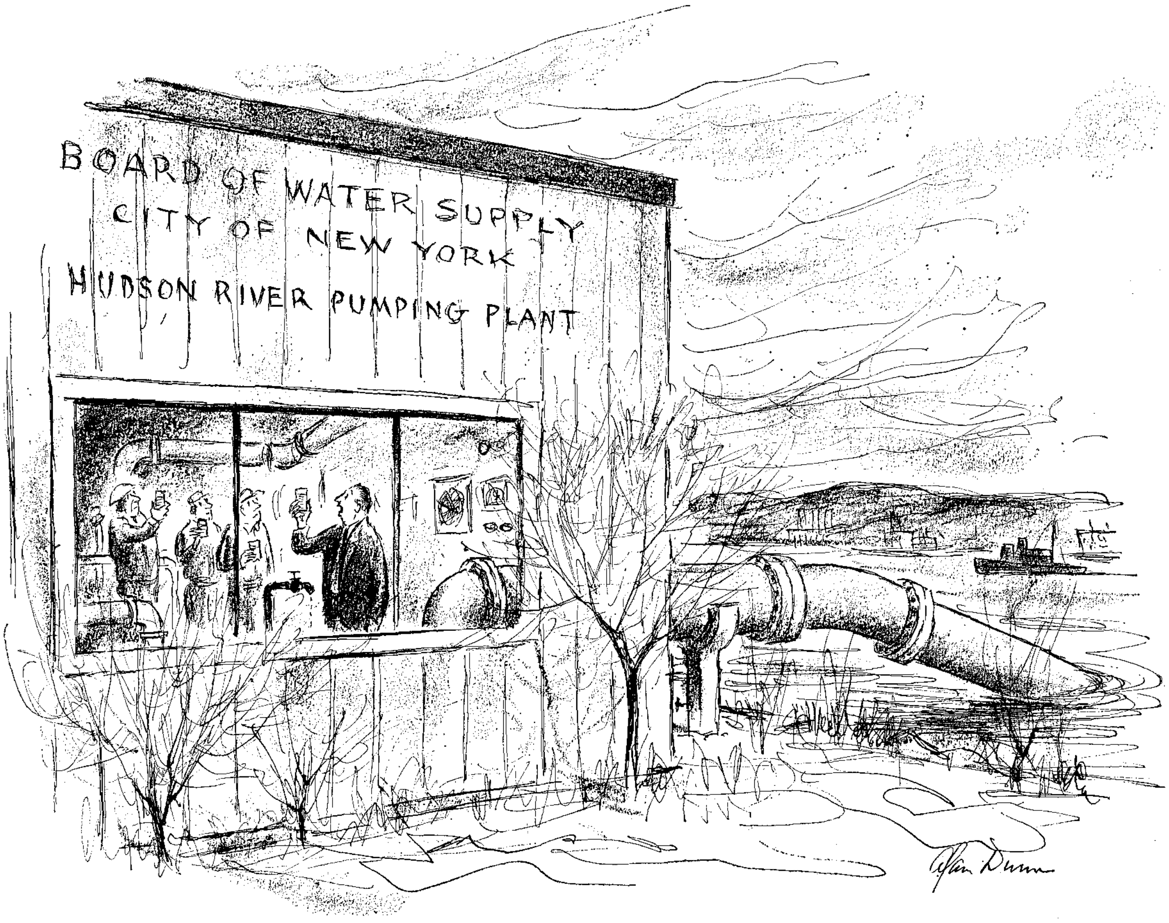
"*I'm* right under the flight path of the helicopters on East Forty-fifth. The City Planning Commission allowed the Pan Am heliport to go into operation, but did anyone, or a committee, from the city ever go and *live* under helicopter noise?" Mr. Leslie said.

"I own my own home, on East Fiftieth Street, and many people in the area have gardens on terraces. When spring comes, they won't be using the terraces, because of the noise," Mr. Plaut said.

Mr. Gold said that he felt he could speak for the thousand dues-paying members of the Turtle Bay Association on helicopter noise. "We had our annual meeting late in January," he said. "We were there to talk about planting trees and ivy,



"I see it as a remake of 'Romeo and Juliet.' She's a Bunny, but she can't date him, because he's a keyholder."



"Well, skoal, I guess."

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and so on, but, without any stimulation from the dais, we had an astounding number of inquiries about what could be done about the helicopter-noise problem."

"The Murray Hill Committee, which represents tenants and owners in the Murray Hill area, and of which I'm a member, is unanimous on all counts where helicopter noise is concerned," Mr. Aronson said.

"It's unanimous?" Mr. Halberg asked.

"It's violent," Mr. Aronson said.

"I'm the father of an infant child," Mr. Naar said. "He's awakened constantly by the noise of the helicopters banging away near our home. We're seriously considering selling our property and moving away. Also, I'm a photographer. I think that a time exposure I made in my home was interfered with by the vibration from the helicopters."

"Is that so?" Mr. Halberg said.

"TV reception is being interfered with by the helicopter flights, too," Mr. Gold said.

"China is disturbed on the shelves in the homes of some people," Miss Brower said.

"Last night was a horrible night for us. They were all over the place. Horrible!" Mr. Isaacs said.

"Preparing you for this meeting, perhaps," Mr. Halberg said.

"It got so bad that I finally called a New York Airways official to complain about it," Mr. Isaacs said. "He suggested a solution. He told me to get an air-conditioner and keep my windows closed tight."

"I wrote a letter of complaint to New York Airways, and eventually, at twenty minutes before ten one night, I got a call from a very hearty p.-r. man for New York Airways," Mr. Watlington said. "He gave me the old bromide about the complaints people made when the jets first started. I said that there was no comparison between jets at Idlewild and a heliport right in the middle of Manhattan. He finally told me that he thought my letter of protest was un-American." Mr. Watlington went on to say that one of the disturbing characteristics of helicopter noise over the midtown area was the sudden way in which it tended to come upon residents. "What you have, among all these buildings, is a kind of canyon effect. Sometimes, when you see a helicopter overhead, it's like seeing a silent movie, and then the noise breaks in on you—and it's deafening," he said.

"You never know where Superman is going to strike," Mr. Isaacs said. "I was struck a while ago by a burst of helicopter noise while I was shaving in an interior bathroom in my apartment, which is in Tudor City. It was unnerving."

Mr. Halberg assured everyone that he wanted to be equitable to all parties, and that he intended to listen to the Pan Am and New York Airways side of things. He asked for suggestions as to what should be done about the situation.

Mr. Naar said that the Commissioner of Marine and Aviation could take corrective action very simply, by suspending the operating license of the Pan Am Building heliport until assurances were given that the helicopter noise would be brought under control. Miss Brower said that the real answer to the growing problem of transport from the center of the city to and from Kennedy was not a helicopter service but a high-speed subway or monorail service.

Mr. Halberg thanked them all for their comments, and said that he planned to make a thorough investigation of the situation. "I'm going to take a flight on a helicopter this afternoon," he added.

"Fine, but when you do, don't fly over *my* house," Mr. Isaacs said.

Acknowledgment

WE stepped into an elevator in the R.C.A. Building the other day behind two well-tailored chaps with dispatch cases and burnished brown shoes. High-level, executive-type television producers, we said to ourself, and when they opened their mouths we had no reason to revise our estimate.

"You coördinated a marvellous program last night, Chuck," said the first man. "You pulled it off again."

"Bless you, Martin, bless you," said the second man, lowering his eyes. "Miracles *are* hard to sustain week after week, but I think I'm on top of them."

THE INDOOR BIRD WATCHER

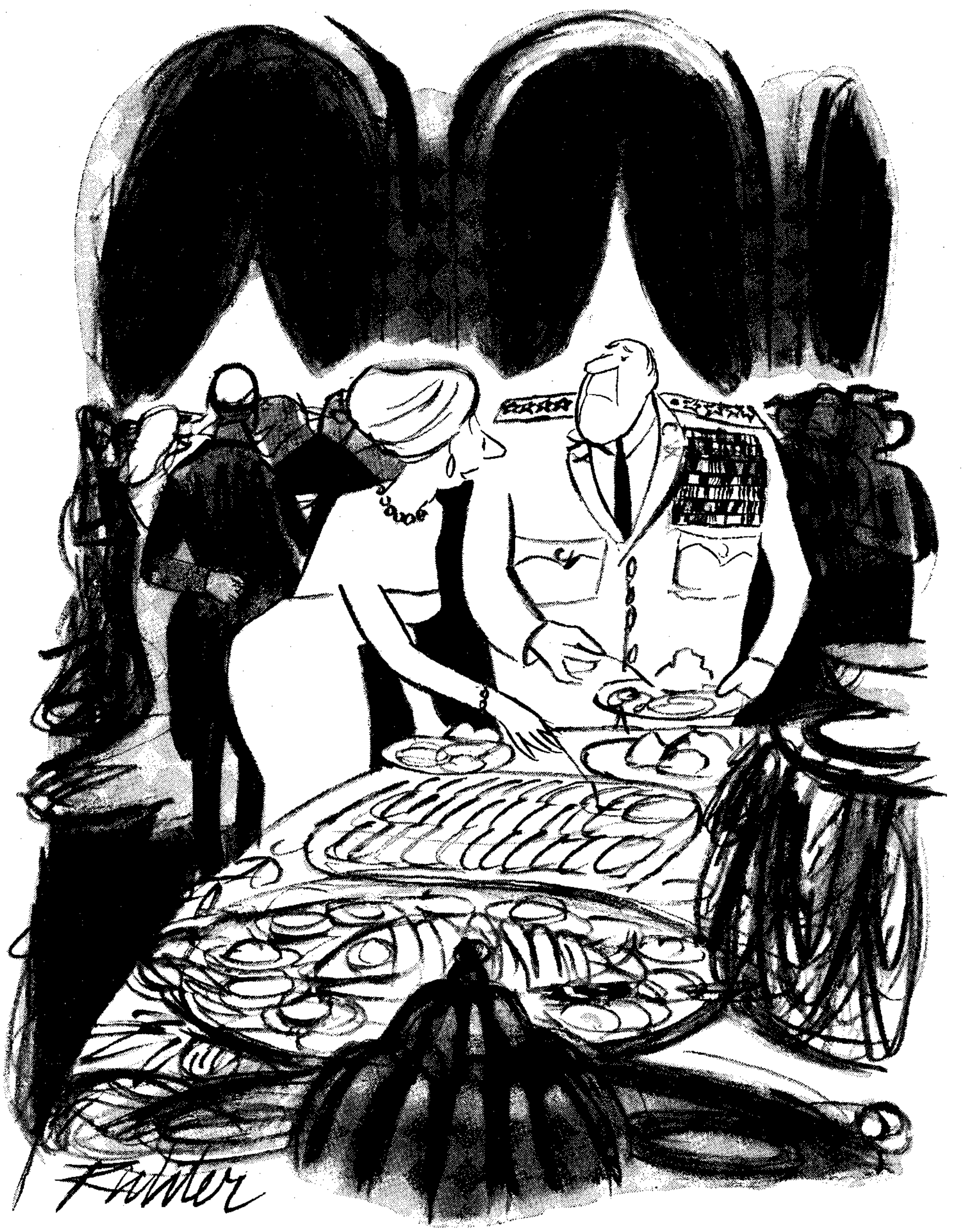
Richard Clement and his wife, Daisy, lived on the third floor, in the rear, in a renovated brownstone in Greenwich Village. Their bedroom overlooked a narrow garden that rarely was visited by sunlight. In mid-October, its four poplars were becoming bare; a few petunias lingered; and the chrysanthemums were not yet in flower, principally on account of the drought. Clement, in whom black bile generously flowed, worked at home, at the foot of the great brass bedstead in which he and Daisy imperfectly slept. Above his desk, which trembled whenever he erased something, was an old hand-colored engraving showing a walrus on a floe. The ignorant artist had endowed the beast with soulful, utterly human eyes and a human nose, so that the effect, Clement thought, was rather of a man somehow imprisoned in a walrus suit, or of an unhappy hybrid. When Clement looked up from his work, he frequently found himself encountering the gaze of this unfortunate, apparently incompetent creature, which (who?) seemed to be imploring him to do something about its condition. "But what can I do?" Clement was wont to say, almost out loud.

Lately, however, he had totally abandoned it to its arctic fate, and had taken instead to gazing out the window at the birds that were appearing in the garden. Many years ago, Clement had been an unsuccessful bird watcher; indeed, once in the heart of the Ramble, in Central Park, he had become so bedevilled by a treeful of autumn warblers, his inability to identify them, that he had to go home to bed, and he had forsworn bird watching. Nonetheless, he still had his old Peterson (now that his interest had been rekindled, he had purchased the Second Revised and Enlarged Edition) and a pair of field glasses his father had given him, which had "Chevalier Opticien, Paris," printed on the eyepieces and "Jumelle Militaire" on the barrels; it was said that Clement's great-great-grandfather had peered through them at the Malakoff, in the Crimea.

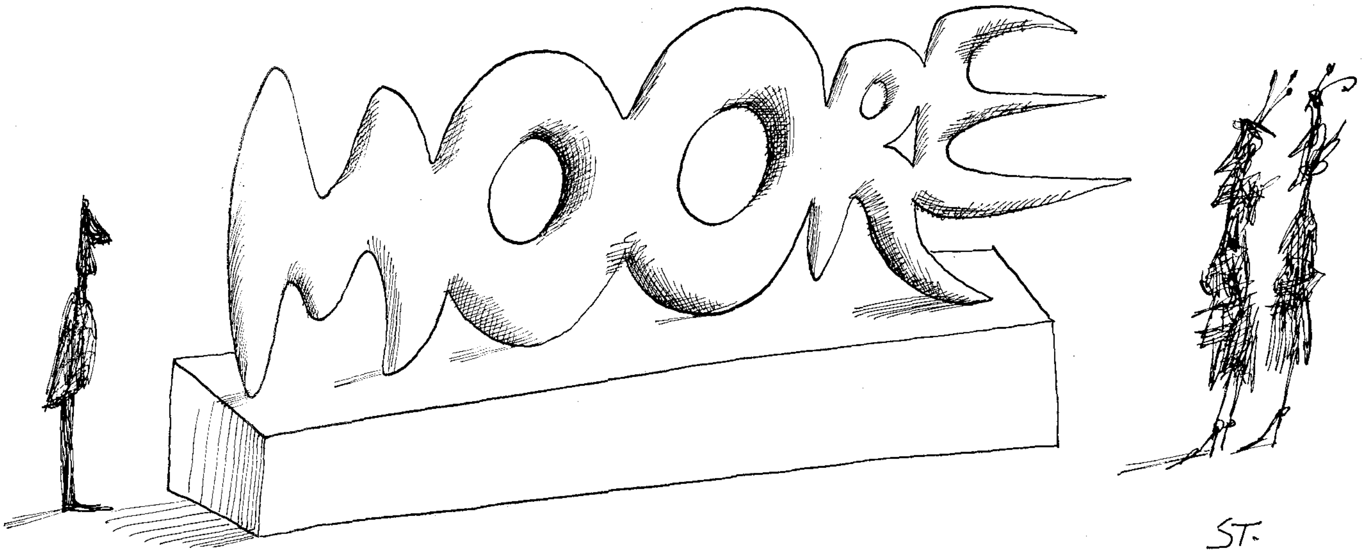
From September 20th until October 16th, Clement, vigilant, neglecting his work, his desk unshaken, had, with the aid of these glasses, which almost always hung about his neck on a black ribbon, spied a brown thrasher, a yellowthroat, many chickadees, a yellow-throated vireo (?), a thrush (sp. ?), three blue jays, a northern white-breasted nuthatch, two Nashville warblers, several ruby-crowned kinglets, a common goldfinch, a black-throated green warbler, a sparrow (sp. ?), a fox sparrow (?), a tree sparrow (?), a towhee, a hairy woodpecker, an olive-backed thrush, and a warbler (sp. ?). The "?" denoted that his identification was suspect; "sp. ?" meant he was uncertain of the precise species. As is evident, he was particularly inept at determining the sparrows, which stayed near the ground, in the shadows under the rhododendrons, and were furtive and similar.

Clement was astonished that any birds chanced to alight in the garden, which belonged to his landlords, a young couple named Berger, who had three little girls and two fixed cats, and who, in the summer, braving the soot, often cooked out-of-doors, on a hibachi. "Stand back, everyone," Mr. Berger would say when he ignited the briquettes, which he had previously inundated with charcoal lighter. When they burst into flame, Clement, bent mournfully at his desk, would hear the little girls go, "Oooooh." He assumed that the birds were largely migratory, flying south on long, perilous, exact, and obscure journeys. Passing over the city, had they descried this speck of green from their great, fluent height? Why had they chosen to tarry here? Some remained for hours; others flashed by, like scraps of paper at the mercy of the wind. The little girls blithely scattered them. The cats, weary of watching television, stalked them. On October 10th, one managed to catch a chickadee.

Clement had entered the birds in what he called a house list, noting, too, the date, time, and weather of each ob-



"You don't wear all that when you're fighting, do you?"



servation; he intended eventually to compile supplementary day lists, which would have significance after several years. In the past, he had kept a life list, place lists, and year lists, in addition to innumerable day lists. The following, for example, is his day list for March 3, 1946:

THE RESERVOIR AND THE RAMBLE
Total: 16. Sunny & clear.
Temp. 48°. Slight wind.
12:30 P.M.—1:30 P.M. at Reservoir;
3 P.M.—5 P.M. in Ramble.

	1.	Pigeon
	2.	English sparrow
(25)	3.	Starling
(200)	4.	Herring gull
(19)	5.	Mallard
(66)	6.	Black duck
(1)	7.	Pied-billed grebe*
(1)	8.	Sparrow hawk
(1)	9.	Scaup (sp.?)
(2)	10.	Robin
(10)	11.	Purple grackle
(2)	12.	Fox sparrow
(3)	13.	White-throated sparrow
(10)	14.	Slate-colored junco
(1)	15.	Downy woodpecker
(1)	16.	Blue jay

* Seen at 20 feet in Reservoir, diving, swimming, and flying. All marks observed. Small size noted.

After he had given up looking at birds, Clement had made up girl lists, recording, by month and year, and in one great master list, all the girls he had slept with, and the number of times he had slept with each. The following, for instance, is his month list for February, 1959:

Barbara Field	3
Alice Walker	5
Kathleen O'Connor	1
Sylvia Friedman	1
Mary Carter	1
TOTAL:	11

He had stopped keeping up the girl lists in May, 1963, for Daisy had been the sole entry for four months running, and it was clear that they were going to get married, and that he was going to be faithful.

Prior to his resumption of birding, the only list Clement had been making was one in which he set forth the minute fluctuations in his weight. For example:

August 23, 1965: 175
" 24 " : 175
" 25 " : 174
" 26 " : 174½
" 27 " : 173¼

ON October 17th, which last year fell on a Sunday, Clement awoke and lay for an instant on his back with his eyes shut, futilely listening for any "lisping dreamy *zoo zee zoo zoo zee*"s, "well-enunciated *witchity-witchity-whitchity-witch*"es, or "*I wish to see Miss Beecher; please please please ta meetcha.*" Instead, he heard Daisy saying, "Fourteen and three-quarters."

"Fourteen and three-quarters what?" Clement said.

"Inches," Daisy said.

"Why?"

"I'm finding out how far apart we've grown."

"I see," said Clement, who didn't, and opened his eyes. Directly above his nose was one end of a tape measure. Looking to his right, he saw that Daisy was holding the other end above her nose. Abruptly, she released the tape and it whizzed back into the case. She said, "This morning the distance between us, measuring from the center of your nose to the center of mine, was precisely fourteen and three-quarters inches. Yesterday, when I succeeded in taking my reading without awakening you, the distance was only fourteen and one-quarter inches. Therefore, we are incontrovertibly growing apart. I sometimes get the feeling, Richard, that marriage was your second choice in life, and that you turned to it only when you found that you were failing in the mode you originally preferred."

At that moment, a little yellow bird, a warbler, flew in the window and perched on the shade of Clement's desk lamp, whose base was an apothecary jar upon which was written, "Elect: Diaphaenix." (When Daisy had first seen the lamp in Clement's apartment on the upper East Side, she had added, "And restore responsible government to City Hall.")

"Where the hell are my binocs?" Clement urgently whispered, rising.

"Binocs!" she said. "Richard, the bird's *nearby*."

"Daisy," he said, stealthily approaching the desk, "we happen to have very high ceilings. Please don't horse around. For God's sake, gently hand me my binocs, and if you find it absolutely necessary to converse, keep it sotto-voce."

She found the field glasses and delivered them to him. He took them wordlessly, without averting his eyes from the bird, rather like a surgeon accepting a hemostat.

"All right," he said. "Now, Daisy, hear this. Get the Peterson from the radiator cover and open it to the warbler plates. Are you ready? Here goes. Absence of wing bars—"

The warbler left the shade and began flying around the ceiling. Clement tracked it with the glasses.

"No eye-ring or conspicuous eyeline. What is it, Daisy?"

"Who the hell knows?" Daisy said.

Clement let the glasses fall to his chest, where they hung, suspended by their ribbon, and whisked the Peterson out of his wife's hands. "Jesus Christ, Daisy, you're open to *spring* warblers," he said. "This is October! Do me a favor, will you, and kindly turn to autumn warblers." He gave her back the book.

" 'Confusing Fall Warblers,' " she read.

"My sweetheart," he said.

The bird landed on the brass headboard. Clement tiptoed up and grabbed it.

"Do you think it might conceivably be a Philadelphia vireo?" Daisy ventured, turning pages.

"Will you please, please, *please* stop hacking around," Clement said. "Just hand me the book. You know, you're really pushing our marriage, Daisy. You're engulfing me with a sense of despair, sort of. . . . Jesus, it's struggling." Clement ran to the window.

"Its feathers are falling out all over the carpet, Richard," Daisy said.

"Do me a favor and shut up," he said. The bird was dangling upside down as Clement, anguished, clutched it by the legs. He released it finally, and it flew over the garden and out of sight. Clement sat down at his desk, holding his head in his hands. "You see what I mean, Daisy," he said. "Nothing *works*."

"Did it go, '*Chi, chi, chi*,' and so forth?" Daisy inquired.

"I doubt it," Clement said.

"Did it have a beady black eye?"

"Mezzo mezzo," he said, disconsolately.

"I do believe it was an immature Wilson's warbler," she said. "Peterson says they have 'no outstanding marks of any kind.' Like you, my darling."

"It was sitting in my own bedroom, and I'm going to have to put it down as a probable," Clement said.

"Why don't you take the feathers up to the Audubon Society?" Daisy said, stooping to pick them up. "Maybe they can identify it for you from them."

"How am I going to explain how they got in my possession? There's a law against capturing songbirds without a permit."

"But you were trying to *set it free*."

"It's difficult to establish intent."

"Maybe it'll come back," she said. "You never know, Richard. It could be flying in circles."

"It's going south, Daisy. It's undoubtedly over New Jersey by now. Where does Peterson say it winters?"

"Central America."

Clement envisioned the mutilated bird beating over the Caribbean, perhaps at such a height it could divine the pale earth's imperceptible curve, at night the hemispheres of its black eyes containing the reflection of the heavens, descending at last into one of the green, rainy republics, or, more likely, unable to keep up with its fellows, overwhelmed by an electrical storm, plummeting into a suburb in Virginia. This last imagination caused Clement to clap his right hand over his eyes.

"Get rid of the glasses," he said, lifting them over his head much like an archbishop divesting himself of his pallium, and thrusting them at Daisy. "I'm unworthy."

THAT afternoon, Clement's mother came to visit, her bracelets formidably rattling, bearing gladioli from Irene Hayes ("A little ray of sunshine," she said they were), a number of lampshade patterns, and what she

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NEW YORK SURPRISED

I come down suddenly, out of the sky,
into this city, which I knew
well enough once to move about in by instinct.

Not now. Not now.

From the taxi window, I worry the signs, wondering
whether or not the driver knows his way
to the house I hope to be in, to the ones
whose letters said "Come" when I read them
on a stone bench in the garden,
twelve droning Spanish hours away.
Of course he knows his way,
but nevertheless I worry.

"There are too many people in the world"
the old postman would mumble, as he thumbed
my letters out, smelling of sweat and donkeys.

There are too many people, I say to myself anxiously.
There were too many people before, in the afternoons here
when the spring was sweet like this one, when the sun
splattered on unexpected pinks and windows
flaming, when I knew
where everyone was, when the houses
stood still in their places,
when I knew how long to wait for the door to click,
when to go home, when to be alone,
when to say "Yes" and be sure.

Newly arrived from nowhere,
where the only movement has been
in leaves, in water running, in the slow
flow of the day, with odd words jotted down
to hold a moment, to tell time in a letter,
I watch the towers close in and the town
awe me with windows. I nibble my nails
away with unknowing. Who will be there?
Which me will I meet from the past in the towering city
I once knew as I know
now the ways of almonds and mimosa
in the village in which I never
arrive but always am?

Only my name is the same.

—ALASTAIR REID

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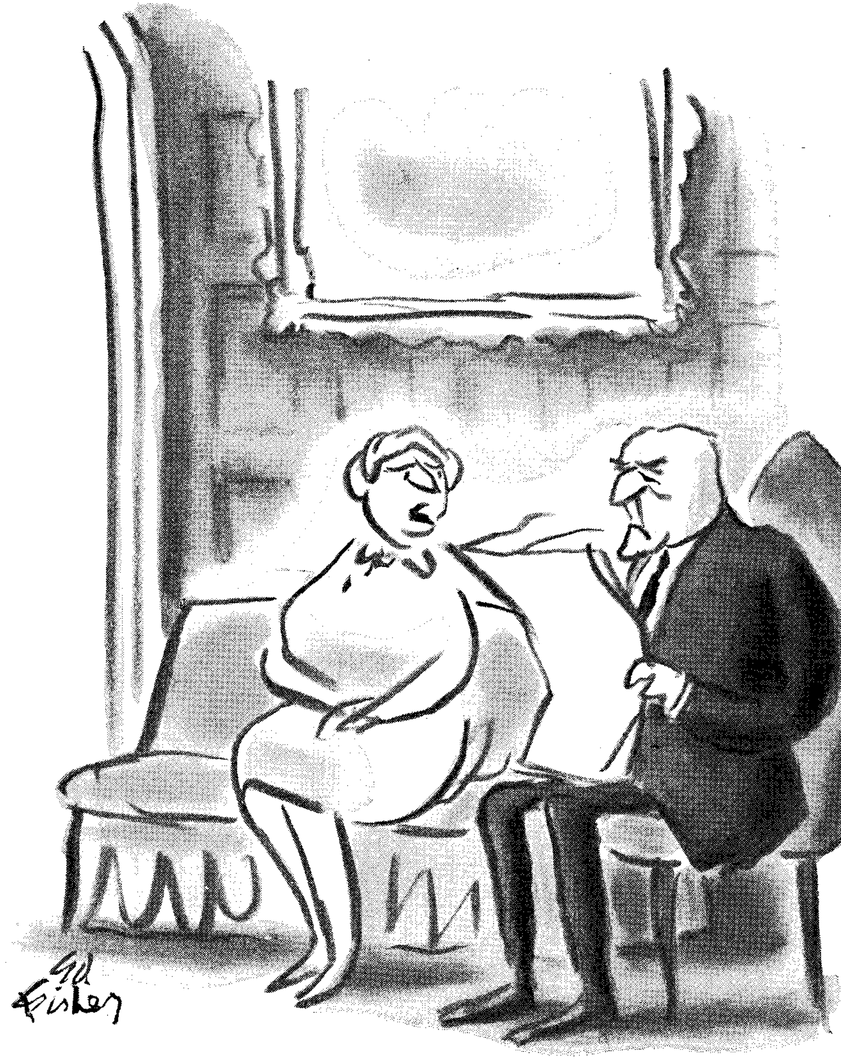

"At least none of our dollars are going abroad—or anywhere else."

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termed "a surprise." This turned out to be a sheaf of Clement's old piano music.

"You two live in the *dark*," she said. "And, of course, need I say there are the *stairs*. Just guess where I found them, Dickie boy?" she said, referring here to the music.

"I give up," Clement said.

"But you didn't even *try*," his mother said.

"Guess, Richard," Daisy said.

"In, in, in . . ." Clement said.

"He's blue," Daisy explained.

"Oh, well," Clement's mother said. "In that case." Humming, she began whipping off lampshades and trying out the patterns.

"Sybil, what would you think if Richard and I decided to go on tour?" Daisy said. "He would tell jokes and I would dance."

"Oh, do you dance?" Mrs. Clement said. "I once won a tortoise-shell cigarette case in a ballroom-dancing competition aboard the old Berengaria. It was a balloon dance, in that differently colored balloons were tied to the ladies' ankles and the band began to play and in the end whoever had the last balloon that was still intact won the prize. You should have heard the popping. The men were stepping on them all along. It took quite a bit of maneuvering to survive. Fortunately, I was wearing a full, nearly floor-length gown, and was able to waft my balloon under my skirts and so confuse the couples around me. I was too quick for them. That was before I met Mr. Clement, of course. With Mr. Clement as my partner, I would have undoubtedly been one of the first to be eliminated. The young gentleman who was my dancing partner that evening, a customers' man from Short Hills, took these long, *long* strides, and whirled me out of harm's way."

Clement sat down at the piano and played Solfeggietto in C Minor, by K. P. E. Bach. "Remember that baby, Ma?" he said.

"Ah, dear me, yes," she said. "You played it much better when you were ten. You had more *feel*ing then, I recall."

THE following morning, Clement awoke before Daisy, and discovered to his horror that they were as much as (approximately) three feet apart. He sidled up to her and feigned sleep. At length, she awoke, too, and through his tremulous lashes he watched her reach under her pillow for the tape measure.

"Richard," she said. "Do you know we're only seven and one half inches apart this morning? We've come together again, my darling."

"I've told you I loved you all along. Who listens?"

"Love," she said, sighing, "is here, is there, is everywhere."

"But mine's true-blue," Richard said. "I can prove it to you, too. We were married on October 20, 1963, and I haven't slept with another woman since January 19, 1963."

Daisy said, "Is it because you don't want to, or are you trying to set a record?"

THE next day, Clement sat squarely at his quaking desk, a fresh sheet of paper before him, a ball-point pen poised hopelessly in the air. Having abjured bird watching, he was composing the first item in a new list, called, simply, "Thoughts." Each day, he would put down a significant concept that had come to mind in the previous twenty-four hours. He had been at it nearly twenty minutes now but had been unable to come up with anything; it seemed that everything he thought of had already been stated, and more happily. He relit his cigar. Something was amiss. He groped about his waist. *Where is my seat belt?*

He wrote:

> Why aren't I growing up? My contemporaries are the stream. I am the bank. They go on; I remain, undermined here, built up there, dreaming. As they rush by, they gaily shout: You may look different, but we know you.

On October 20th, he couldn't think of a blessed thing. Daisy, coming upon the page in his absence, wrote in the empty place:

> Thinker, today is our anniversary.

I could stop here; it isn't an inappropriate ending. However, there is always one more thing to say—an *esprit de l'escalier*.

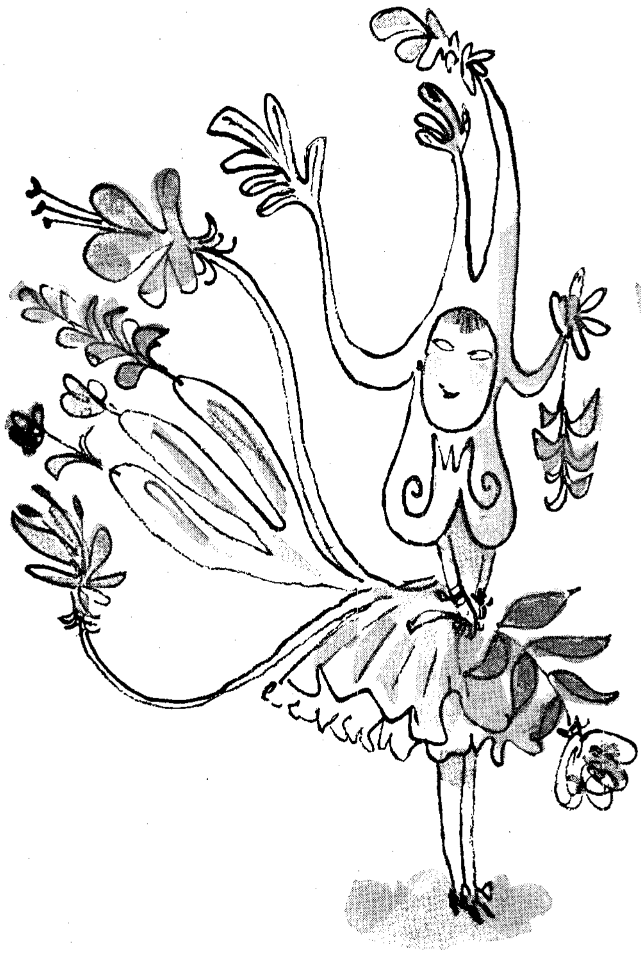
Dreams. Who can listen to an account of another's dream? What an excruciating experience! Even the helpless dreamer usually gives up midway. He has had this resplendent, intense, harrowing, verisimilar vision, which only a few hours before shone behind his eyelids, as though with his eyes shut he had looked directly at the sun. But it is fading away. He cannot remember exactly how it went. You see, there were so many incidents and ambiguities. It was so emotional, too. And he had these insights. But he is not a storyteller; indeed, even the accomplished novelist, accustomed to dealing summarily with life, throws up his hands when a dream is set in front of him. Alas, it is too rich, a muchness. He'd like to tackle it, but (he chuckles) he is on a diet. With an index finger, he slyly samples the icing and recommends it.

The dreamer, hearing himself relate the dream, discovers how conventional, how humdrum it is. He cannot transmit the mystery. He begins to skip the duller parts; he forgets this or that; he backtracks; he loses his way. The listener's attention has long since wandered. The dreamer mumbles on. He is downhearted. His inept recital has superseded the dream in his memory. He swears that next time he will make a point of remembering. He will keep it to himself, savor it. But who can withhold such strange things?

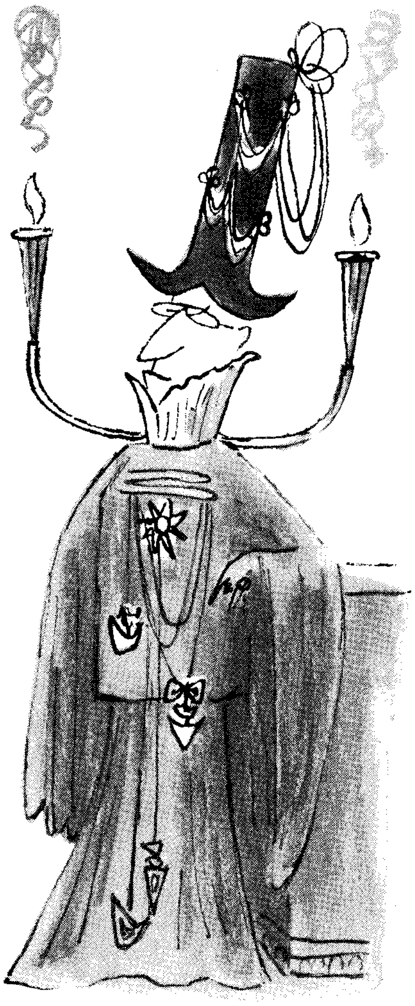
On the night of October 21st, Clement has a dream. He is sitting by the pool at the Beverly Hills Hotel. The sun has gone down behind the pink stucco wall that encloses the hotel, and the air has grown chilly. The water is nearly violet. Although the last swimmer left the pool an hour ago, the water is still rocking, lapping against the tiles (as it does, at this very instant, against the world's numberless shores, Clement thinks, making a mental note that in the morning this might be the basis for his next Thought). Clement is listening to U Thant, who is reclining in the chaise beside him. U Thant is telling him about the true state of the world. The pool is closing. They are the only guests left, he and U Thant. The cabaña boys are slowly collecting the mats, piling them into a great, uneven tower. Although he realizes it is a unique opportunity, and that he is privileged, Clement cannot keep his mind on what U Thant is saying. He has hidden a girlie magazine under one of the mats (which one?); if the cabaña boys find it, he will be asked to leave the hotel. He thinks, How much more of this is there? Will I never awake? —Gilbert Rogin

The Intellectual

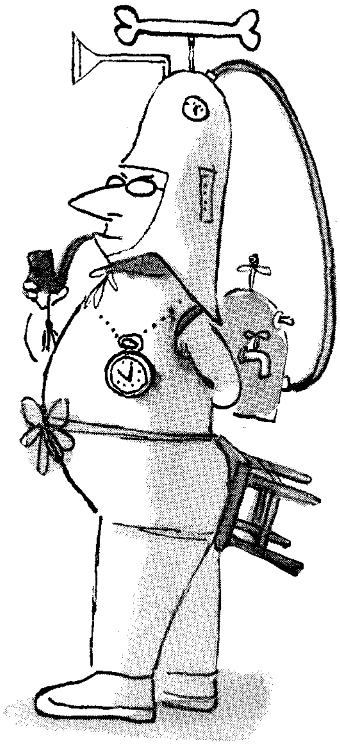
The Complainer



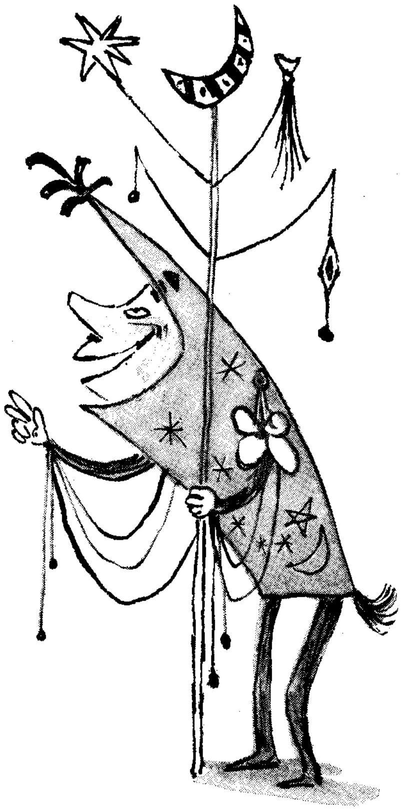
The Flirt



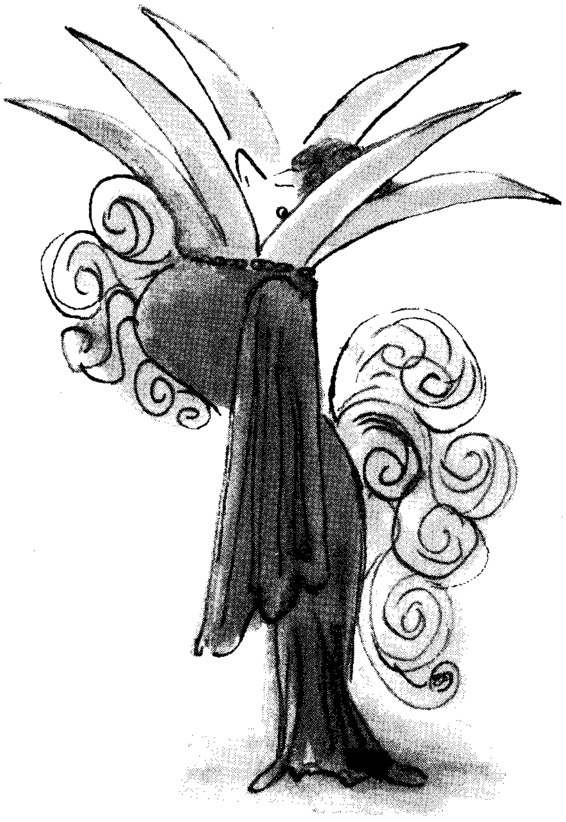
The Oracle



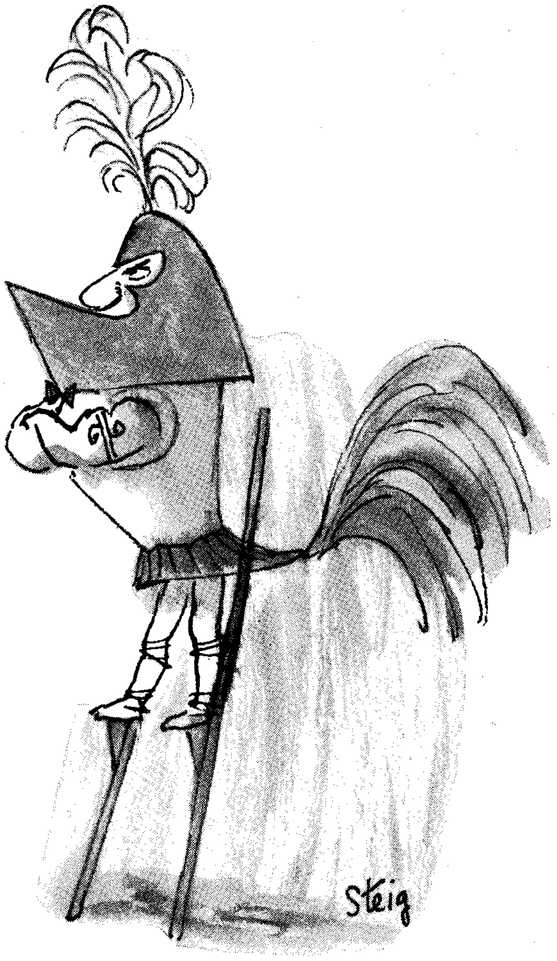
The Bore



The Liar



The Snob



The Arguer

THE HOUSE OF THE FAMOUS POET

IN the summer of 1944, when it was nothing for trains from the provinces to be five or six hours late, I travelled to London on the night train from Edinburgh, which, at York, was already three hours late. There were ten people in the compartment, only two of whom I remember well, and for good reason.

I have the impression, looking back on it, of a row of people opposite me, dozing untidily with heads askew, and, as it often seems when we look at sleeping strangers, their features had assumed extra emphasis and individuality, sometimes disturbing to watch. It was as if they had rendered up their daytime talent for obliterating the outward traces of themselves in exchange for mental obliteration. In this way, they resembled a twelfth-century fresco; there was a look of medieval unself-consciousness about these people, all except one.

This was a private soldier, who was awake to a greater degree than most people are when they are not sleeping. He was smoking cigarettes one after the other with long, calm puffs. I thought he looked excessively evil—an atavistic type. His forehead must have been less than two inches high above dark, thick eyebrows, which met. His jaw was not large, but it was apelike; so was his small nose and so were his deep, close-set eyes. I thought there must have been some consanguinity in the parents. He was quite a throwback.

As it turned out, he was extremely gentle and kind. When I ran out of cigarettes, he fished about in his haversack and produced a packet for me and one for a girl sitting next me. We both tried, with a flutter of small change, to pay him. Nothing would please him at all but that we should accept his cigarettes, whereupon he returned to his silent, reflective smoking.

I felt a sort of pity for him then, rather as we feel toward animals we know to be harmless, such as monkeys. But I realized that, like the pity we expend on monkeys merely because they are not human beings, this pity was not needed.

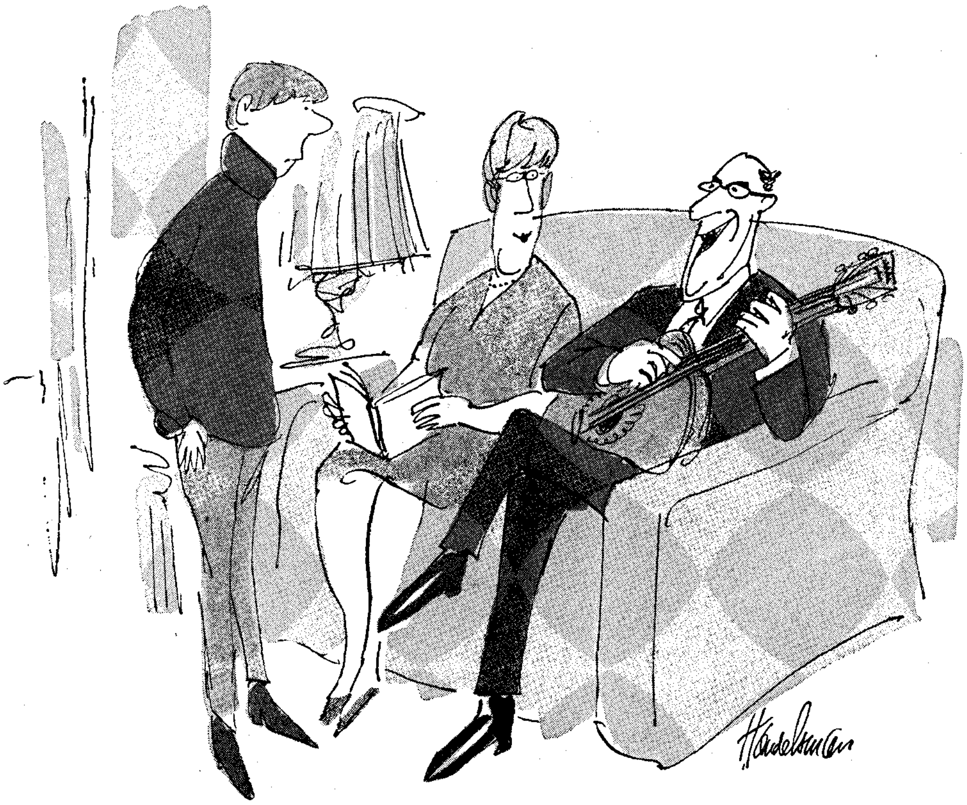
Receiving the cigarettes gave the girl and myself common ground, and we conversed quietly for the rest of the journey. She told me she had a job in London as a domestic helper and nursemaid. She looked as if she had come from a country district—her very blond hair, red face, and large bones gave the impression of power, as if she was used to carrying heavy things, perhaps great scuttlesful of coal, or two children at a time. But what made me curious about her was her voice, which was cultivated, melodious, and restrained.

Toward the end of the journey, when the people were beginning to jerk themselves straight and the rushing to and fro in the corridor had started, this girl, Elise, asked me to come with her to the house where she worked. The master, who was something in a university, was away with his wife and family.

I agreed to this, because at that time I was in the way of thinking that the discovery of an educated servant girl was valuable and something to be gone deeper into. It had the element of experience—perhaps even of truth, and I believed, in those days, that truth is stranger than fiction. Besides, I wanted to spend that Sunday in London. I was due back the next day at my job in a branch of the Civil Service which had been evacuated to the country, and, for a reason that is another story, I didn't want to return too soon. I had some telephoning to do. I wanted to wash and change. I wanted to know more about the girl. So I thanked Elise and accepted her invitation.

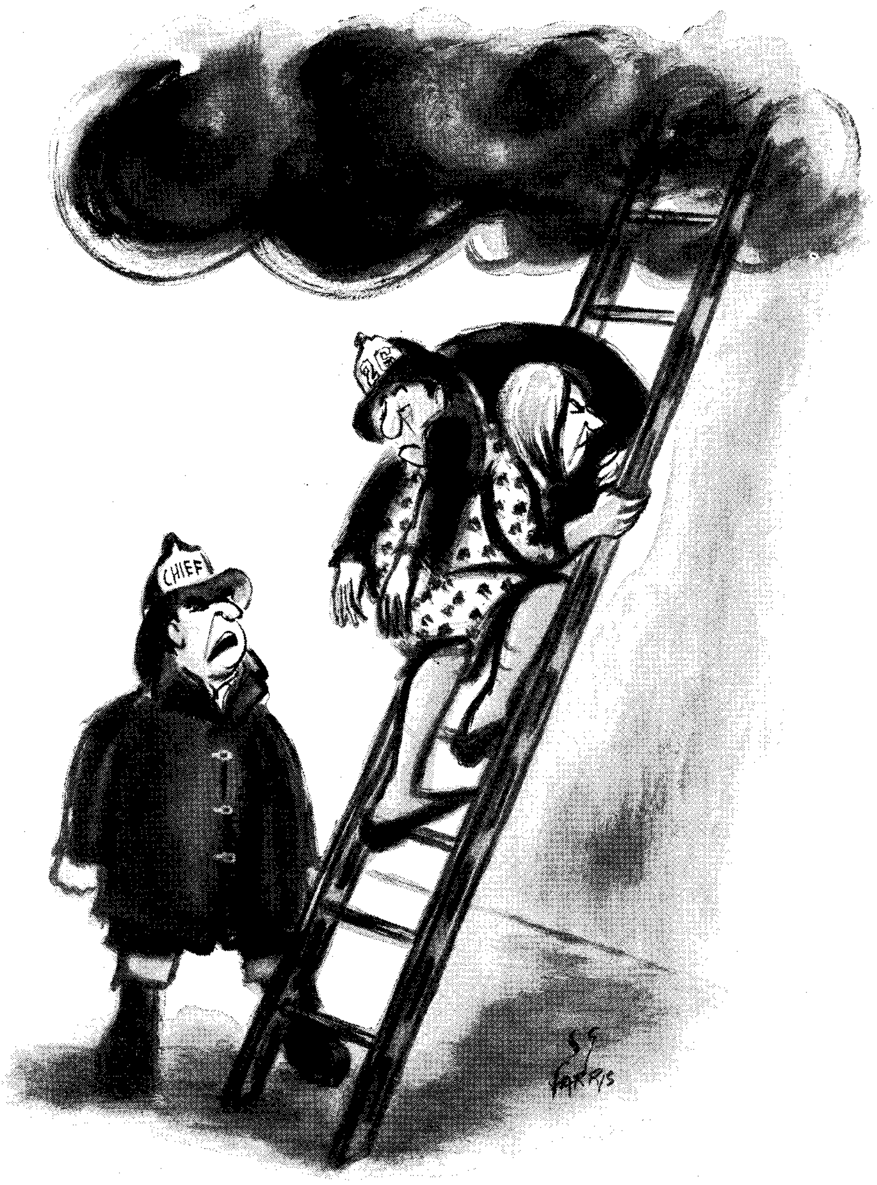
I regretted it as soon as we got out of the train at King's Cross, some minutes after ten. Standing up tall on the platform, Elise looked unbearably tired, as if not only the last night's journey but every fragment of her unknown life was suddenly heaping up on top of her. The power I had noticed in the train was no longer there. As she called, in her beautiful voice, for a porter, I saw that on the side of her head that had been away from me in the train her hair was parted in a dark streak, which, by contrast with the yellow, looked navy blue. I had thought, when I first saw her, that possibly her hair was bleached, but now, seeing it so badly done, seeing this navy-blue parting pointing like an arrow to the weighted weariness of her face, I, too, got the sensation of great tiredness. And it was not only the strain of the journey that I felt but the foreknowledge of boredom that comes upon us unaccountably at the beginning of a quest, and that checks, perhaps mercifully, our curiosity.

AND, as it happened, there really wasn't much to learn about Elise. The explanation of her that I had been



"You aren't the only one around here who knows some songs of protest. Listen to this:

'Old Tom Girdler,
He's the chairman of the board.
He's gonna take a lickin',
And so is Henry Ford.
Too-ra, Too-ra, too-oo rolly day.' "



"Morton, you're through!"

prompted to seek I got in the taxi between King's Cross and the house at Swiss Cottage. She came of a good family, who thought her a pity, and she them. Having no training for anything else, she had taken a domestic job on leaving home. She was engaged to an Australian soldier billeted also at Swiss Cottage.

Perhaps it was the anticipation of a day's boredom, maybe it was the effect of no sleep or the fact that the V-1 sirens were sounding, but I felt some sourness when I saw the house. The garden was growing all over the place. Elise opened the front door, and we entered a darkish room almost wholly taken up with a long, plain wood worktable. On this were a half-empty marmalade jar, a pile of papers, and a dried-up ink bottle. There was a steel-canopied bed, known as a Morrison shelter, in one corner and some photographs on the mantelpiece—one of a schoolboy wearing glasses. Everything was tainted with Elise's weariness and my own distaste. But Elise didn't seem to be aware of the exhaustion so plainly revealed on her face. She did not even bother to take her coat off, and as it was too tight for her, I wondered how she could move about so quickly with this restriction added to the weight of her tiredness. But, with her coat still buttoned tight, Elise phoned her boy friend and made breakfast, while I washed in a dim blue cracked bathroom upstairs.

When I found that she had opened my holdall without asking me and had taken out my rations, I was a little pleased. It seemed a friendly action, with some measure of reality about it, and I felt better. But I was still irritated by the house. I felt there was no justification for the positive lack of consequence, which was lying about here and there. I asked no questions about the owner who was something in a university, for fear of getting the answer I expected—that he was away visiting his grandchildren, at some family gathering in the home counties. The owners of the house had no reality for me, and I looked upon the place as belonging to, and permeated with, Elise.

I went with her to a nearby public house, where she met her boy friend and one or two other Australian soldiers, who had with them a thin Cockney girl with bad teeth. Elise was very happy, and insisted in her lovely voice that they should all come along to a party at the house that evening. In a fine aristocratic tone, she demanded that each should bring a bottle of beer.

During the afternoon, Elise said she was going to have a bath, and she showed me a room where I could use the phone and sleep if I wanted. This was a large, light room with several windows, much more orderly than the rest of the house, and lined with books. There was only one unusual thing about it: beside one of the windows was a bed, but this bed was only a fairly thick mattress made up neatly on the floor. It was obviously a bed on the floor with some purpose, and again I was angered to think of the futile crankiness of the elderly professor who had thought of it.

I did my telephoning, and decided to rest. But first I wanted to find something to read. The books puzzled me. None of them seemed to be automatically part of a scholar's library. An inscription in one book was signed by the author, a well-known novelist. I found another inscribed copy, and this had the name of the recipient. On a sudden idea, I went to the desk, where while I had been telephoning I had noticed a pile of unopened letters. For the first time, I looked at the name of the owner of the house.

I ran to the bathroom and shouted through the door to Elise, "Is this the house of the famous poet?"

"Yes," she called. "I *told* you."

She had told me nothing of the kind. I felt I had no right at all to be there, for it wasn't, now, the house of Elise acting by proxy for some unknown couple. It was the house of a famous modern poet. The thought that at any moment he and his family might walk in and find me there terrified me. I insisted that Elise should open the bathroom door and tell me to my face that there was no possible chance of their returning for many days to come.

Then I began to think about the house itself, which Elise was no longer accountable for. Its new definition, as the house of a poet whose work I knew well, many of whose poems I knew by heart, gave it altogether a fresh appearance.

To confirm this, I went outside and stood exactly where I had been when I first saw the garden from the door of the taxi. I wanted to get my first impression for a second time. And this time I saw an absolute purpose in the overgrown garden, which, since then, I have come to believe existed in the eye of the beholder. But, at the time, the room we had first entered, and which had riled me, now began to give back a meaning, and whatever was was right. The caked-up bottle of ink, which Elise had put on the mantelpiece, I replaced on the table to make sure. I saw a photograph I hadn't noticed before, and I recognized the famous poet.

It was the same with the upstairs room where Elise had put me, and I handled the books again, not so much with the sense that they belonged to the famous poet but with some curiosity about how they had been made. The sort of question that occurred to me was where the paper had come from and from what sort of vegetation was manufactured the black print, and these things have not troubled me since.

BEETLE ON THE SHASTA DAYLIGHT

Hills moved. I watched their shadows
riding by like names said
only once. The oaks turned round
and leaves ran past my head.

It was all reeling back where
the old disasters hung between
locked doors stitching the air,
unheard, as if they'd never been.

And the sun came falling through
the window of the train; it filled
my lap, slid down my arms into
the aisle, a blazing river spilled

inside. I found her in the shallow
light, wearing her skeleton
strapped smooth over her belly,
wallowing on her back, alone.

Some little Pequod spitting, mastheads
tufted with joints like unfleshed frogs,
lame as a butterfly spread
on a pin. And from the thrashing legs

hooks caught at nothing, casting
and casting in the air, her
bent and beaded feelers lashing
until the threads would have to tear.

Pharaohs watched her push her dung ball
on the sand the way the sun
rolled slowly over heaven, saw
how she hatched her children

out of that roundness, called her Life.
They made her image out of stone,
greener than stems, to celebrate
the ornamental lake a queen

had built, to mark a lion hunt
or even marriage. They sent
her gleaming in the tombs of all
the dead so they might rise again.

I didn't touch her; slipping a marker
from my book under her back,
I turned my wrist down gently, set her
right. A piece of the whole shook

world turned up. Alive! She was
amazed to flex herself, to feel
the sun along her side like juice,
to have her front legs wheel

her forward, arched in a priestly
benediction. Oh, she was tight. She served
her concentrated self, and neatly.
Her eyes glittered out of her head.

Lightly she went and steady down
the aisle. Not any landscape she
remembered. Yet she was sure of home,
composed her dark wherever she might be

creeping. I waved her well. Saw
that she left no furrow in the floor.
But someone got up, swelling out
of his seat, and raised his foot before

my hand could drop, and put it down
and passed into the next car
and was gone. There was no sound
but the train's sound. Far

down the tracks, the sun rolled over.
I had to sit there after that
and look at California moving
backward, pressing my face flat

against the glass until it froze
to my skin. All afternoon
I looked out at the hills, those
trees with the light crawling down

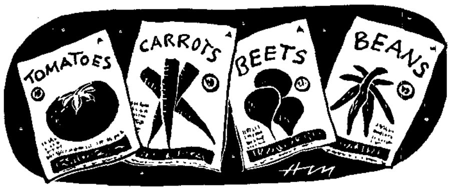
their branches like white beetles
and the sky lurching among
the leaves, the shape of it tilting
at me crushed under the sun.

—Shirley Kaufman

• •

THE Australians and the Cockney girl came around about seven. I had planned to catch an eight-thirty train to the country, but when I telephoned to confirm the time I found there were no Sunday trains running. Elise, in her friendly and exhausted way, begged me to stay without attempting to be too serious about it. The sirens were starting up again. I asked Elise once more to repeat that the poet and his family could by no means return that night. But I asked this question more abstractedly than before, as I was thinking of the sirens and of the exact proportions of the noise they made. I wondered, as well, what sinister genius of the Home Office could have invented so ominous a wail, and why. And I was thinking of the word "siren." The sound then became comical, for I imagined some maniac sea nymph from centuries past belching into the year 1944. Actually, the sirens frightened me.

Most of all, I wondered about Elise's party. Everyone roamed about the place as if it were nobody's house in particular, with Elise the best-behaved of the lot. The Cockney girl sat on the long table and gave of her best to the skies every time a bomb exploded. I had the feeling that the house had been requisitioned for an evening by the military. It was so hugely and everywhere occupied that it became not the house I had first entered, nor the house of the famous poet, but a third house—the one I had vaguely prefigured when I stood, bored, on the platform at King's Cross station. I saw a great amount of tiredness among these people, and heard, from the loud noise they made, that they were all lacking sleep. When the beer was finished and they were gone, some to their billets, some to pubs, and the Cockney girl to her Underground shelter where she had



"I finally have it all worked out, and now you tell me not to seat a hawk next to a dove!"

• •

slept for weeks past, I asked Elise, "Don't you feel tired?"

"No," she said with agonizing weariness, "I never feel tired."

I FELL asleep myself, as soon as I had got into the bed on the floor in the upstairs room, and overslept until Elise woke me at eight. I had wanted to get up early to catch a nine-o'clock train, so I hadn't much time to speak to her. I did notice, though, that she had lost some of her tired look.

I was pushing my things into my holdall while Elise went up the street to catch a taxi when I heard someone coming upstairs. I thought it was Elise come back, and I looked out of the open door. I saw a man in uniform carrying an enormous parcel in both hands. He looked down as he climbed, and had a cigarette in his mouth.

"Do you want Elise?" I called, thinking it was one of her friends.

He looked up, and I recognized the soldier, the throwback, who had given us cigarettes in the train.

"Well, anyone will do," he said. "The thing is, I've got to get back to camp and I'm stuck for the fare—eight and sixpence."

I told him I could manage it, and was finding the money when he said, putting his parcel on the floor, "I don't want to borrow it. I wouldn't think of borrowing it. I've got something for sale."

"What's that?" I said.

"A funeral," said the soldier. "I've got it here."

This alarmed me, and I went to the window. No hearse, no coffin stood below. I saw only the avenue of trees.

The soldier smiled. "It's an abstract funeral," he explained, opening the parcel.

He took it out and I examined it carefully, greatly comforted. It was very much the sort of thing I had wanted—rather more purple in parts than I would have liked, for I was not in favor of this color of mourning. Still, I thought I could tone it down a bit.

Delighted with the bargain, I handed over the eight shillings and sixpence. There was a great deal of this abstract funeral. Hastily, I packed some of it into the holdall. Some I stuffed in my pockets, and there was still some left over. Elise had returned with a cab and I hadn't much time. So I ran for it, out of the door and out of the gate of the house of the famous poet, with the rest of my funeral trailing behind me.

YOU will complain that I am withholding evidence. Indeed, you may wonder if there is any evidence at all. "An abstract funeral," you will say, "is neither here nor there. It is only a notion. You cannot pack a notion into your bag. You cannot see the color of a notion."

You will insinuate that what I have just told you is pure fiction.

Hear me to the end.

I caught the train. Imagine my surprise when I found sitting opposite me my friend the soldier, of whose existence you are so skeptical.

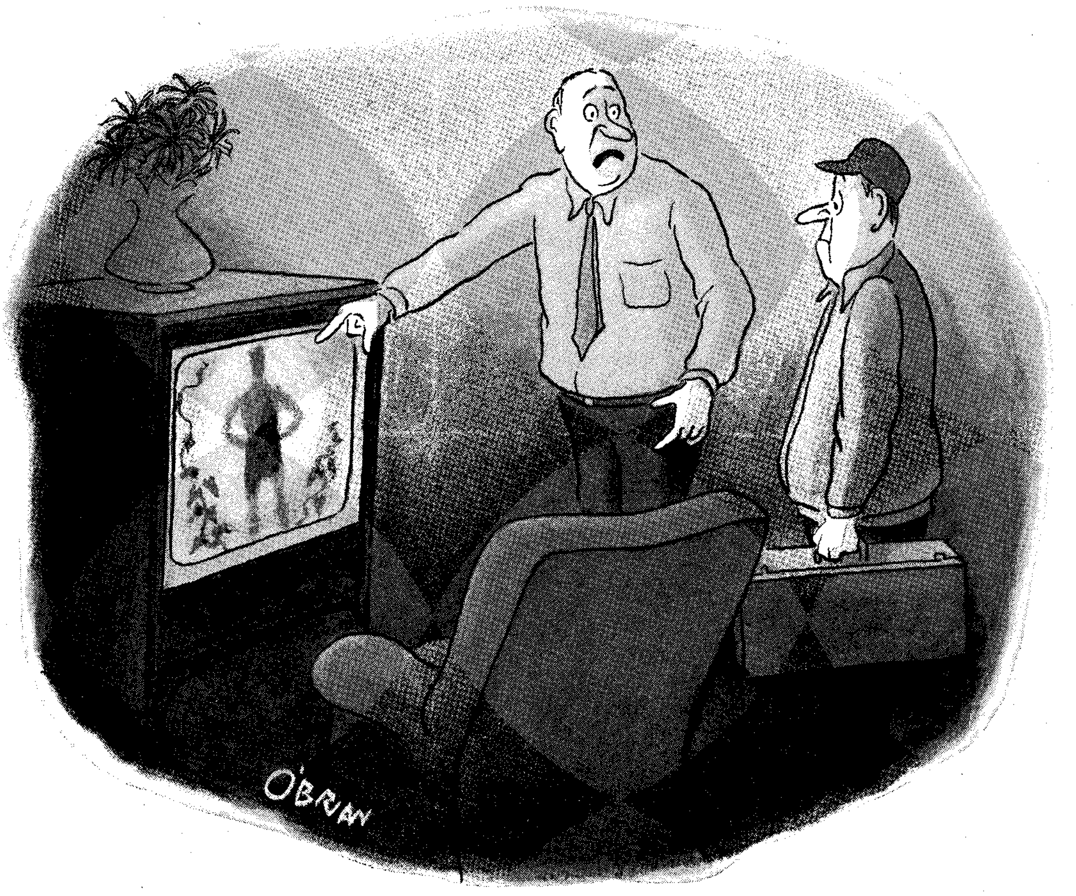
"As a matter of interest," I said, "how would you describe all this funeral you sold me?"

"Describe it?" he said. "Nobody describes an abstract funeral. You just conceive it."

"There is much in what you say," I replied. "Still, describe it I must, because it is not every day one comes by an abstract funeral."

"I am glad you appreciate that," said the soldier.

"And after the war," I continued, "when I am no longer a civil servant, I hope, in a few deftly turned phrases, to write of my experiences at the house of the famous poet, which have culminated like this. But, of course," I



"The color's all fouled up. Do you call that *a jolly green giant?"*

• •

added, "I will need to say what it looks like."

The soldier did not reply.

"If it were an okapi or a sea cow," I said, "I would have to say what it looked like. No one would believe me otherwise."

"Do you want your money back?" asked the soldier. "Because if so, you can't have it. I spent it on my ticket."

"Don't misunderstand me," I hastened to say. "The funeral is a delightful abstraction. Only I wish to put it down in writing."

I felt a great pity for the soldier on seeing his worried look. The apelike head seemed the saddest thing in the world.

"I make them by hand," he said, "these abstract funerals."

A siren sounded somewhere, far away.

"Elise bought one of them last month. She hadn't any complaints. I change at the next stop," he said, getting down his kit from the rack. "And what's more," he said, "your famous poet bought one."

"Oh, did he?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "No complaints. It was just what he wanted—the idea of a funeral."

The train pulled up. The soldier leaped down and waved. As the train started again, I unpacked my abstract funeral and looked at it for a few moments.

"To hell with the idea," I said. "It's a real funeral I want."

"All in good time," said a voice from the corridor.

"*You* again," I said. It was the soldier.

"No," he said, "I got off at the last station. I'm only a notion of myself."

"Look here," I said, "would you be offended if I throw all this away?"

"Of course not," said the soldier. "You can't offend a notion."

"I want a real funeral," I explained. "One of my own."

"That's right," said the soldier.

"And then I'll be able to write about it and go into all the details," I said.

"Your own funeral?" he said. "You want to write it up?"

"Yes," I said.

"But," said he, "you're only human. Nobody reports on their own funeral. It's got to be abstract."

"You see my predicament?" I said.

"I see it," he replied. "I get off at this stop."

This notion of a soldier alighted. Once more the train put on speed. Out of the window I chucked all my eight-and-sixpence worth of abstract funeral. I watched it fluttering over the fields and around the tops of camouflaged factories with the sun glittering richly upon it, until it was out of sight.

In the summer of 1944, a great many people were harshly and suddenly killed. The papers reported, in due course, those whose names were known to the public. One of these, the famous poet, had returned unexpectedly to his home at Swiss Cottage a few moments before it was hit direct by a flying bomb. Fortunately, he had left his wife and children in the country.

When I got to the place where my job was, I had some time to spare before going on duty. I decided to ring Elise and thank her properly, as I had left in such a hurry. But the lines were out of order, and the operator could not find words enough to express her annoyance with me. Behind this overworked, quarrelsome voice from the exchange I heard the high, long hoot that means that the telephone at the other end is not functioning, and the sound made me *infinitely* depressed and weary; it was more intolerable to me than the sirens, and I replaced the receiver; and, in fact, Elise had already perished under the house of the famous poet.

The blue cracked bathroom, the bed on the floor, the caked ink bottle, the neglected garden, and the neat rows of books—I try to gather them together in my mind whenever I am enraged by the thought that Elise and the poet were killed outright. The angels of the Resurrection will invoke the dead man and the dead woman, but who will care to restore the fallen house of the famous poet if not myself? Who else will tell its story?

When I reflect how Elise and the poet were taken in—how they calmly allowed a well-meaning soldier to sell them the notion of a funeral—I remind myself that one day I will accept, and so will you, an abstract funeral, and make no complaints. —Muriel Spark

•

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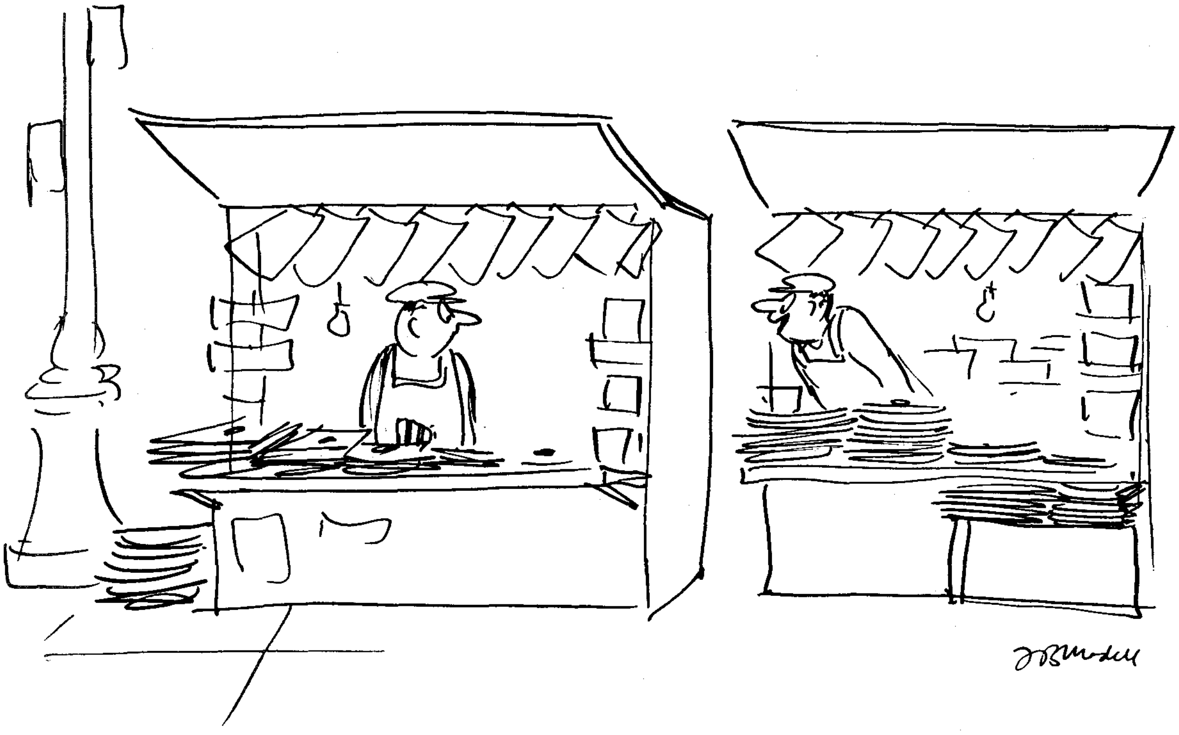
ANNALS OF ESPIONAGE

AN AGENT IN PLACE—II

UPON his arrival in Washington, in April, 1952, to take up the post of air attaché at the Swedish Embassy, Colonel Stig Erik Constans Wennerström could hardly have been made more welcome by American officials. A tall, distinguished-looking Swedish Air Force officer of forty-five, he was a military representative of a highly civilized and technically very advanced nation, which, even if it remained determinedly neutral in the Cold War, was unquestionably friendly to the democratic cause. Wennerström, according to the reputation that had preceded him to this country, was one of the most strongly pro-American members of the Swedish diplomatic corps. In addition, he was known to have an interesting background of service as Swedish air attaché in Moscow for two periods in the previous twelve years—the first in 1940 and 1941, and the second from 1949 until his transfer to Washington. He spoke Russian fluently, and was regarded by his Swedish superiors, and also by American diplomats who knew him, as something of an expert on Soviet aviation and on Soviet conditions generally. "Some of our people in Stockholm lionized him," an American officer has said. All things considered, Colonel Wennerström seemed a very desirable addition to the Washington diplomatic corps, and various people did their best to help him get settled in the capital. An American officer who had known him in Moscow arranged for a house to be rented to the Colonel—who was accompanied by his wife and two daughters—and also went to the trouble of reserving a place in a suitable private school for the younger Wennerström girl. In addition, the American officer, who owned two cars, offered Wennerström the use of one until he had a chance to buy his own. Everybody in Washington seemed to find Wennerström agreeable. One United States Air Force officer has recalled, "He was very gracious and polished, with a certain air of reserve about him. His English was fluent. He was the sort of man people would look at twice." Nearly everybody, of course, was interested in the Colonel's experiences in the Soviet Union, and among those interested were some Intelligence officers in the Pentagon, who made contact with him not long after his arrival and asked for his appraisal of various aspects of Russian air power. Wennerström apparently responded to their queries in a friendly and professional fashion, but, whatever he may have told them about the Soviet Union, he did not inform them of one important fact—that for the past three years or so he had been an agent of Soviet Intelligence.

More than a decade after his transfer to Washington, Wennerström was arrested, in Sweden, convicted of "gross espionage," and sentenced to life imprisonment; according to what he told interrogators from the Swedish security police after his arrest, he had been recruited by Soviet Intelligence in Moscow in January, 1949. At the time, he said, he was acting as an agent for American Intelligence within the Soviet Union, and, indeed, had planned to penetrate the Soviet Intelligence service in Moscow on behalf of Sweden and the Western powers. But, his account continued, after a while he had had "a chance to see behind the scenes on both sides," and his pro-Western sympathies had gradually waned, partly because of the influence upon him of a remarkable man in the G.R.U.—Soviet Military Intelligence. This man, who had been introduced to him as General Pyotr Pavlovich Lemenov, Wennerström always referred to as "the General." Wennerström had formed a close friendship with the General, it appeared, and, largely under the General's tutelage, had become thoroughly convinced that the policy of the United States was one of offense and that of the Soviet Union a purely defensive one. In the process of being converted to the Russian side, Wennerström said, he had obtained so much top-secret information about American and NATO planning, thanks to his close contacts with American diplomats—plus his still closer relations with his Swedish superiors in Stockholm—that the Russians officially designated him a "top agent," thereby authorizing him to withdraw large funds at will from Soviet sources. Furthermore, he said, he had been given the code name Eagle and had been awarded the rank of major general in the Soviet Intelligence service. He told his interrogators that he had continued to coöperate with the Americans in Moscow, but now only because he had come to regard this work as "an excellent way to achieve better results" for the Russians. His change of attitude

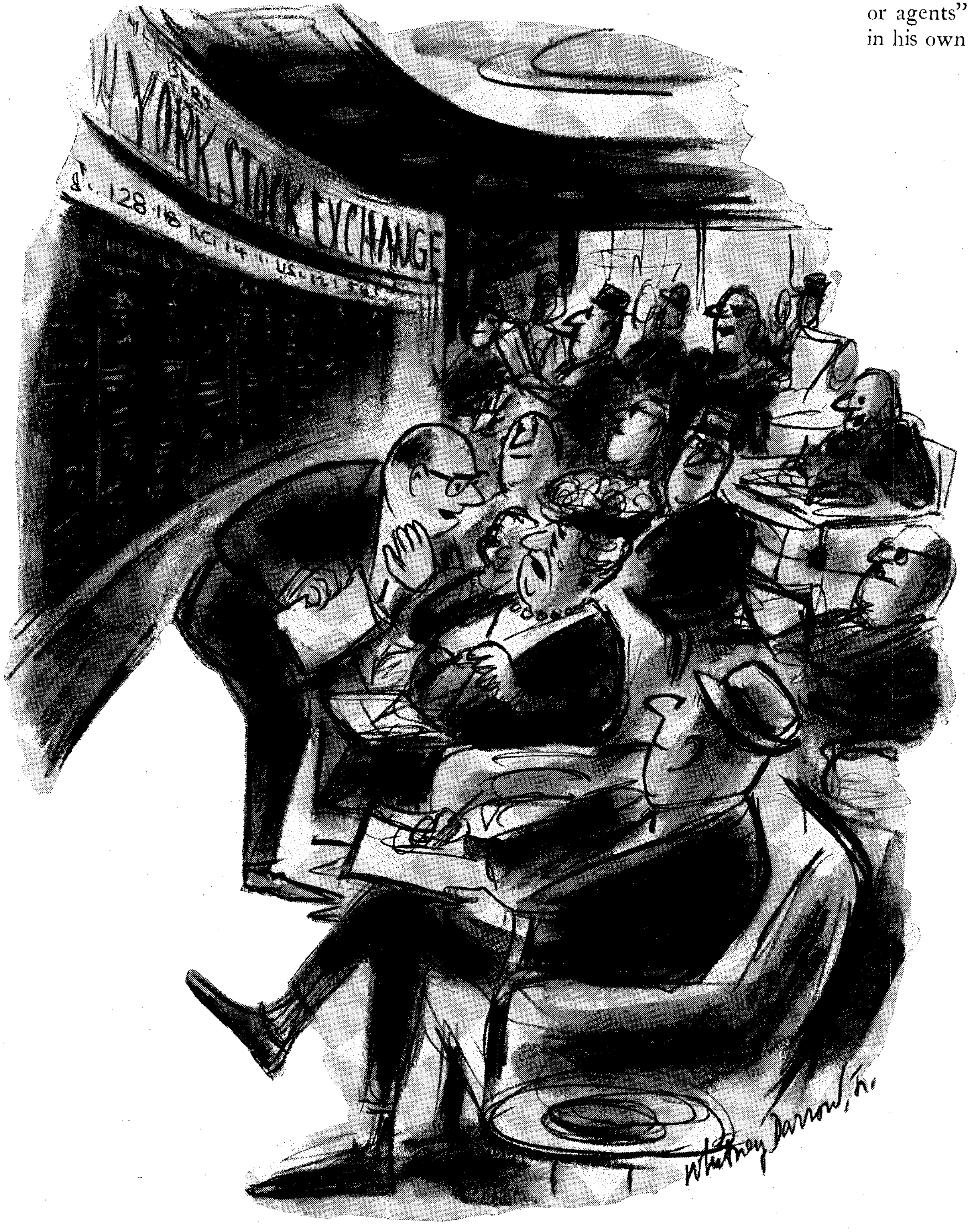


"Let's __us__ merge."

toward the Americans had also been influenced by a terrifying experience at an isolated meeting place outside Moscow, where, he said, the Russians had confronted him with evidence of his previous work for the United States. Although he had expected to be shot out of hand, he told the Swedish police, the Russians had said they understood that his dealings with the Americans were of a strictly tactical nature and they were convinced of his loyalty to the Soviet cause.

The espionage tasks that Wennerström was to carry out in Washington, as an agent "in place"—that is, a person having an accepted, cleared position in another country, as distinguished from a purely underground operative—had been the subject of extensive discussions with the General in Moscow. Wennerström had very great respect for the General, who, he said, had been assigned the exclusive task of collaborating with him, in a special arrangement known in Soviet Intelligence as "pair work," so that the two men could solve intelligence problems in whatever fashion they deemed suitable. As Wennerström later recalled the briefings that the General had given him, the main theme was the effort of the Soviet Union to attain a political, military, and technological balance of power with the United States and the NATO bloc, by whose forces the Soviet Union felt itself mortally threatened. To help the Russians form a realistic picture of United States air strength, Wennerström was to pass on whatever material he could get concerning the latest American developments in bombers, fighters, guided missiles, bombsights, radar, high-frequency radio, and advanced photographic-reconnaissance equipment. He was told not to bother with such "unnecessary" intelligence as data on the organization and personnel of the Defense Department—matters that he was given to understand were being taken care of by "an agent or agents" within the Pentagon. Even in his own field of military aviation, he was not required, as a general thing, to report on just what planes were stationed at particular Air Force bases in the United States, because, he was told, such information was already being adequately reported. According to Wennerström, the General told him that his local Soviet contact man in Washington would be the Soviet air attaché; Wennerström was given passwords to be used at their first meeting. Beyond that, Wennerström had no precise instructions, because, as he later explained it, his position as a top agent would enable him to make for himself whatever arrangements he considered best. As for the General, he had told Wennerström that he would continue to work with him from Moscow, their primary means of communication being microfilmed messages and material.

The principal function of an air attaché is to act as an official observer of the strength and development of the air force of the country to which he is accredited. He is, technically, an Intelligence officer, but he is expected to confine himself to overt and legal means of gathering information. In Washington, diplomatic usage requires him to channel his queries through a section of the Pentagon known as For-



"I'm sorry, Madam, but we must ask you to leave."

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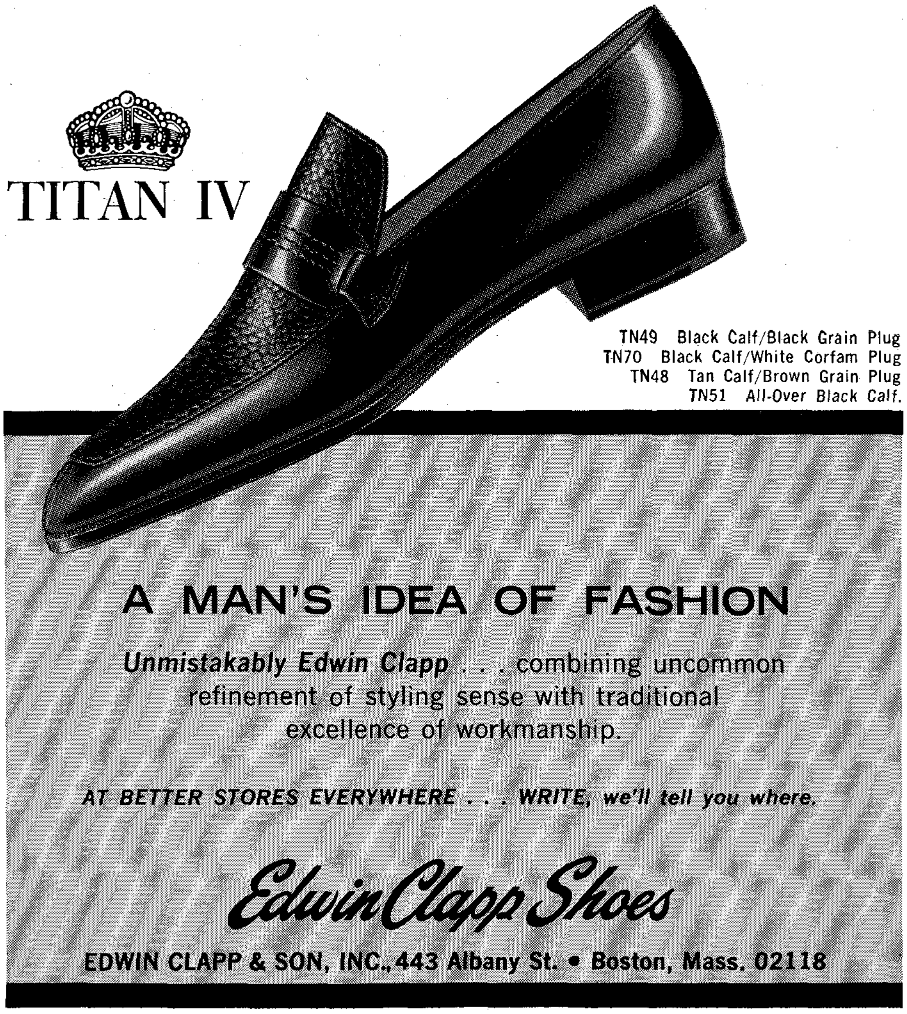

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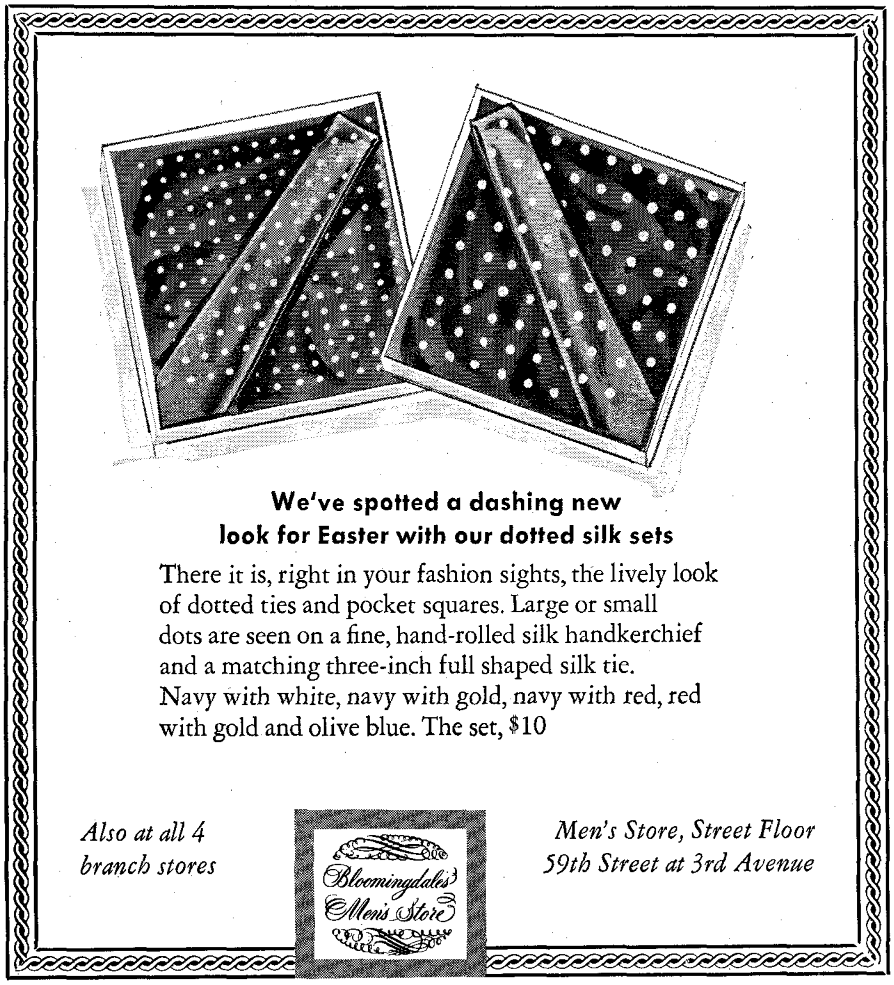

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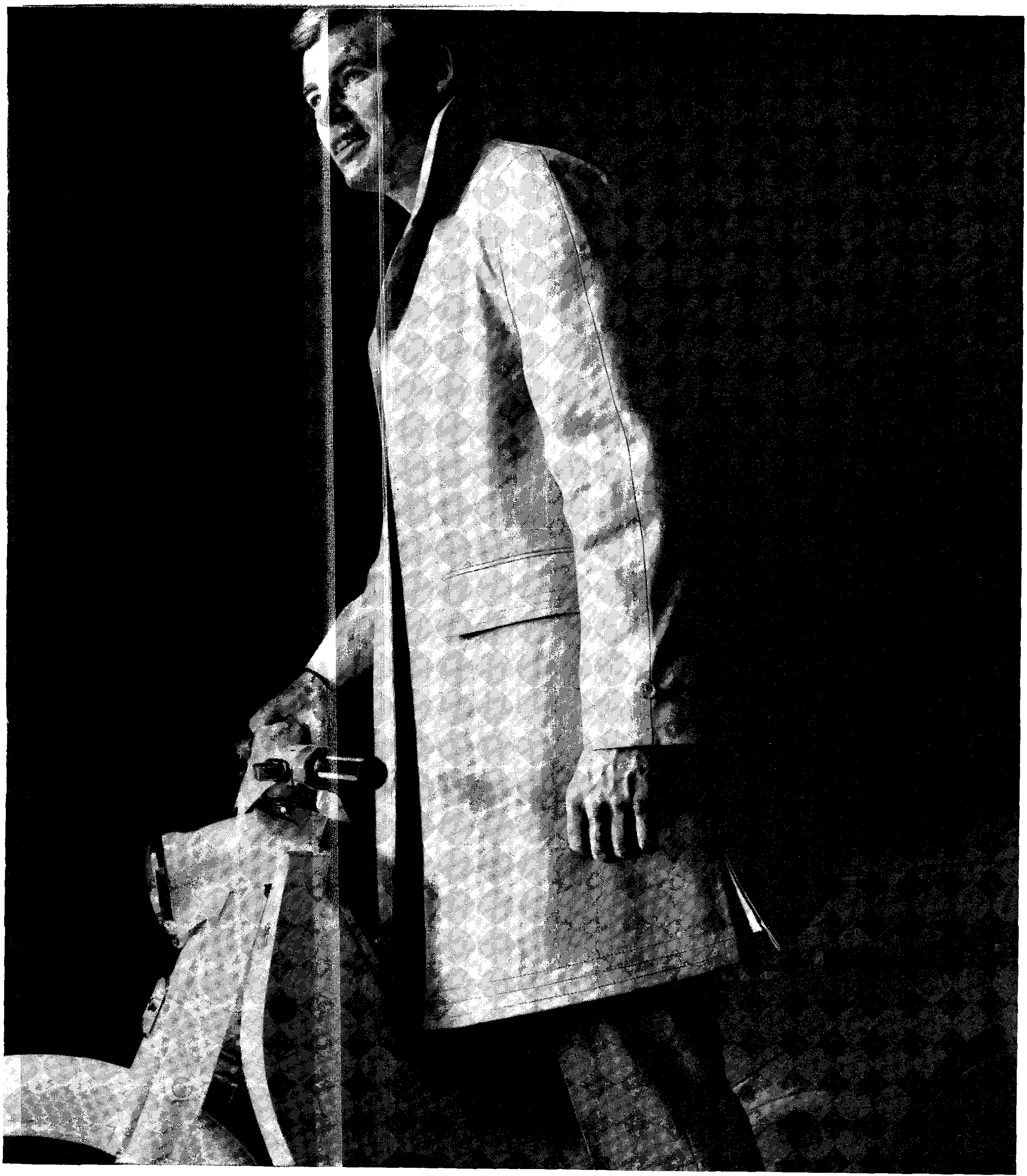
eign Liaison, which is supposed to see to it that whatever information is given out cannot endanger the national security. All requests by an attaché to visit Air Force installations or defense plants must also be cleared through this office. As might be expected, what an attaché is officially allowed to learn depends largely on the relations between his own government and ours, and Wennerström benefited from his government's excellent standing with Pentagon officials. Aeronautical data was made even more accessible to him because of the fact that, in addition to his other duties, he was head of the United States Purchasing Commission for the Swedish Air Force. When he arrived in Washington, the Swedish Air Force was not a notably big buyer of American matériel, but later, as Sweden began to strengthen her air-defense system, the situation changed considerably. The Swedish Air Force constantly required a vast amount of highly technical information, and to provide this Wennerström turned to his contacts within the Pentagon, where, according to a Swedish colleague of his at the time, "all doors stood open to him." As head of the Purchasing Commission, Wennerström was also supposed to pay visits to aircraft and electronics plants, and here, too, he was made thoroughly welcome. Altogether, he had an almost perfect cover for espionage activities. In making what he did of his opportunities—so he eventually told his interrogators—he kept in mind some advice that, he said, a Swedish general had given him about making and maintaining contacts in the United States. To quote Wennerström's interrogation transcript, "He [the general] pointed out [that] it is necessary, in most cases, to include the women. He said that [American] women had a much greater influence over the men than we realize. If a closer contact with somebody is desired and if the spouse of the party concerned could be interested in the meetings, she would be a driving factor to a great extent. . . . I found out that his observations were completely correct."

WENNERSTRÖM'S first contact with the Soviet Intelligence service in Washington came when, shortly after his arrival, he paid introductory visits, according to protocol, to the air attachés at various embassies. The Soviet air attaché at the time was Major General Viktor Kuvinov, and Wennerström, when he called on him at the Soviet Embassy, expected to exchange with him the passwords agreed upon in Moscow. "He would tell me that an



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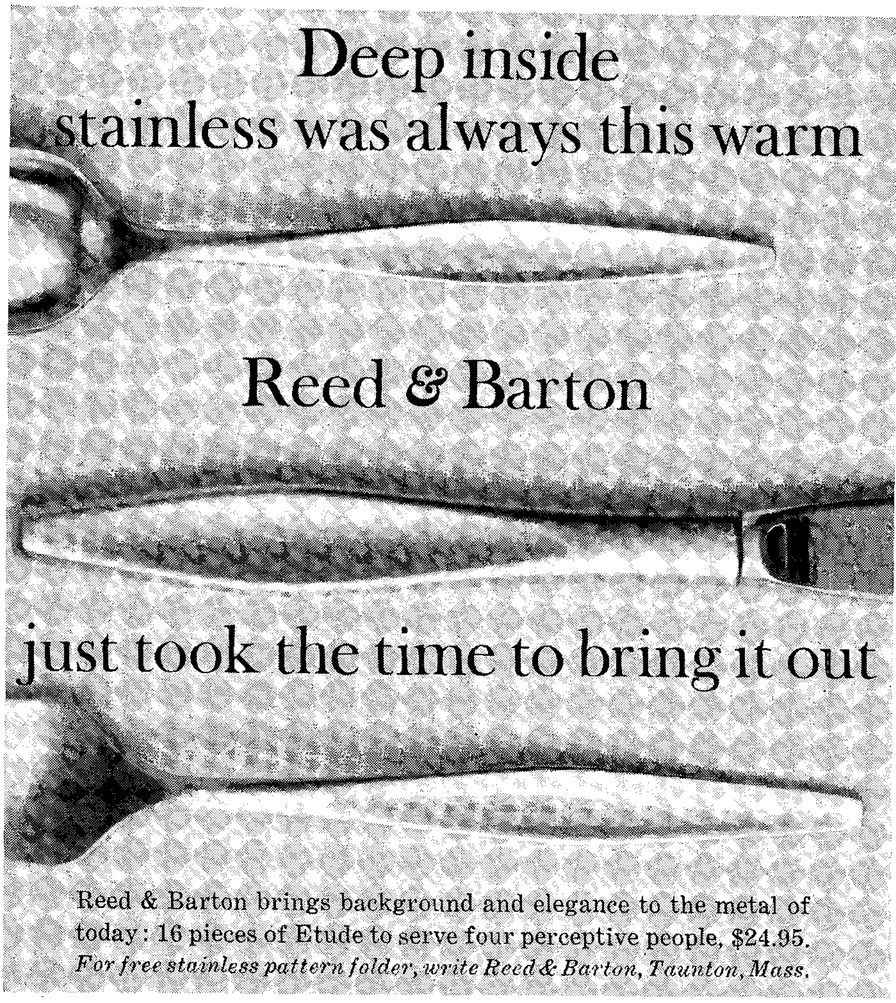
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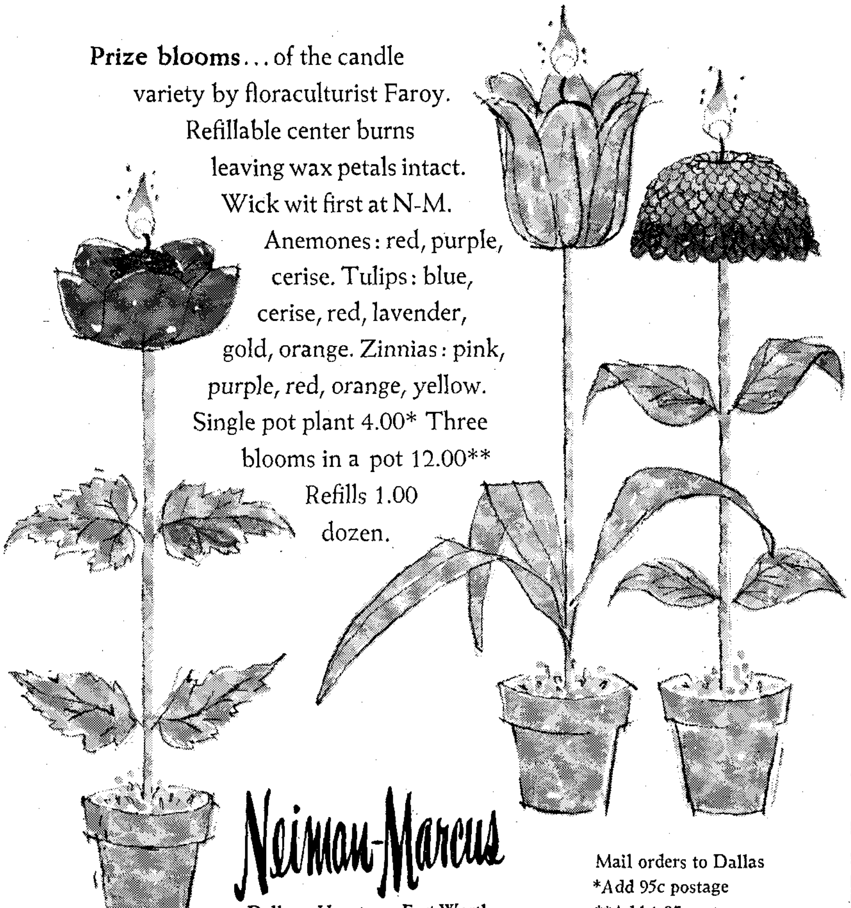

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acquaintance in Moscow had asked to be remembered to me—a man called Nikolai Vasilyevich," Wennerström later told his interrogators in Sweden. "And in reply I would thank him and say that I knew the person very well, and that I remembered having met him several times at a place in Moscow called Spiridonovka." But Kuvinov failed to utter the password, and after a friendly and inconsequential chat Wennerström took his leave. In August, Kuvinov paid a return visit to Wennerström at his office, and this time the agreed-upon words were exchanged. Wennerström, thinking himself able to talk safely, began to bring up with the Soviet attaché what he later referred to as "special problems," but Kuvinov at once clapped a hand over Wennerström's mouth so hard as almost to bruise him and, without saying anything, showed him a note suggesting a further meeting in an office not far from the Swedish Embassy. At this next meeting, Wennerström was handed five thousand dollars in United States currency—an amount that Wennerström, before his departure from Moscow, had arranged to draw for what he subsequently described as "starting capital" for his espionage work in this country. He was also given a schedule for regular meetings in secluded places in Washington—the exact spots have not been made public up to now by either the Swedes or the Americans—so that material representing the fruits of Wennerström's espionage could be transferred. Both for this purpose and for his legitimate duties, Wennerström had already installed in a closet in his office a Leica camera mounted on a stand, with accessories that permitted the photographing of documents at close range. Rolls of a special film that he used in his Soviet Intelligence work were to pass between him and Kuvinov in various public places by means of handshakes. Wennerström has said that to master the handshaking technique "we started with exercises on a large scale." He said that these practice sessions did not imply any lack of dexterity on his own part. "That was more because he [Kuvinov] couldn't do it than because I couldn't," he said.

Wennerström now set to work supplying Soviet Intelligence with the sort of information it wanted. "The possibilities of obtaining publications were almost fantastic," he said later. For the most part, he procured these simply by writing to the Pentagon, in his capacity as Swedish air attaché, and asking for them. "From this great volume of literature I selected the material that

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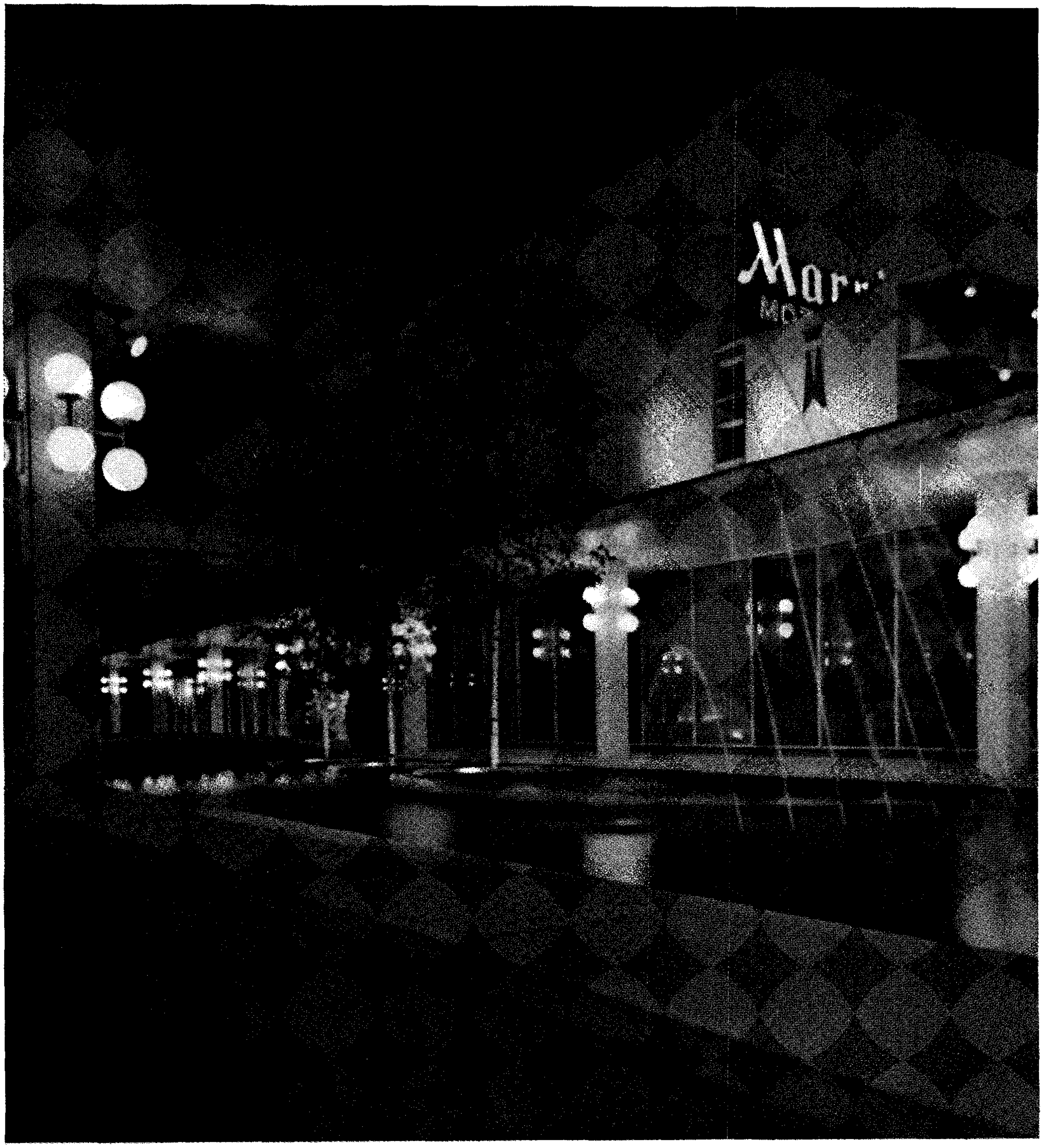

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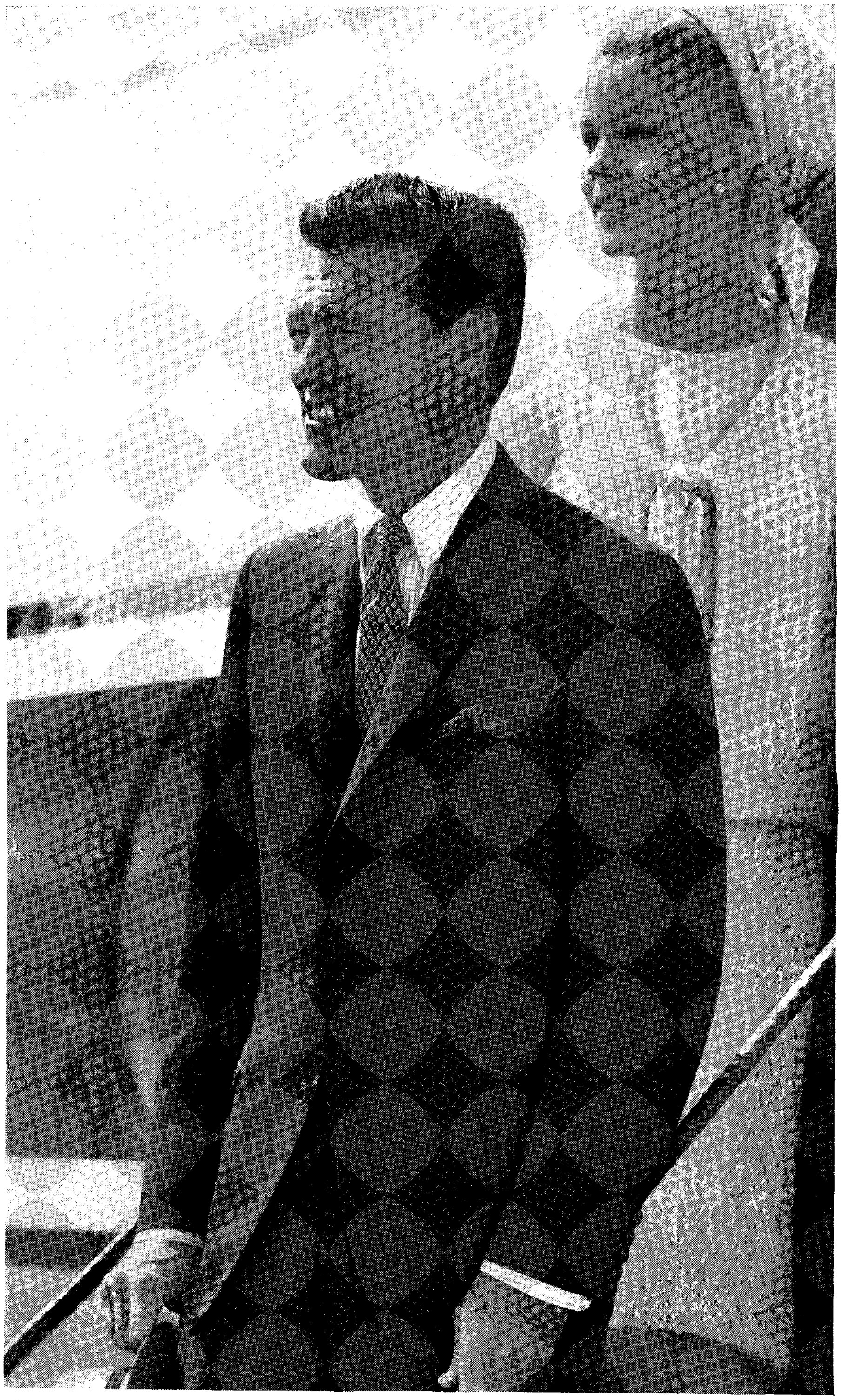
was suitable for my purposes on the basis of the aims of the Soviet Intelligence service, and I sent such material both to Sweden and to Moscow," he said. "I went on trips within the United States and Canada on all imaginable occasions, to aircraft units and the aircraft industries. . . . Some of these trips were official trips for Sweden but many had a different purpose. My lively contacts with the American Air Force resulted in an acquaintance with persons at, or in recommendations to, practically every place I went. . . . I had entrée everywhere."

Since American manufacturers of military aircraft, with the Korean War nearing an end, were begging for orders, and since Sweden was known as a customer able to pay cash in dollars for whatever it bought, it is reasonable to assume that Wennerström was an extraordinarily welcome visitor to defense plants. Speaking of his relations with sales executives of such companies, Wennerström has remarked, "My interest in data [for espionage purposes] and their interest in a sale met at the same level. . . . I can say that many times very astonishing results were obtained." As time went on, Sweden made larger and larger purchases of military aircraft and other equipment in this country, and this did nothing to injure Wennerström's standing. He has said that in dealing with an aircraft company he would first make contact with sales executives, and then, through them, would "foster relations" with the top men in the company, who would usually, as he said, "express themselves in a positive way" about him, indicating to underlings that he was a man whom it was useful to help. Wennerström recalled that once, when he was talking with a sales executive at a large industrial plant in the Los Angeles area, the sales executive telephoned the head of the company and told him of Wennerström's presence, whereupon the boss invited both Wennerström and the executive to join him that afternoon at his private swimming pool. "In America, such a little thing as this makes such a tremendous impression on a subordinate official that it can be utilized in a very efficient way," Wennerström said later.

One of his ways of using such contacts, according to Wennerström, was to show interest in equipment that he knew he would never buy for Sweden but that he also knew would be of interest to the Soviets. By thus taking advantage of opportunities "to go sidewise," as he has put it, he was able to pick up a good deal of useful intelli-



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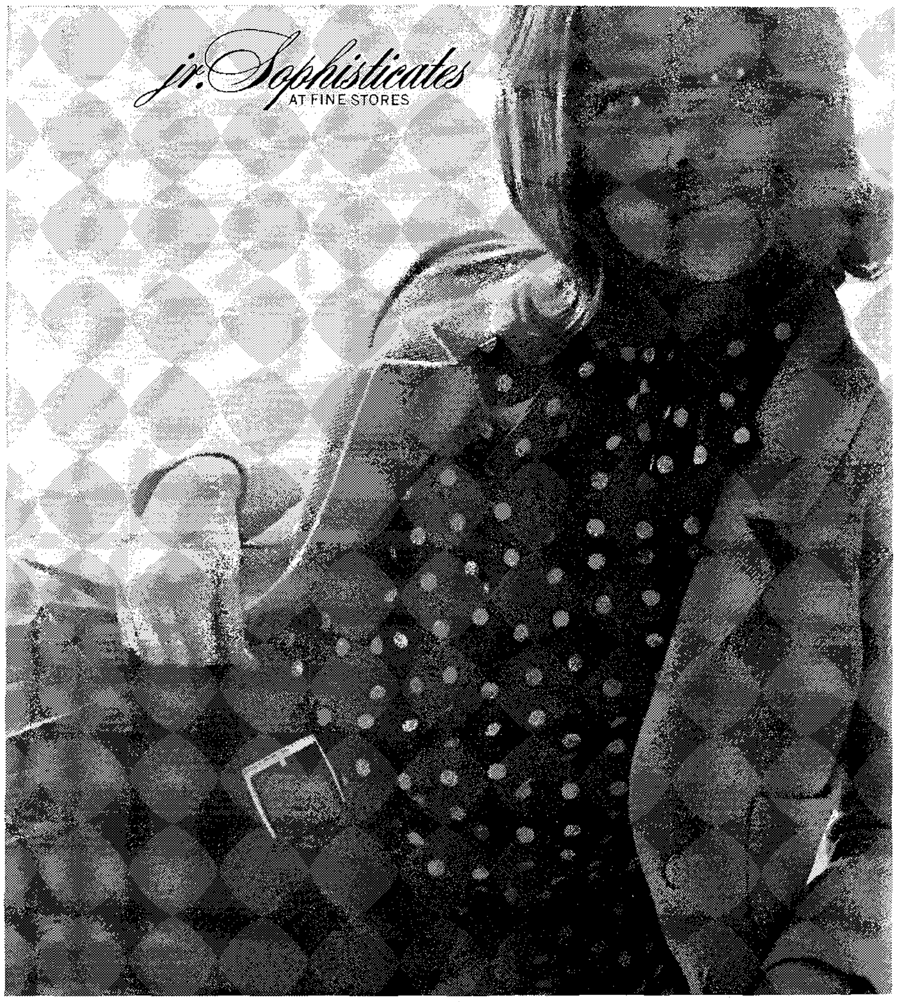
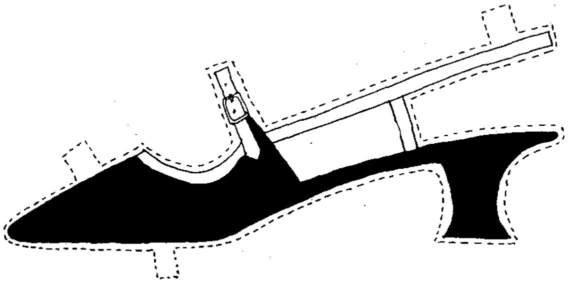
gence. He has also said that on various occasions he resorted to outright bribery to obtain information for Soviet Intelligence; in the United States, he told his Swedish interrogators, it was a very simple matter to buy information. References to bribery show up a number of times in the heavily censored transcript of his pre-trial interrogation. At one point, describing his stay in the United States, he said, "Through some of my connections with the electronic companies I was able to gradually get this information on ———————— and I think that I paid one thousand dollars for it. It was sent to the Soviet Union." At another point, he is quoted as saying, "I was also given a complete description of the design of ——————— . They went only to Moscow. . . . I got them the bribing way on the spot." By one means or another, Wennerström collected and transmitted to the Soviets what has been described as "a huge amount" of written material from defense plants, including tables of organization and lists of key personnel—items that were useful to Soviet Intelligence, Wennerström said, when it came to recruiting agents.

In addition to his own trips to defense factories, Wennerström had the responsibility of arranging visits by other Swedes who were concerned with military aviation. Whether or not he accompanied these people on their visits, he usually managed to talk with them later about what they had learned, and he also arranged to be supplied with copies of the reports they sent back to Sweden. The visitors included specialists in radar, atomic energy, and guided missiles, and Wennerström told his interrogators that whenever, in his opinion, their reports contained information of special value to the Russians, he conveyed the contents to Soviet Intelligence. The documents that Wennerström considered of particular use to the Russians in most cases he photographed with the Leica in the evenings or on weekends. So that he could do his photography without interruption, he installed a red light outside the door of his office, and gave his secretary orders not to enter or allow anyone else to enter while the light was on. In any event, nobody was likely to be suspicious, he said, explaining, "If, against my expectations, somebody should disregard the red lamp and come in, I could always say that the photographic work had to do with material we were supposed to send to Sweden." Because Wennerström's legitimate work for Sweden involved the photographing of unclassified documents emanating from





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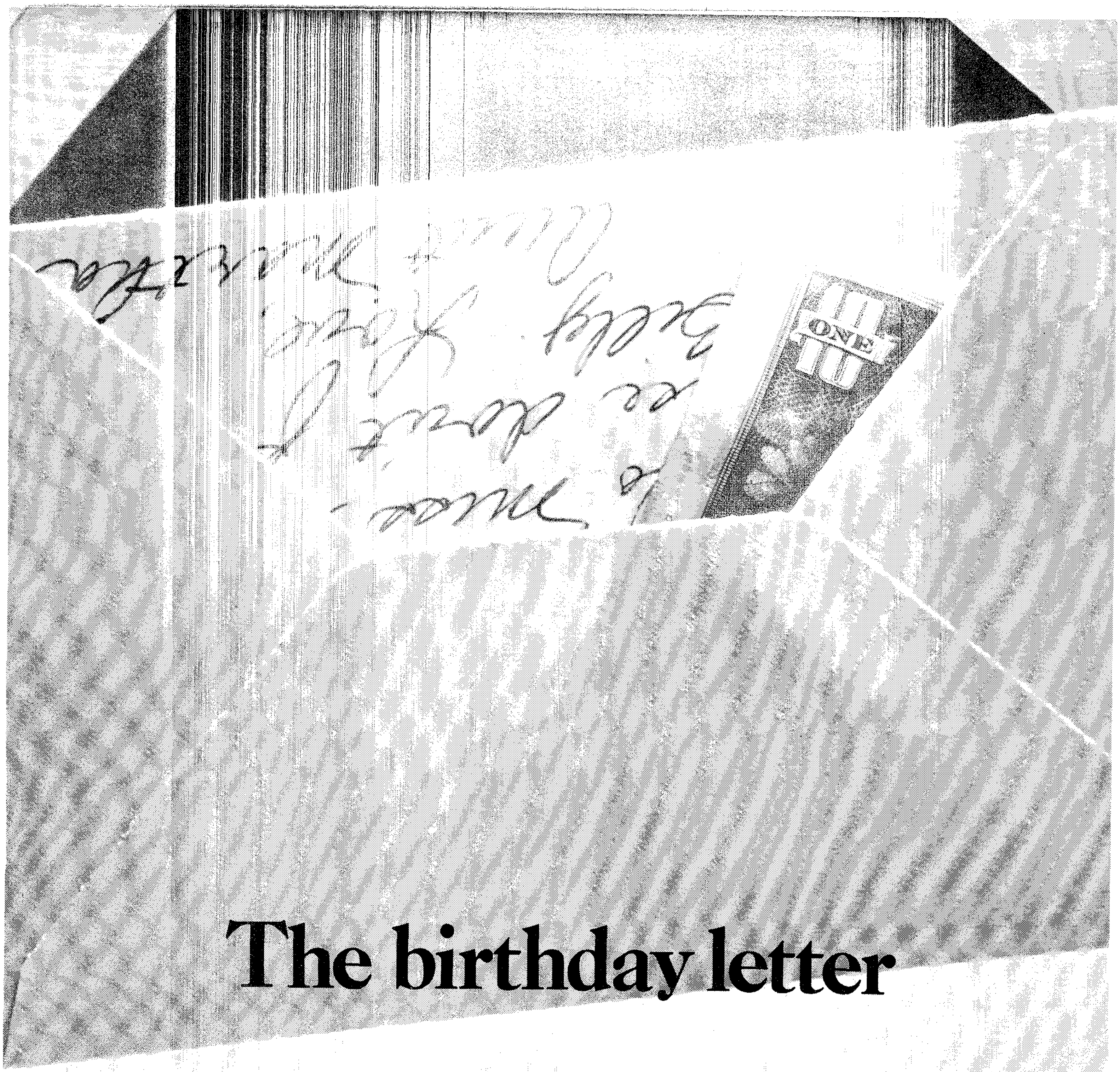

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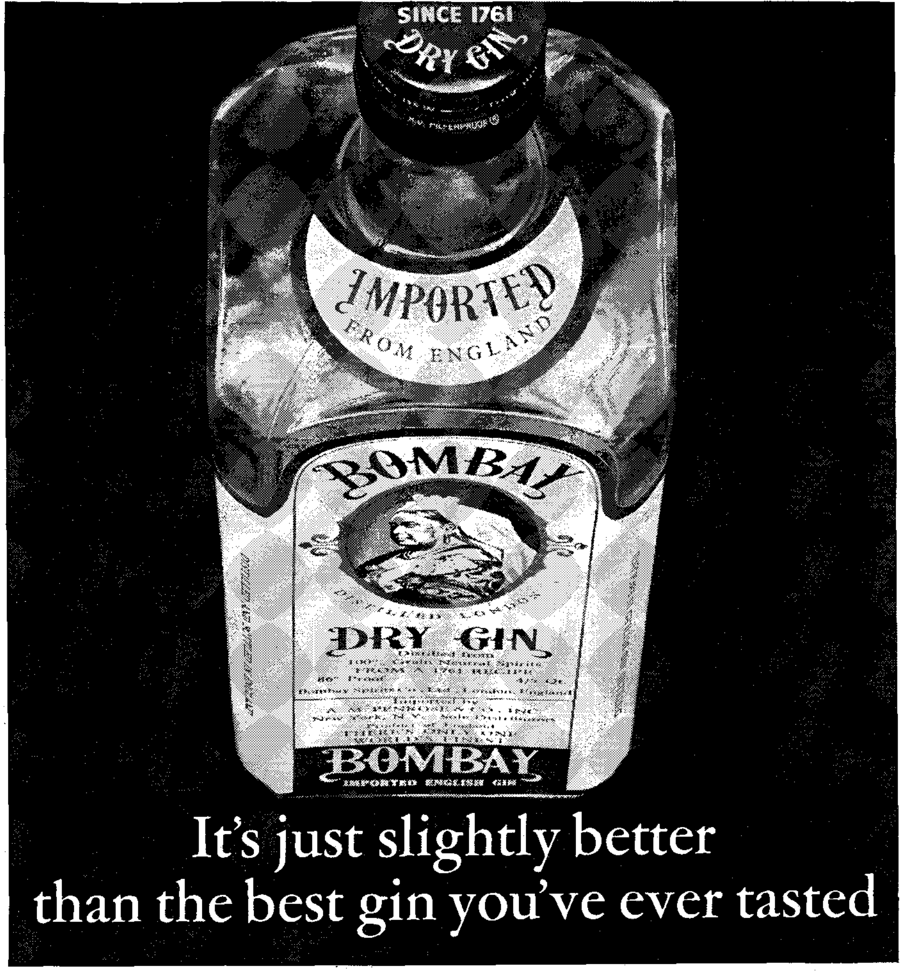

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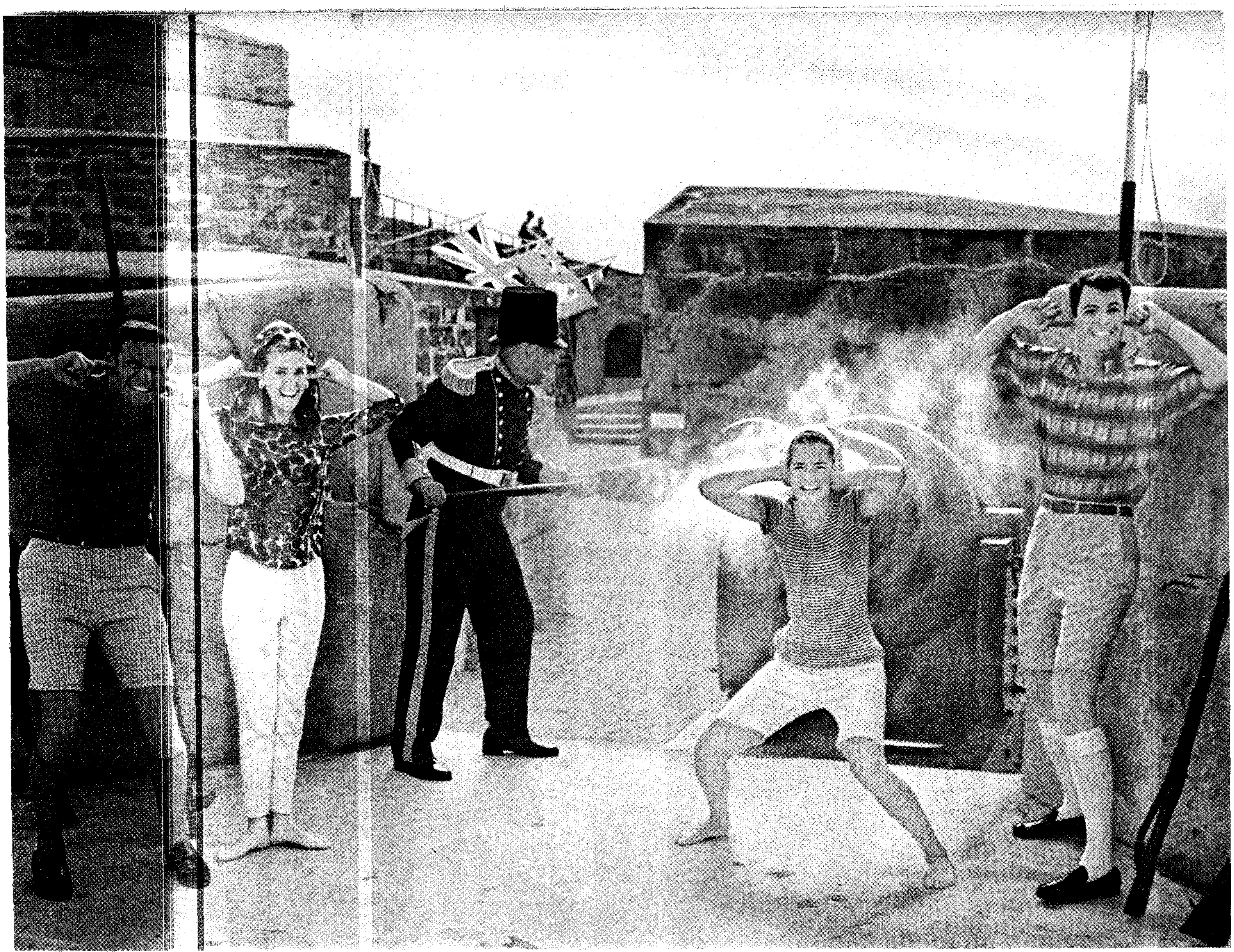
the Pentagon, and because he often photographed the same documents for the Russians, he was under "constant pressure," he recalled, to insure that he didn't get his documents or films mixed up and send them to the wrong clients. As a consequence, he was particularly careful to perform his photographic work in a very concentrated and systematic way.

In his photography, Wennerström used two types of 35-millimetre film. One, a conventional type, was for material that he thought could be traced back to him only with great difficulty. The other, he told his interrogators, was a secretly formulated film provided by his Soviet contact man in Washington, which could be successfully developed only in Moscow, and which ordinary developing chemicals would automatically erase. This type of film was for photographing documents that could be more easily traced to Wennerström. When he had to hand over only small quantities of film, he would do so by shaking hands with his contact man in some public place—in a department store, say, or on the street. When it was done on the street, Wennerström and the other man would approach each other from opposite directions, and "one would look surprised and one would shake hands and nod and continue on one's way." They also transferred film at diplomatic gatherings, usually managing to meet in the most crowded part of a room. On one occasion, Wennerström testified, he delivered film to his Soviet contact right in the Pentagon during an official meeting there, and he also has spoken of passing film "in the middle of a room and right under the noses of high-ranking American officers." Some transfers were made during plane trips and some were made during receptions at the Russian Embassy. Wennerström would leave film in an inner pocket of his topcoat, which he would check at the cloakroom upon his arrival. Then, during the reception, he would murmur to his Soviet contact the number of his cloakroom check. The contact man would thereupon go to the cloakroom, remove the film, return to the reception, and give Wennerström a slight nod to indicate that the transfer had been made. According to Wennerström, these were not the only espionage transactions that he engaged in at the Soviet Embassy. He told his interrogators that because of his standing with the Americans, and because of the American Intelligence contacts he had made in both Moscow and Washington, he was put in touch,



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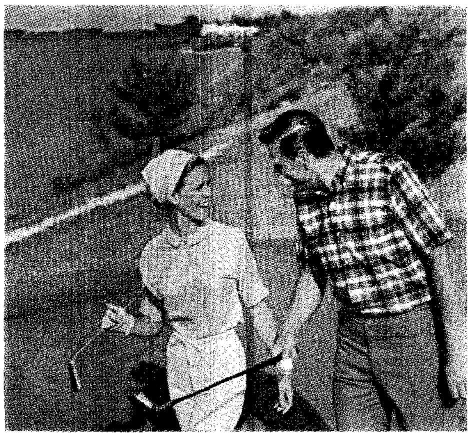

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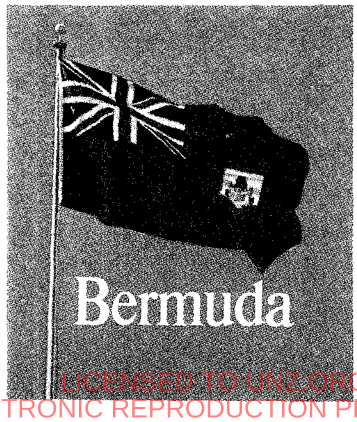

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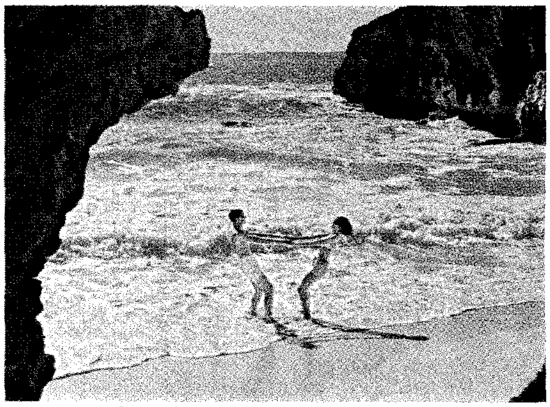

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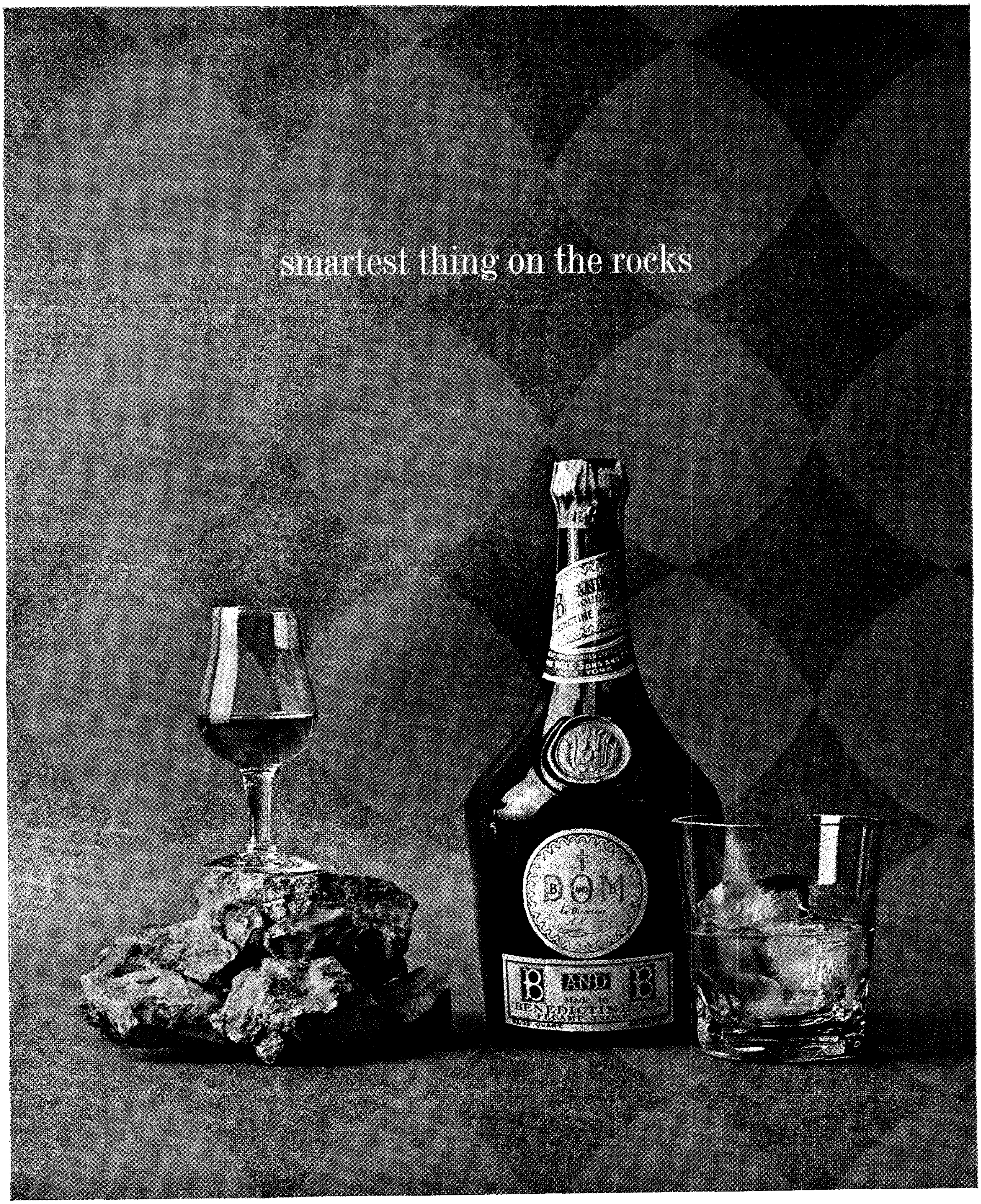

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sometime after his arrival in Washington, with representatives of the Central Intelligence Agency. He said that his contact with the C.I.A. began with a lunch in the Pentagon that was attended, apparently by design of his hosts, by a C.I.A. man. After the lunch, he said, the C.I.A. man took him aside and told him that "he knew that I had rendered [the Americans] much valuable help."

He mentioned then that he had something of interest to discuss with me if I had time that afternoon and was willing. I was first afraid that they had detected some of my [espionage] activity in the United States.... I accepted his invitation.... We went in his private car to an out-of-the-way office in Washington with no door plates. It turned out during the trip that he was apparently not a native of Washington because he had a hard time finding the place.... The person in question, who I presume had a false name, asked me whether I was willing to help them over some difficulties they had. My reaction was one of relief, because it was not as I had feared—that they had found out about my activity—and I answered "yes." He explained that there was material in the Soviet Embassy that had to be gotten out of there. He then asked me to what extent I was invited to the Soviet Embassy and apparently found my answer satisfactory.

As a result of this and other contacts with C.I.A. people, Wennerström said, he agreed to attend functions at the Soviet Embassy regularly so that, at a suitable time, he would be on hand to receive there, from a Russian-speaking contact who would make himself known in an exchange of passwords, a small package, which Wennerström was to pass on to a C.I.A. agent at a meeting place in Washington. Wennerström has said that he subsequently completed two such missions in the Soviet Embassy on behalf of the C.I.A., and that he was given a thousand dollars each time for doing so. After that, he had no further contact with the C.I.A., he told his interrogators.

On behalf of Soviet Intelligence, Wennerström has said, he photographed so much material that on many occasions it was impossible for him to transfer the exposed film by the usual means. To transfer material in bulk, he and his contact would meet in some isolated place—perhaps in a park or on a deserted street—usually after dark. Because of the activities of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and other security agencies, according to Wennerström, his contact would have to be on the move around Washington for between two and five hours ahead of the time agreed on for

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the meeting, in order to shake off possible shadows. Some indication of the complexity of these evasive maneuvers can be gathered from Wennerström's account of a talk he had with the General about similar precautions taken by Russians in Stockholm:

> The General told Colonel Wennerström that . . . if an employee of the [Soviet] Embassy went out to meet [a Soviet agent] they might order a man to go out to attract members of the security police. This man would be a member of the Intelligence service, and he would then attract the members of the security police to himself. This man would act as if he were on some important assignment, but at all times he had to be careful not to lose the security men who were following him. After a while one more man would be sent out from the Embassy. He would act in the same manner, to attract other personnel from the security police who might be in the vicinity. The person who would make the actual contact [with the agent] would be the third person sent out of the Embassy, and it would be assumed that no more security police would be available to follow him. However, should this ruse fail, the third man would attempt to shake the security police off.

Wennerström himself did not undertake elaborate maneuvers to elude detection; he told his interrogators that he believed himself to be watched very little, if at all, in Washington, partly because he was a neutral and partly because American counter-intelligence manpower was overtaxed by keeping track of the diplomatic corps as a whole. When Wennerström and his Soviet contact approached a meeting place, however, they did use a signalling system to indicate the presence or absence of danger. Wennerström later explained it by saying, "One should always have the left hand freely moving back and forth when walking. If there was *anything* to carry, it was done with the right hand. When it was believed that danger was imminent, the left hand was put into the pocket of the trousers or topcoat. . . . As soon as one put the hand into the pocket, the contact man was to act as if he did not know the counterpart at all."

Sometimes, if Wennerström had films ready for delivery and his contact considered a meeting inadvisable, they had recourse to a letter-cache system, or, as it is known in the espionage trade, a "dead drop." In a dead drop, one man leaves the material in a certain spot and the other later picks it up, according to a prearranged schedule; thus the sender and receiver avoid the risk entailed in making a transfer during a personal encounter, or "live drop." The details of the letter-cache system that Wennerström used have not been

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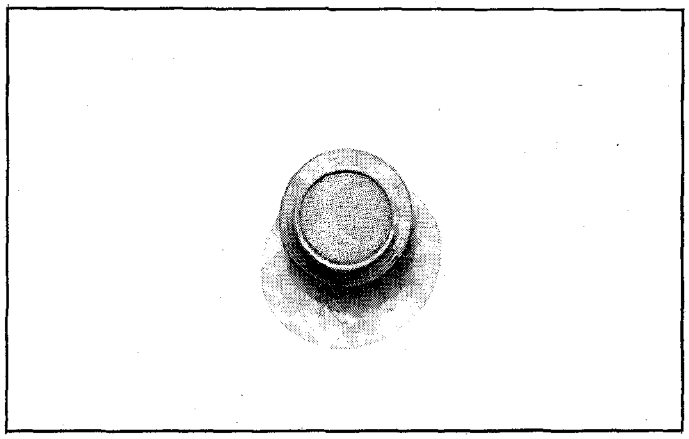

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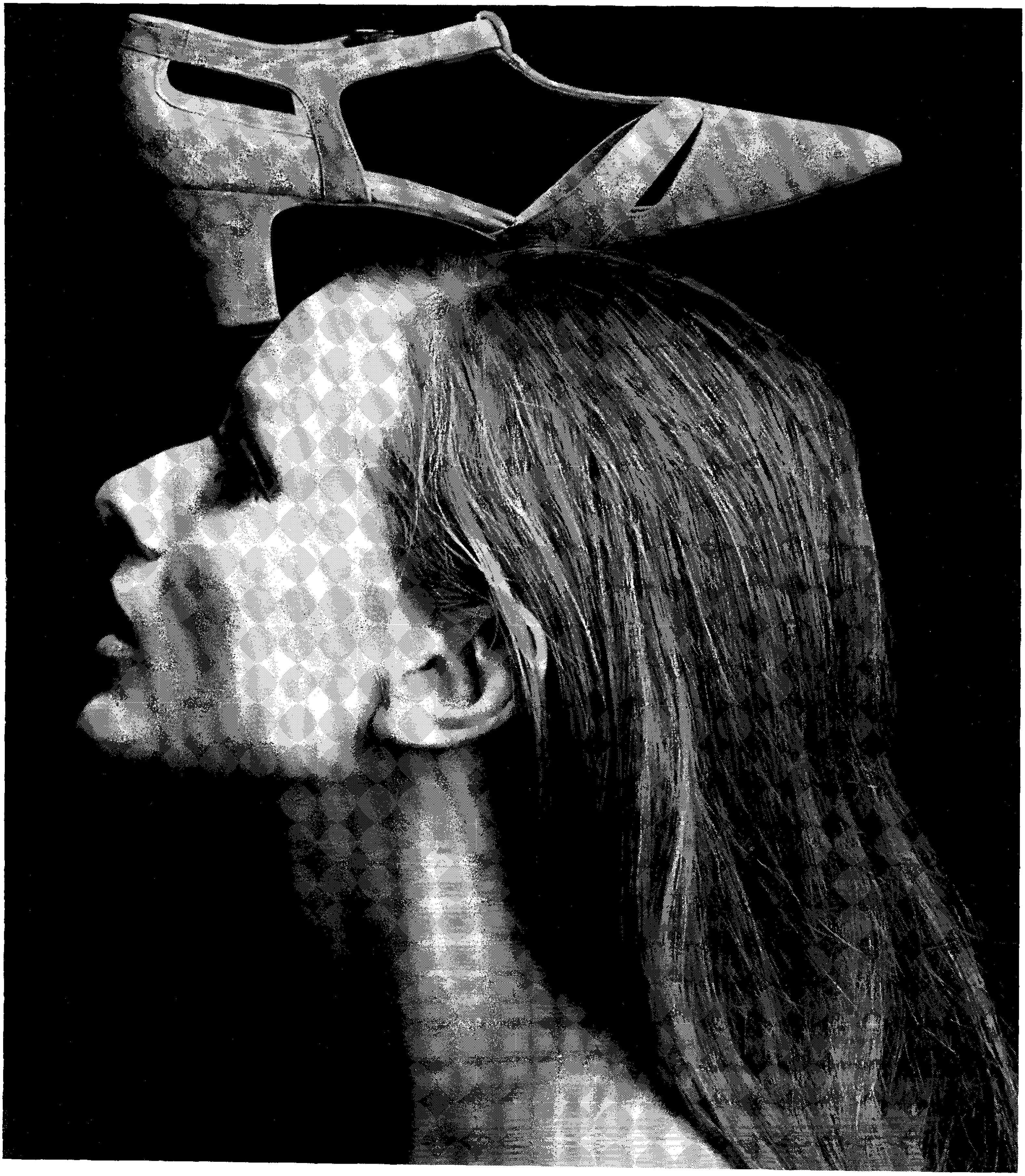

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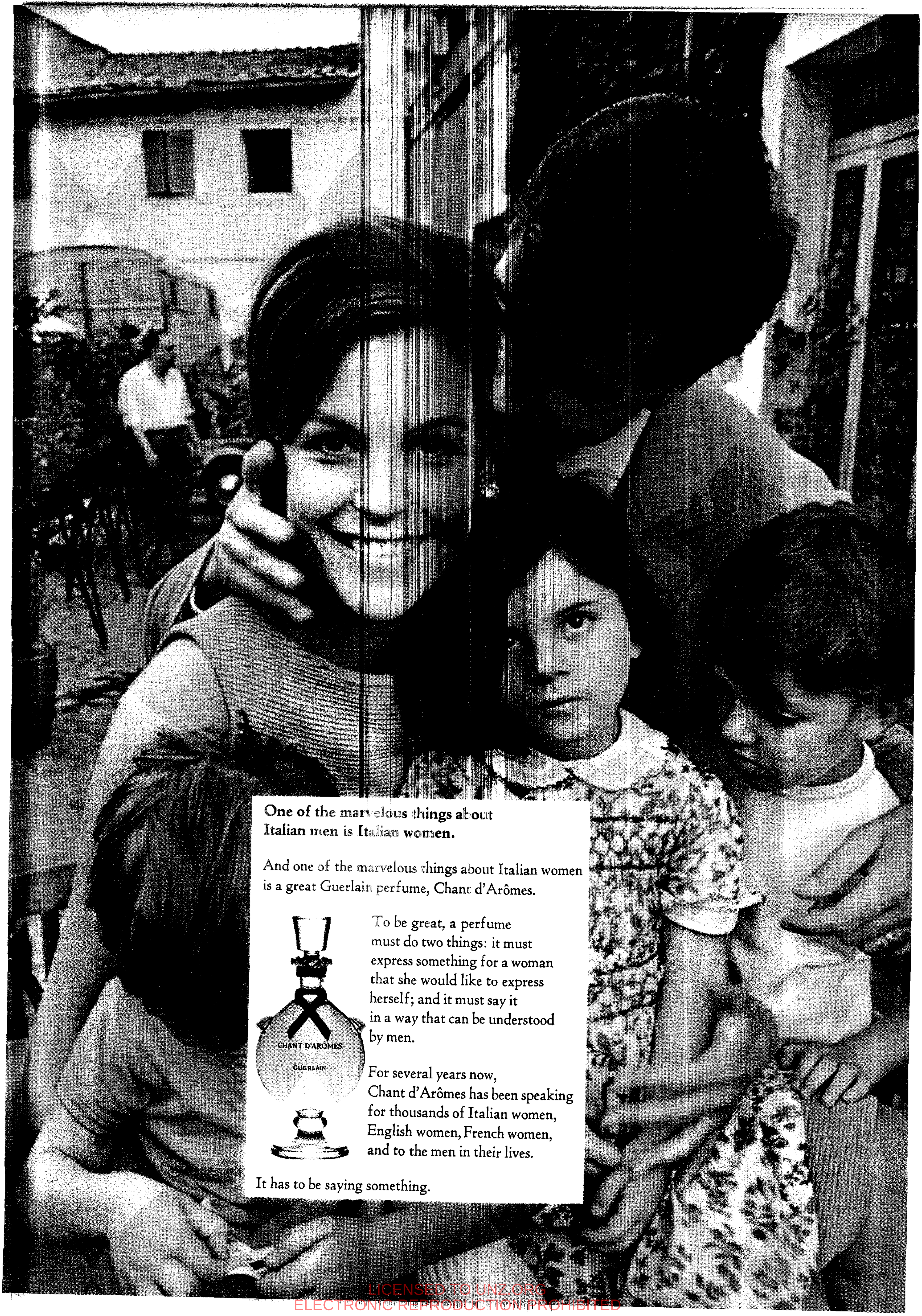
revealed, possibly for security reasons, but it is likely that it involved his communicating with his contact man by means of chalk marks or some similar method, for, according to people who are informed on the subject, apparently simple signs of this kind are often used by professionals to convey quite elaborate instructions. On certain occasions, when Wennerström was to deliver bulk material in person, he met his contact not in Washington but somewhere in the countryside nearby. The Soviet air attaché liked to fish, Wennerström has revealed, and, on at least one occasion, received his Swedish agent on the banks of a stream near Washington; there they sat down on the grass and enjoyed a picnic lunch that the Russian had brought along while Wennerström reported on his recent activities and handed over his films in a leisurely way. (The Soviet attaché was careful not to be caught fishing illegally; according to Wennerström, he had taken out an angling license, and had brought it with him on this day.) At a meeting like this, Wennerström would hand over very considerable amounts of microfilm—between fifteen and twenty-five rolls, or even more. Once, he said, he handed over about a hundred and fifty rolls—which could have contained as many as five thousand exposures. Film bearing material that he considered routine he carried in a brown paper bag; if the material was urgent, he used a white paper bag. In return for the exposed film, he received a supply of new film, and from time to time, as he requested it, he received money, in amounts ranging from a thousand to four thousand dollars. Part of this, he testified, was used for bribing people in defense plants "and other expenses."

Sometimes, by means of special signalling systems, the contact man scheduled an emergency meeting in order to get instructions to Wennerström. One day, for example, Wennerström testified, he was accosted by his Soviet friend "in a precipitate manner" and told that a high-priority message had been received from Moscow asking that he check on a report that the United States was preparing a "surprise action" against the Soviet Union. Wennerström proceeded on the theory, he said, that if some sudden attack against the Soviet Union was indeed being prepared, there would be frantic activity in the Pentagon, so he drove over there and called on the aides of various high officers, to see whether he could make appointments with their superiors in the very near future. There seemed to be



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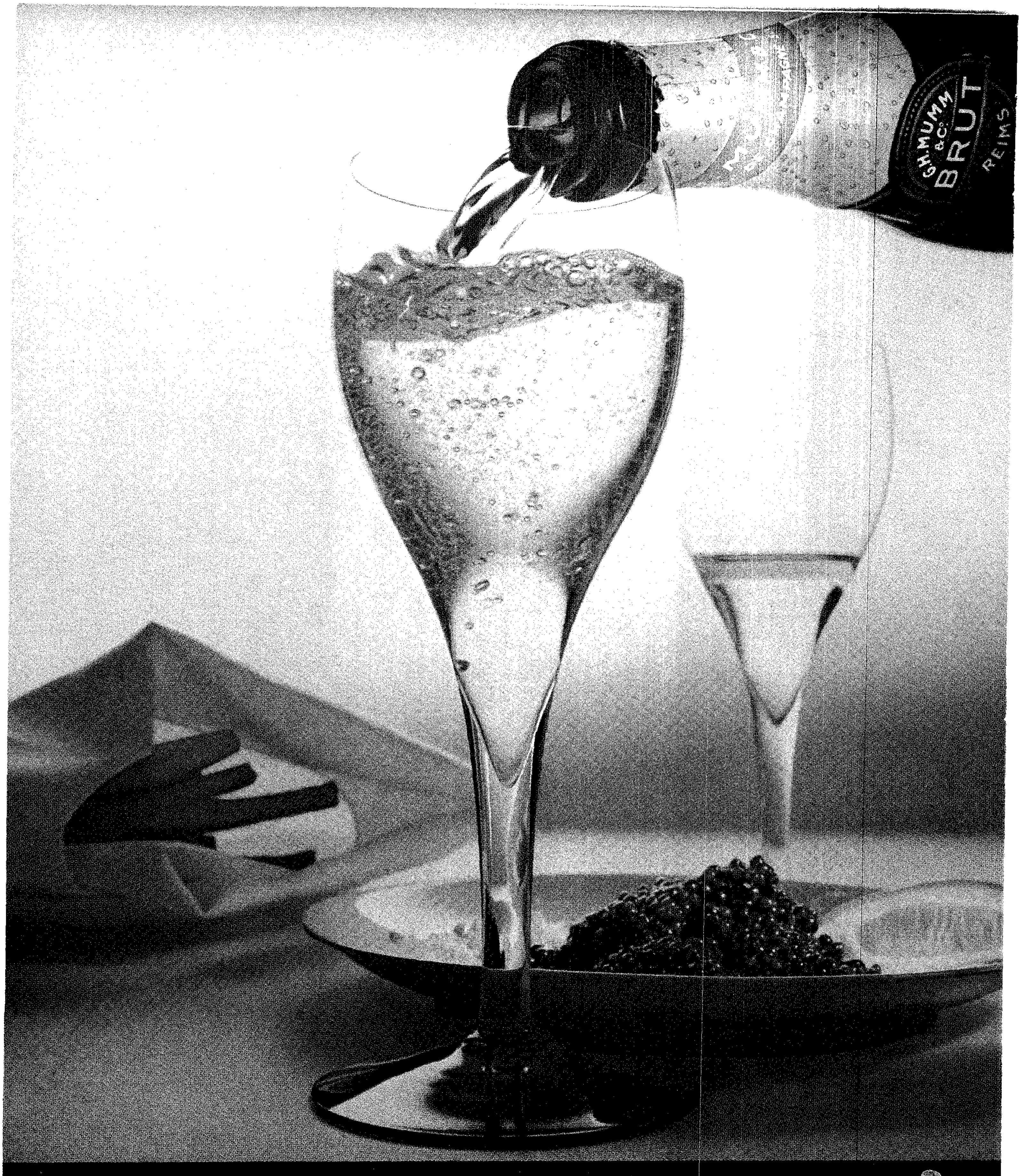
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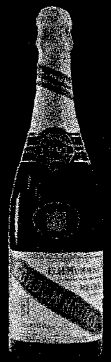

no difficulty about making the appointments, and, after several further inquiries, he left. "I drew my own conclusions," Wennerström said, "and . . . in the afternoon of the same day I reported that according to my judgment the reports received by Moscow . . . were definitely false." Thereafter, he testified, he was relied upon by Soviet Intelligence in times of crisis as an especially good source of information that would help avoid miscalculations of the kind that might lead to war by accident.

Thus, during the Suez crisis in 1956, Wennerström has said, he sent a report concerning the movements of American air units in the Mediterranean. With his customary efficiency, he also got off a cable to his superiors in Stockholm containing this information. He later told the Swedish security police that the Russians attached particular value to his report because it arrived in Moscow three days before the events he referred to took place. Being able to make such contributions, he said, gave a "greater depth" to his political thinking, and during his service in Washington he became increasingly aware of the importance of espionage as a means of preserving peace. Whatever thoughts Wennerström had in this direction certainly must have been reinforced during two home leaves, at the end of 1953 and in the summer of 1955, for on both occasions he made surreptitious trips to Finland, where, following very detailed instructions given well in advance, he met with the General, in great secrecy, at night in a villa outside Helsinki. ("In Moscow they had apparently been so well informed that they even knew what clothes I had. For these meetings I was instructed to wear a certain hat and a certain coat.") According to Wennerström, the talks the two men held were accompanied from first to last by very loud radio music. As one subject after another was dealt with, an aide of the General's marked off item after item on a list before him, and Wennerström did the same thing with notes of his own. At the conclusion of each session, all the papers that had been used were burned, and ordinarily the ashes were flushed down a toilet. Then Wennerström, the General, and the aide would move into another room, where a good meal would be served, and in the middle of the meal the General would produce still another paper and put it on a plate near Wennerström. "On this paper were a number of points for the discussion of general political, military, or strategic

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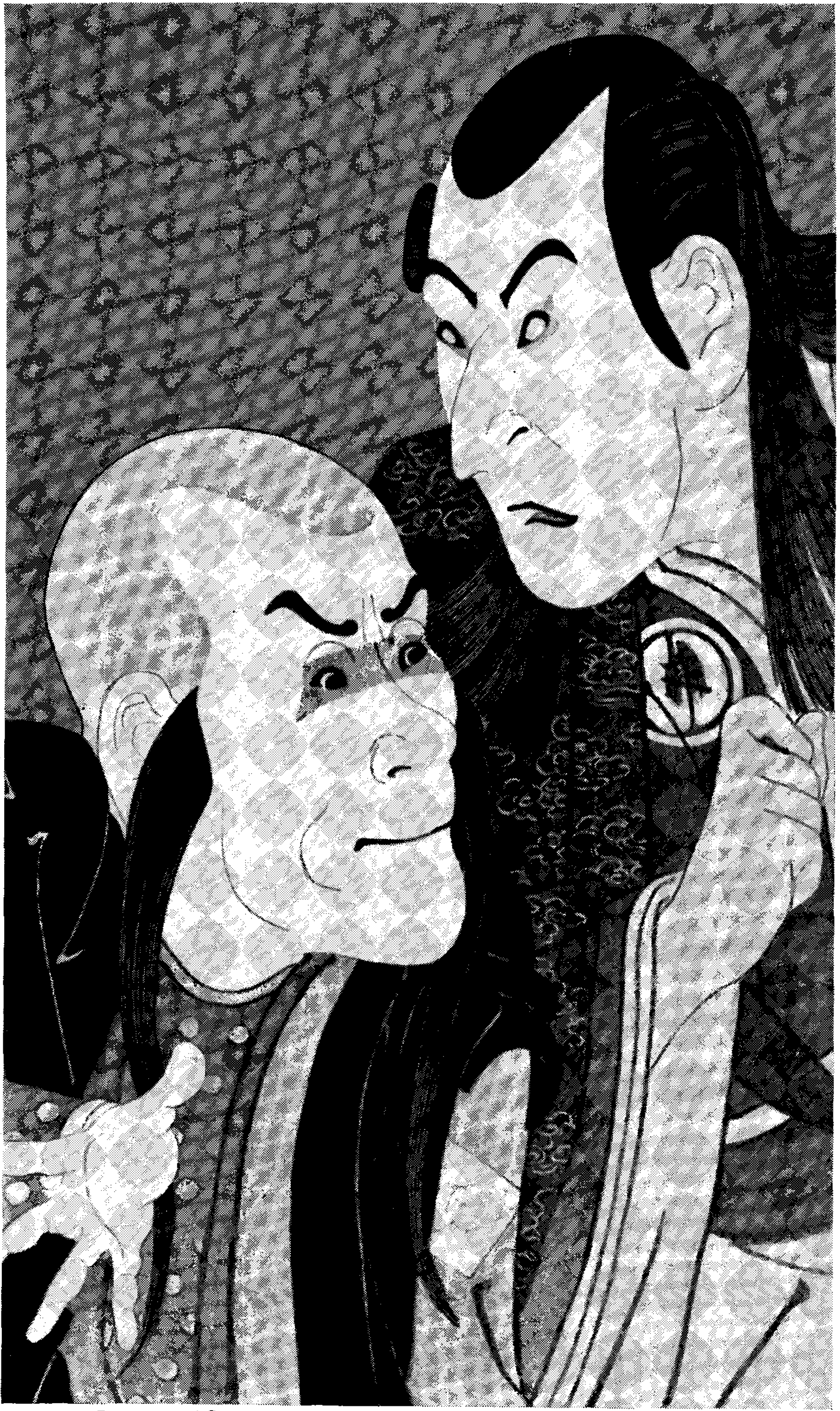

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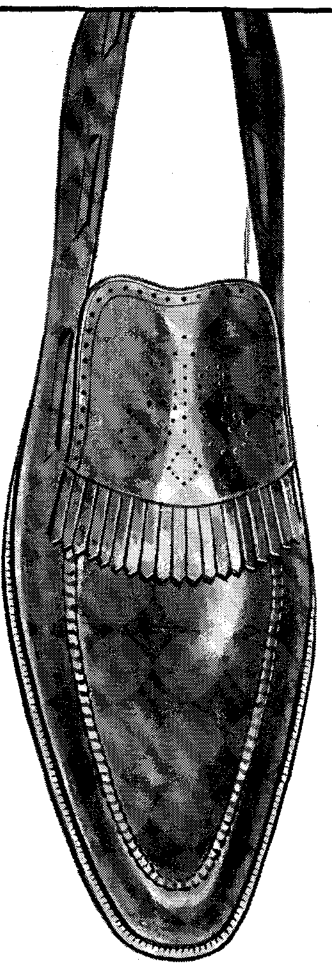
problems," Wennerström said. "As soon as we had gone over these points, he marked them off. After this, there was, of course, also conversation . . . intended to clarify my views on certain situations in the world. . . . These talks [also] made it possible to obtain a clear picture of Russian views." At these secret meetings, it appears, Wennerström's respect for and friendship with the General remained undiminished, and he seems to have felt that the General had as high a regard for him, both professionally and personally, as ever. Wennerström has said that during one of these visits the General had him fill out an application for Soviet citizenship, which meant that if he had managed to leave Sweden before his arrest the Soviet government would have automatically given him refuge.

In Washington, from the beginning to the end of his service there, Wennerström was not under the slightest suspicion from either the Americans or his Swedish colleagues. According to several of the Swedes who worked with him, his espionage was so thoroughly masked by his legitimate work that any traces of it would have been extremely difficult to detect even if he had been under suspicion. And his standing in the diplomatic community rendered him even less liable to vigilance. "From what everybody here seemed to think, he was very hard-working, very dedicated," an American officer in the Pentagon has said of him. Carl Fredrik Schnell, who is now a lieutenant colonel in the Swedish Air Force, and who, as a major, served under Wennerström in Washington for two years or so as assistant Swedish air attaché, said recently that in those days he regarded Wennerström as highly efficient at his official duties. "Thousands of questions were always coming at us from the Swedish Air Force concerning . . . complex matters about aerodynamics, ballistics, and so on. Wennerström always seemed to be able to get the question answered," Schnell has observed. "Although he wasn't a technician, he had a certain feel for what was valuable information, and he knew where to look for it. . . . He was always very thorough, very systematic. Everything always was in very good order. He never liked to ask for more than one copy of a technical document. . . . He would say to me, 'We're guests in this country—don't burden the host government. Let them photograph the material in Stockholm, and then Stockholm can give us extra copies.' He almost never sent a document to Sweden without asking for a copy of it from



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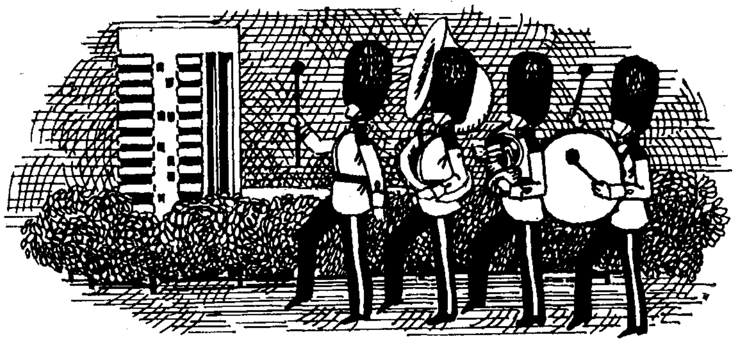

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Stockholm. I thought that very efficient. And he seemed to be very security-minded about his Swedish work. I often saw him take a document or some jotting on military matters that he'd finished with and burn it in a large ashtray on his desk, and then he would take the ashes out to a toilet and flush them down. I thought that was an example of how a military attaché in a foreign country should behave where security was concerned. His manner was always very correct. He would always impress upon his wife and upon me that we must never violate traffic laws in a country where we were guests. He was very strict about this, and when his wife got a parking ticket he always forced her immediately to pay the fine, even though, as an attaché's wife, she had diplomatic immunity. He paid great attention to socializing with important people. He was socially ambitious, there is no doubt about that. Apart from the partygoing, he didn't seem to have any outside interests, and, with his work load, I don't suppose I would have had time for any, either. He was often at the office very early in the mornings, and often, too, he would be there in the evenings and on weekends."

Schnell also recalled that he found Wennerström an unfailingly courteous and considerate superior, who would always go out of his way to help someone faced with a professional or personal difficulty. The two officers lunched together almost every day at a small, rather run-down restaurant on Connecticut Avenue, which, according to Schnell, nobody else at the Embassy "would dream of going to." Sometimes, on the way to lunch, Wennerström would talk to Schnell about his previous assignment in Moscow: "He said that it was awful, because you could never talk freely, and that even the servants at the Embassy and at his residence were Soviet agents. He told me that when he and his wife wanted to talk privately they had to go to a park to do so." Occasionally, Wennerström would engage in very general discussions of the world situation, but, according to Schnell, he stuck to factual matters and tended to back away from "deeper" discussions. "There were no whys or hows in his conversation," Schnell said. "Most people seemed to find him charming, but my wife used to say to me, 'I think Stig is the dullest person I know.' She didn't think he was charming. She had more the impression of coldness."

Another fellow-officer of Wennerström's, who knew him for more than

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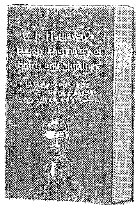

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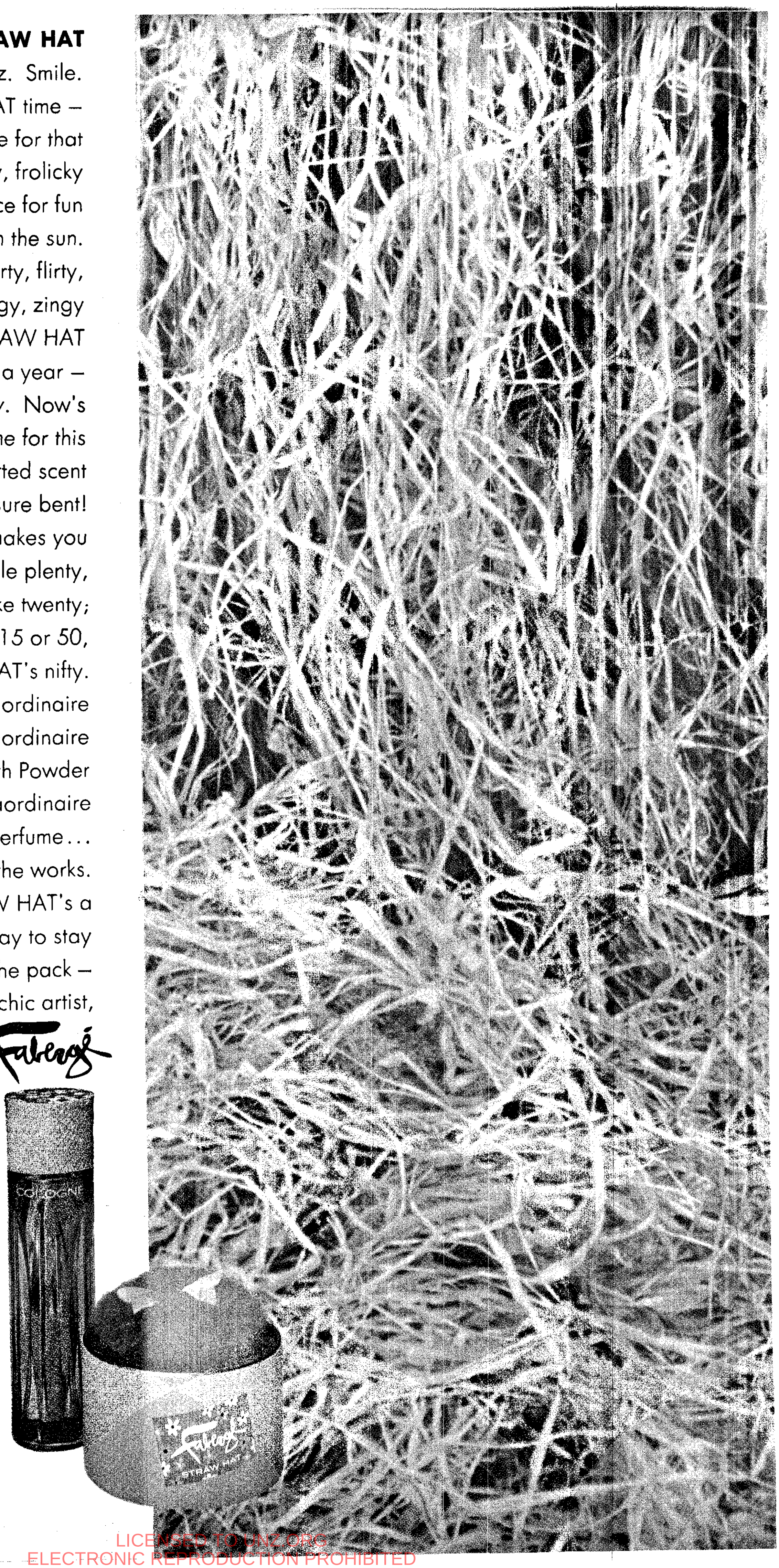

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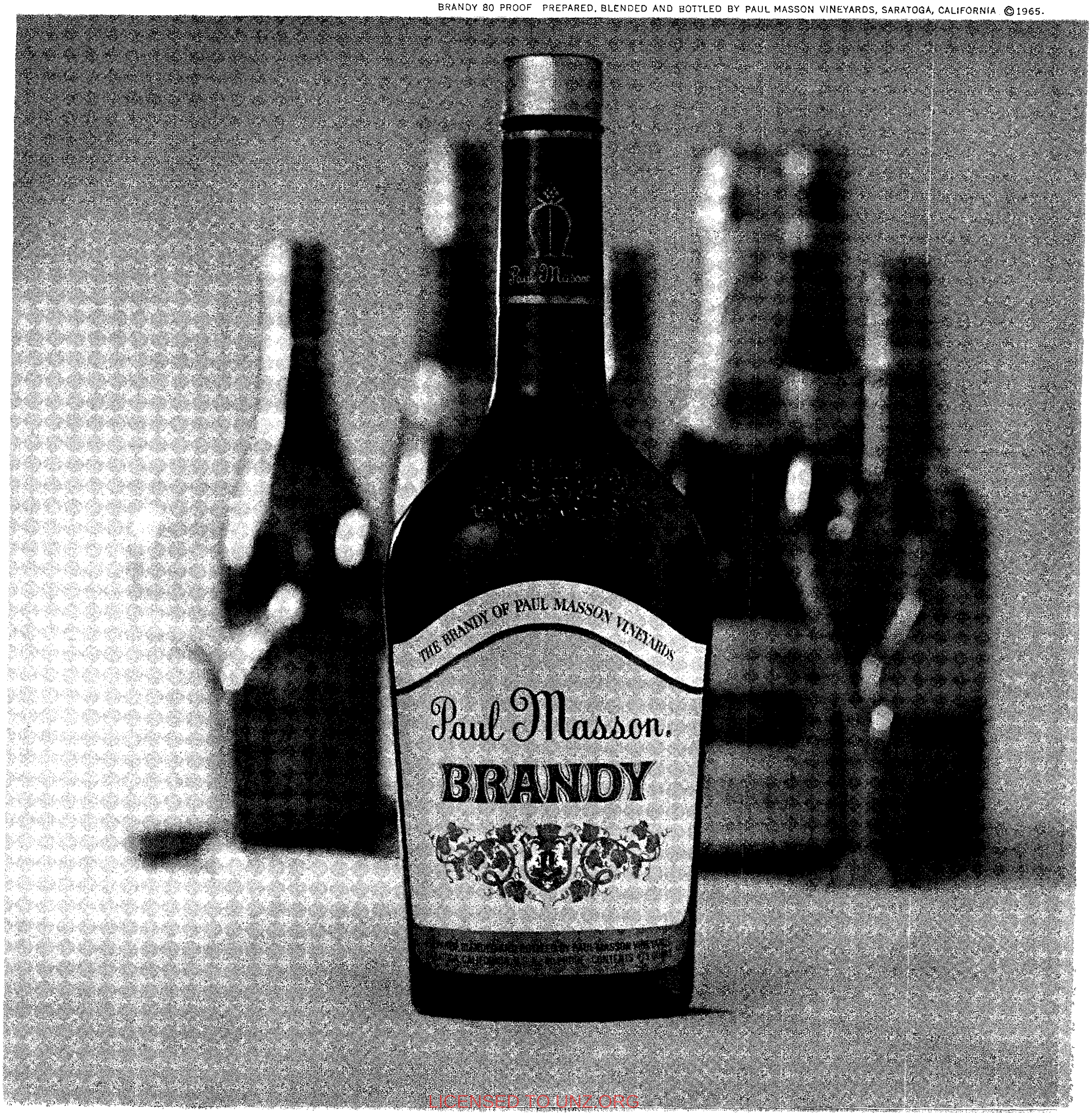
Paul Masson
THE BRANDY OF PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS
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BRANDY

thirty years, has made the interesting observation that Wennerström, for all his outward grace, lacked what he called "touchable affection"—a quality that the officer defined as the kind of relationship with other people that enables a man, who, for instance, is taking a friend aside, to guide him gently by an elbow or a shoulder. "Except for handshakes, I never saw Wennerström touch a person—the arm of an old friend, the arm of a lady getting up from table at a dinner party," this officer said.

At the shabby restaurant on Connecticut Avenue, Schnell recalls, Wennerström would nearly always have the same lunch—ham and eggs, a cup of coffee, and a roll, for which he paid seventy-five cents, leaving the waiter a ten-cent tip. Schnell says that he has often wondered of late whether the restaurant was one of the places where Wennerström left espionage material for his Soviet contact, but he has concluded that by lunching there regularly Wennerström was making the point that he didn't have money to throw around. In Washington, Wennerström lived reasonably well but by no means extravagantly. He later estimated that his monthly income from the Swedish government was about fifteen hundred dollars a month after taxes and other deductions. As for the money he received in Washington from Soviet Intelligence, he said that it averaged out at about seven hundred and fifty dollars a month—tax-free, of course. But he added that out of this he had substantial expenses, such as bribes, to pay, and that he actually drew very little for himself, first, because he was careful never to let money from Soviet Intelligence show up in any bank account or other business record, and, second, because "I had agreed with headquarters in Moscow that I could take out a very high amount [when] I deemed the situation to be favorable." In all, during his service in the United States he had a tidy sum put away for him regularly in a postal-savings account that the Swedish Defense Staff maintained for him; he deposited further sums in a regular account with a Washington bank; and he had been told that credits were piling up for him in an escrow account in Moscow.

Altogether, in his more than five years of service in Washington, Wennerström probably supplied Soviet Intelligence with film bearing tens of thousands of exposures, with each frame of film reproducing one, or occasionally two, pages of documents or drawings. According to his testimony, this mate-

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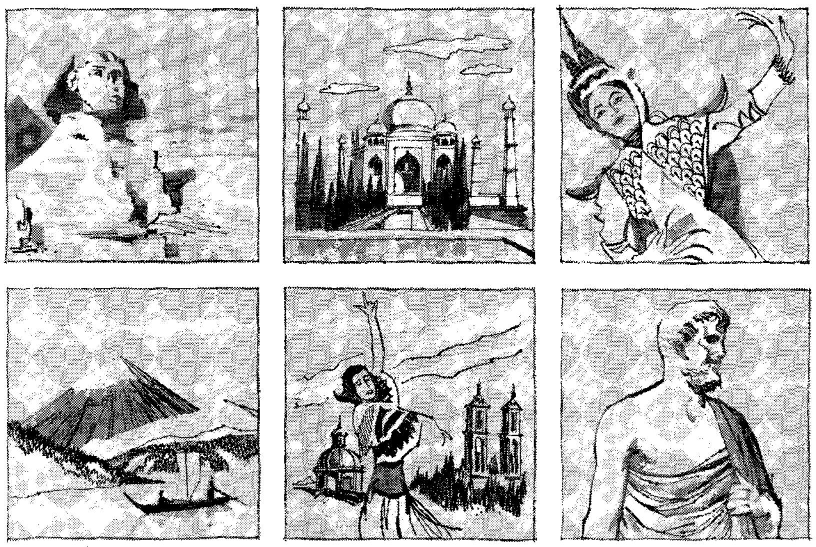

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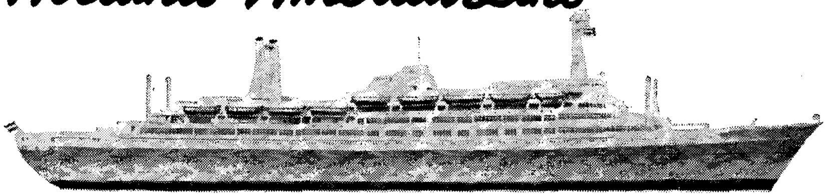

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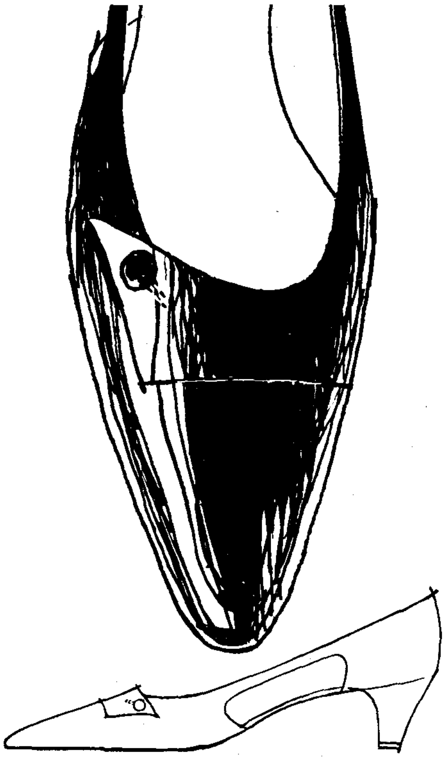
rial included, among other things, "data on how new nuclear weapons should be used and the effect expected;" information about bombsights used on strategic bombers; and a report by Wennerström on a visit he paid to a base of the Strategic Air Command, where, according to Schnell, he inspected "everything," even areas to which entry was forbidden to all but a few United States Air Force people. Wennerström's most important acts of espionage for Soviet Intelligence were carried out in the last year or so of his Washington service, having been initiated after the Swedish Air Force had expressed interest in buying two types of United States missiles—the ground-to-air Bomarc and the air-to-ground HM-55. Wennerström obtained highly detailed plans of these weapons and elaborate data concerning their performance, and, in addition to sending this on to Stockholm, he turned most of it over to Soviet Intelligence. (Later, in Sweden, he obtained still more information on these weapons.) Some idea of the scope of this project may be gathered from an estimate by people in the Pentagon that Wennerström would have had to spend some thirty hours "of good hard work" to copy the documents pertaining to one missile. And every page he photographed contained highly classified information.

Wennerström's tour of duty in Washington ended in June of 1957, and his many American military acquaintances seem to have been sorry to see him go. Upon his departure for Sweden, he took with him not only their best wishes but also an American decoration, the Order of the Legion of Merit, which had been awarded him in recognition of his services as a diplomat friendly to the American cause. The Swedes, too, seem to have been pleased with his work. Before he left Washington, his superiors in Stockholm offered him the post of air attaché in London, but, by his own account, though he felt attracted to the idea, he had doubts about taking the job—not because his Soviet employers had any objections but for personal reasons. For one thing, he said, if he were to live in London for some years, his children would grow up having had no schooling whatever in Sweden. Then, too, he had to consider that, as a regular officer in the Swedish Air Force, he had only four more years to go before reaching the mandatory retirement age of fifty-five, and he indicated to his interrogators that, beyond his legitimate military career and his illegitimate



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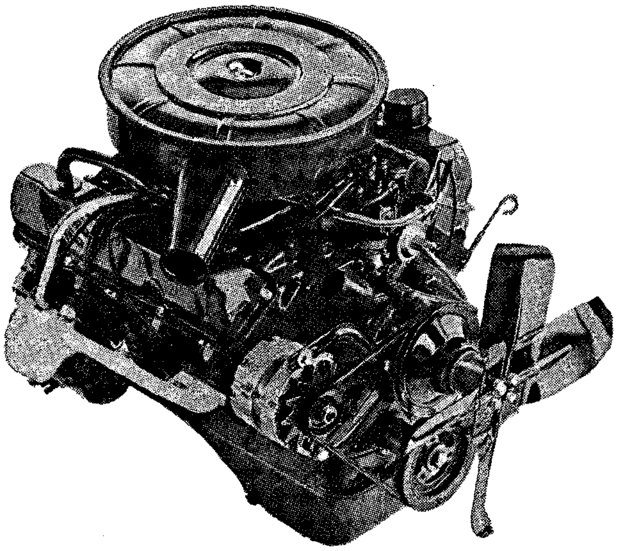

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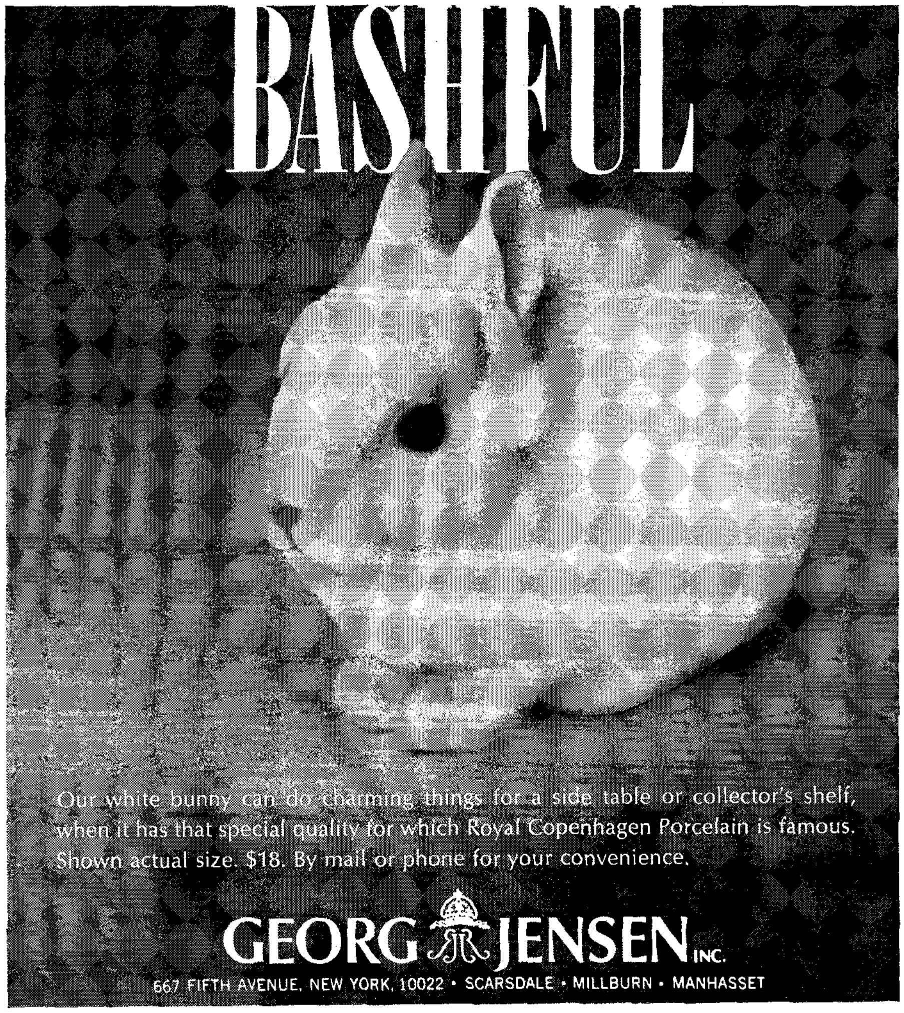

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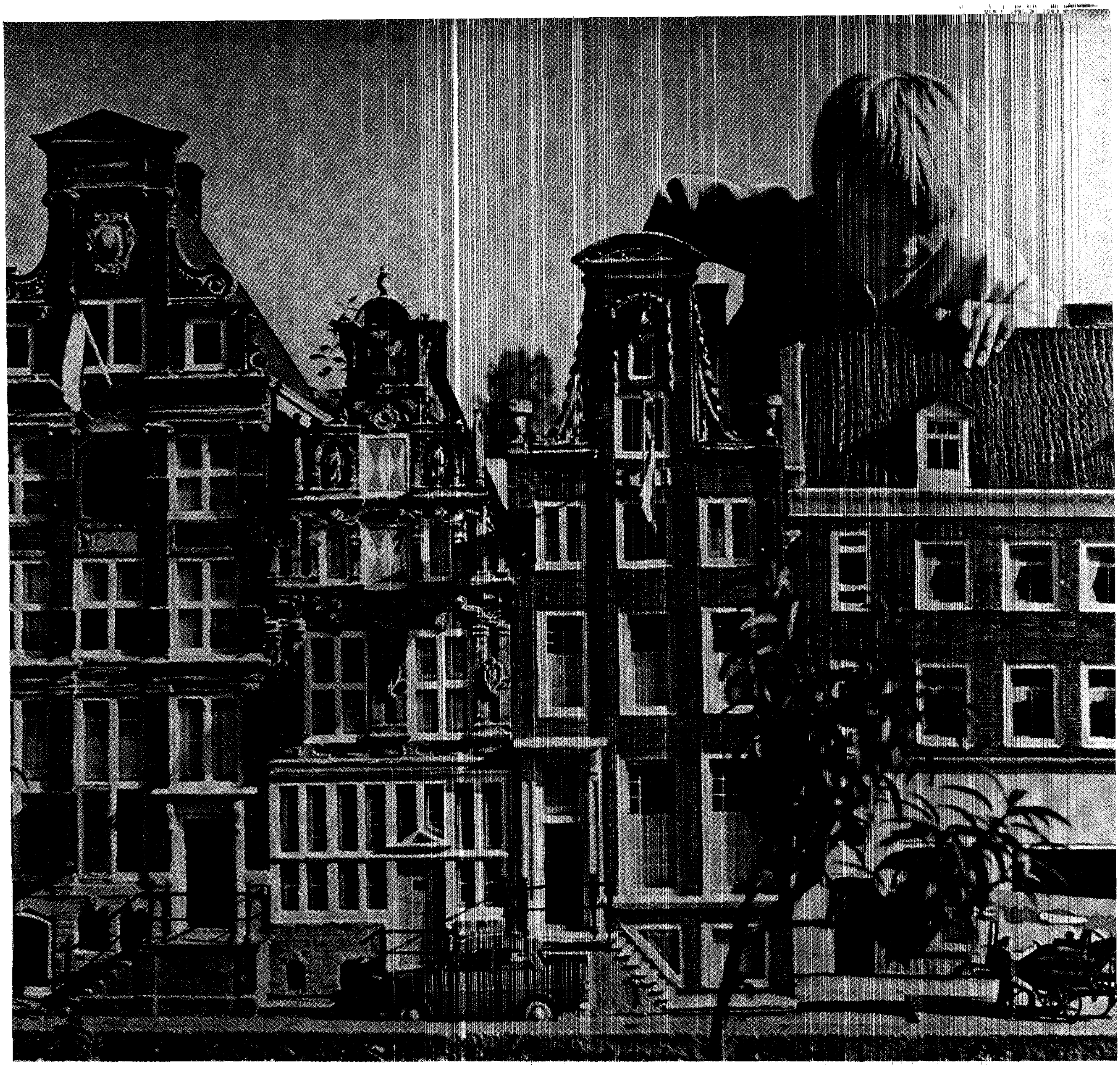
espionage career, he wanted to prepare the way for a third career, perhaps a commercial one, which he could pursue in Sweden after his retirement. So, after thinking matters over, he turned the London offer down in favor of a post in Stockholm—that of head of the Air Section of the Command Office of the Swedish Defense Ministry—a position that, among other things, made him chief liaison officer between the Defense Ministry and the air attachés of foreign embassies in Stockholm. This, Wennerström said, looked like a "quiet and pleasant" job, and he was pleased because in it "I could keep up my acquaintance with the diplomatic corps, which both my wife and I greatly enjoyed." It also had another advantage: it provided very effective camouflage for contacts with the Soviet Embassy.

Wennerström took up his new post in October, 1957. In December of that year, he made a third visit to Helsinki to meet his friend the General, and explained to him in detail the nature of his new work. Wennerström has said that the General expressed no great interest in Swedish affairs, saying he did not want Wennerström to engage in any activity "not of direct significance concerning his [the General's] sector of operations, namely the U.S.A. and NATO." What did concern the General about Sweden, he said, was the inability of the Soviets to allay an increasing suspicion that behind the screen of its official policy of strict neutrality Sweden was secretly developing close military relations with the United States. The General said that in particular the Russians suspected the existence of a secret link between the Swedish Defense Operations Staff and American Air Force headquarters in Germany. The General asked Wennerström to keep him informed about any deviation from Sweden's official position of neutrality, about visits of American military-aviation experts to Sweden and vice versa, and about the shipment to Sweden of war matériel from the United States, including nuclear weapons, if any. Wennerström's espionage contact in Stockholm, the General said, was to be the Soviet air attaché, Colonel Semyon Ushenko (who later called on Wennerström, gave him the passwords, and handed him an initial payment of ten thousand kronor—about two thousand dollars).

Eventually Wennerström provided himself with a supplementary means of communication with Soviet Intelligence in the form of a powerful short-wave radio set, which, he testified, he ob-



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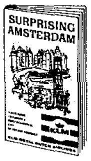

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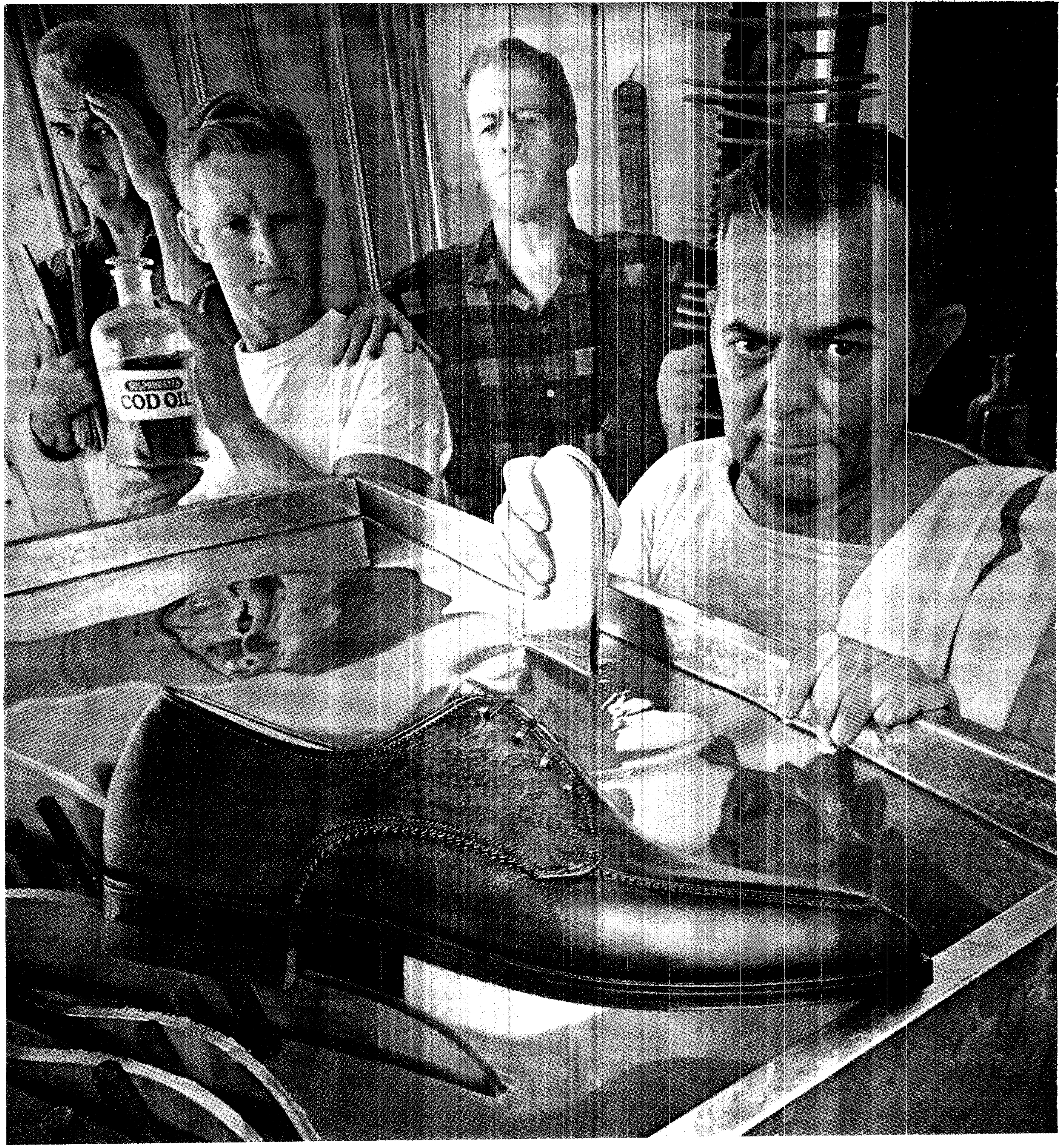

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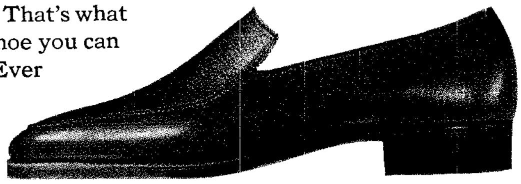

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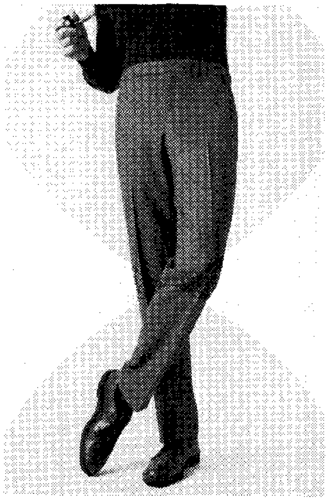
tained as a result of a meeting with the General in East Berlin in March, 1958. The preparations for this meeting began in Helsinki at the end of 1957, when Wennerström let the General know that a man he later described as "one of my closest American friends," a general in the American Air Force in Germany, had invited Wennerström and his wife to visit him at Wiesbaden. Wennerström said he had asked the General if he had any special requests in connection with the visit. The General replied that he had, and that Wennerström should keep the date open. Soon, Wennerström testified, he was asked by Moscow to arrange it for a particular time in March, 1958, to stay as physically close to the American and his family as possible, and, afterward, to report to a contact in East Berlin. Wennerström told the Swedish security police:

> On the next to the last day of our visit, the [American] general left in a hurry for Turkey. When we left, he had not yet returned. We left Wiesbaden for Berlin, staying at the Hotel Kempinski. West Berlin was nice for shopping and such things. I was able to arrange for my wife to be shopping while I was in East Berlin. At that time it was possible to move freely between East Berlin and West Berlin. According to my instructions, I was to go by a certain subway train departing from West Berlin at a certain time, get off at a certain station in East Berlin, leave the station and cross a square to a motion-picture theatre and look at the posters. At a distance, I saw another person on the other side of the street. When he saw me, he moved toward the theatre. The man proved to be the same contact [used in effecting Wennerström's meetings with the General in Helsinki, the kind of intermediary known in the trade as a "cutout"]. We went around the corner, where a car was waiting. The car took us to a villa where [the General was waiting and where] a meal had been prepared. The General was particularly anxious, and the first thing he asked me was "How did things go in Wiesbaden?" I reported that we had stayed with the family and that nothing at all had happened, except that the American general had taken off by air in a hurry. "Where to? Where to? This is of very great importance." "Turkey," I replied. He immediately left the room, obviously to send a telegram to Moscow. Through subsequent events I learned that the visit of the American general to Turkey was connected with the reconnoitring of airfields for American paratroopers later committed in connection with the Lebanon crisis.

After a while, the General rejoined Wennerström, saying that nobody knew whether or not a war would break out as time went on, and that it was necessary to prepare for the future. According to Wennerström, the Gen-

Sometimes even the British and Americans use different words to say the same thing.



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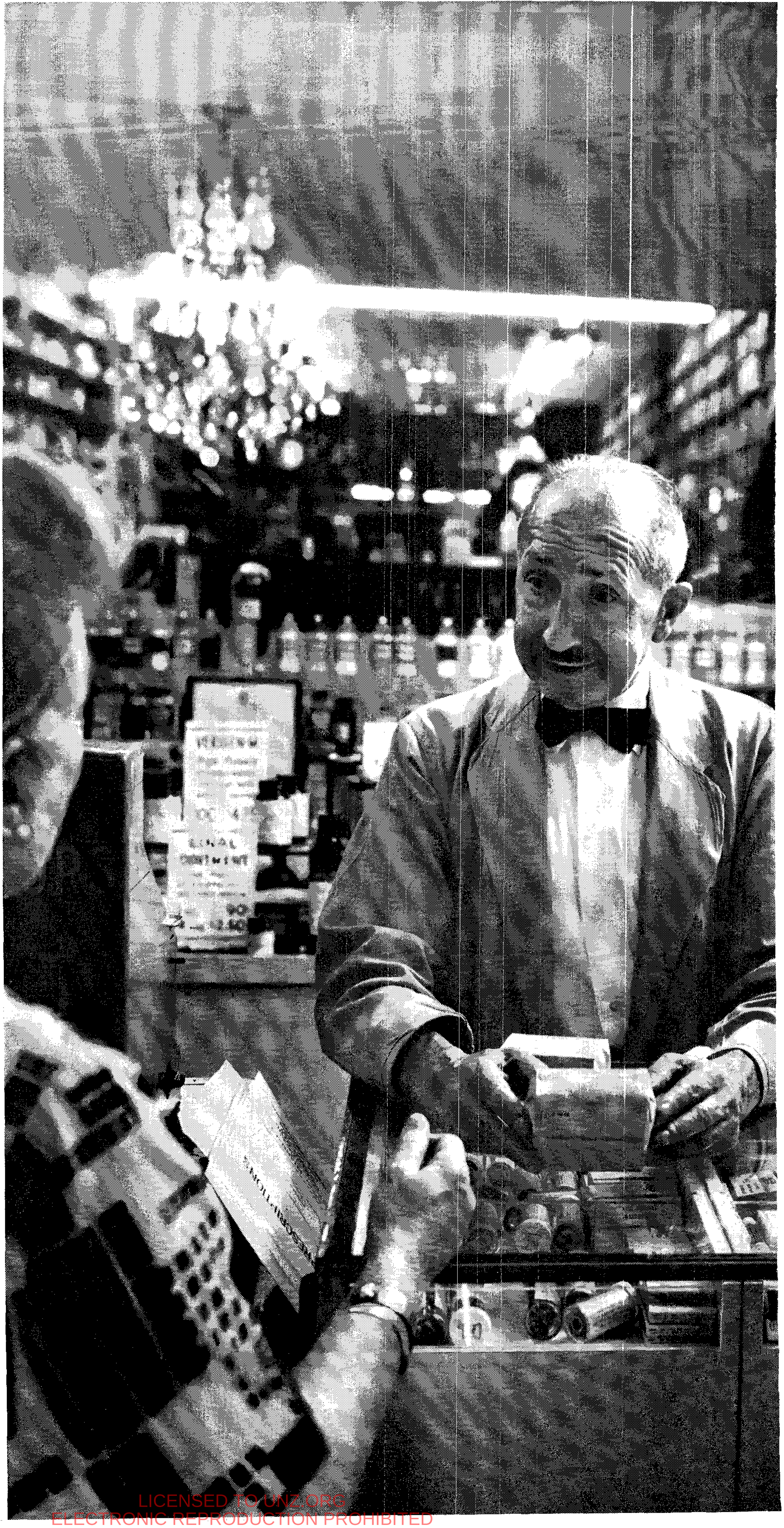

eral then asked him, "Are you willing to continue your work, no matter what happens?" Wennerström replied that he was, whereupon the General said, "If anything of a political nature happens that causes our contact with you to be completely broken, you must do nothing. Even if years pass, you must only wait for a contact. The same contact procedure, with greetings from Nikolai Vasilyevich, will be used." Wennerström testified that the General went on to tell him to buy a short-wave radio on which he could receive coded messages from the Soviet Union. Wennerström was given a listening schedule, a list of frequencies to tune in to, and instructions in using a Soviet code. Subsequently, he bought a large, complex Hallicrafter short-wave receiver and installed it in his home, explaining to acquaintances that a friend of his, an American officer stationed in Paris who was a radio amateur, had got him interested in listening in on amateur short-wave broadcasts.

WENNERSTRÖM spent four years working at the Command Office in Stockholm, and they were probably his most active years as an agent for Soviet Intelligence. During that time, the Swedish government, while it did not change its policy of neutrality, did make drastic changes in the nation's defenses. Stockholm is less than fifteen minutes by jet bomber from Soviet territory across the Baltic, and less than five minutes away by short-range missile. Since the mid-nineteen-fifties, the Swedish government has been pouring the equivalent of billions of dollars into an elaborate defense complex, including a system of secret airfields; huge underground submarine and destroyer pens blasted out of rock cliffs along the east coast; a radar network; an Army of seven hundred thousand men; and the fourth or fifth most powerful Air Force in the world, using supersonic jet fighters and backed by ground-to-air non-nuclear missiles. Through the Command Office, Wennerström had access to secret documents concerning most of these developments. At first, Wennerström testified, the information he passed on from Stockholm had primarily to do with American military planes and their electronic navigational equipment. Wennerström also reported, as he had been asked to do, on movements of American military personnel to Stockholm from the Pentagon and from United States Air Force headquarters in Wiesbaden. Then, in response to requests from the General, whom he continued periodically to meet

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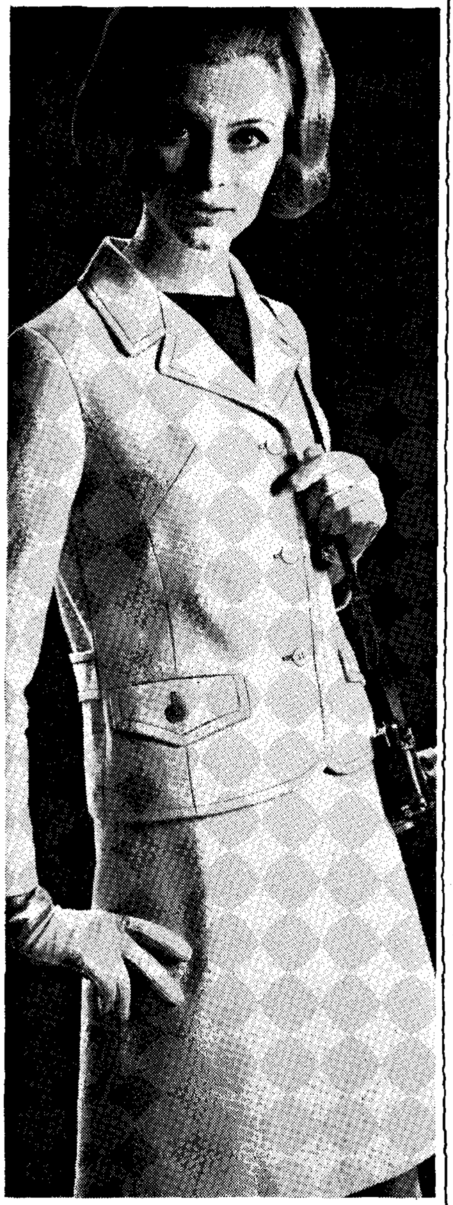

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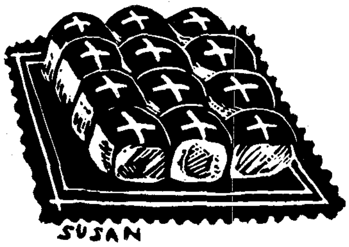
in Helsinki, East Berlin, or the Soviet Union, he became more and more involved in obtaining information about American equipment used in the Swedish defense system. As head of the Air Section, he had the official task of keeping the Defense Ministry up to date on developments in guided missiles, and he was able to collect a great deal of highly detailed secret information on several Allied guided-missile systems, including the American air-to-air Sidewinder and ground-to-air Hawk. Also, he energetically continued to give the Russians detailed information, as he got it, on the American HM-55, which the Swedes were now using, and about which he had already reported in great detail from Washington.

In 1959, Wennerström met the General twice in Helsinki, and both times the General talked to him at length of growing Soviet fears that Sweden's air defenses were being secretly incorporated into the NATO system. Wennerström found his friend's exposition of the grounds for these fears so convincing that he began giving Soviet Intelligence increasing amounts of secret information on purely Swedish air-defense matters. He handed over documents concerning the design and operational characteristics of Sweden's highly advanced supersonic fighter, the Draken, and, eventually, a large mass of information on an elaborate computer-linked radar-warning and fire-control system known as Stril/60, the components of which were set up in deep rock emplacements throughout the country.



Because of Wennerström's extraordinarily ready access to secret documents, and because of his colleagues' trust in his discretion, he was able to take secret material home quite easily, and there, he later said, he did most of his surreptitious photographing of documents when the rest of his family was asleep. Wennerström's home was a large, well-furnished villa in Djursholm, a suburb that stands in relation to Stockholm approximately as Scarsdale does to New York. Wennerström had bought the house in 1957 for forty thousand dollars, paying a little less than half of that sum in cash. Although the Wennerströms drove a second-hand Rambler station wagon, which they had brought over from the United States—and which, Wennerström frequently told acquaintances, he had bought on the installment plan—and practiced certain other apparent economies, they lived, if not luxuriously, very comfortably. (After a while, Wennerström acquired a second car, a Saab station wagon, which, he said, he considered "an item of necessity" for his surreptitious business; he charged its cost and upkeep off to Soviet Intelligence.)

The Wennerströms entertained a great deal, seeing mostly members of the diplomatic set and, to a lesser extent, Swedish military people. The Wennerströms' living standards were sufficiently high to cause their friends to doubt that the family was supported solely by the Colonel's military pay, but most of those who knew them assumed that their relative affluence was attributable to Mrs. Wennerström. Ulla Margareta Wennerström was a tall, good-looking woman thirteen years younger than her husband, with a gay and carefree manner. She was the daughter of Eric Valfrid Carlsson, a well-to-do former business manager of the newspaper *Stockholms-Tidningen*, and it seems that Carlsson in fact did give the Wennerströms some financial help from time to time. A few of Wennerström's acquaintances seem to have assumed, also, that his comfortable situation could be traced to some astute investments he had made while in the United States. Under these circumstances, there was no great reason for people to question the scale of the Wennerströms' living and entertaining—especially since it was known that in the case of the latter there were supplemental government entertainment allowances for diplomats.

As for whatever doubts Mrs. Wennerström might have developed about her husband's non-governmental activities or his sources of extra income, he later explained that he tried to forestall these by intimating that he was carrying on various investment transactions with one Dr. Gunther Prey, a wealthy businessman of Dutch citizenship who frequently came to Stockholm and with whom Wennerström professed a rather close friendship. There is, in fact, no evidence whatever that Wennerström actually had any financial dealings with Prey or that Prey was in any way aware of Wennerström's illegal activities. Mrs. Wennerström said after the Colonel's arrest that she had simply been content to leave family financial matters to her husband, whom she characterized as habitually "calm, secure, and clearheaded." Their finan-

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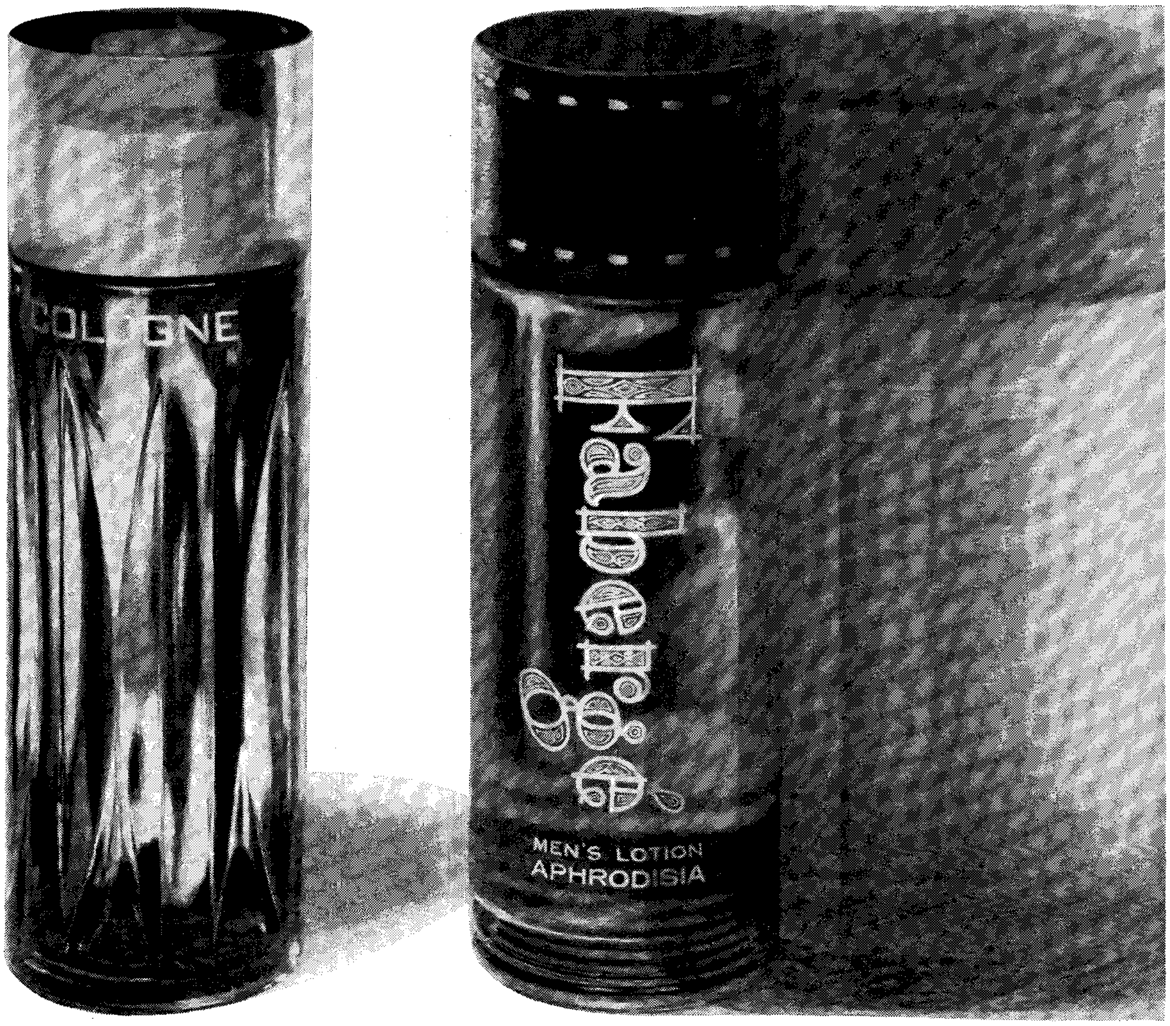
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cial situation was kept on an even keel, she believed, by her husband's budgeting, which she described as efficient to the point of being "almost stingy" at times. Among his acquaintances in Djursholm, Wennerström seems to have been regarded as a pleasant and tactful host, a man of the world who, if he had no taste for profound or complicated political discussions, was in general pro-American and anti-Soviet. Mrs. Zinaida Sohlman, the Russian-born wife of Rolf Sohlman, who had been Swedish Ambassador to Moscow during Wennerström's service there, has recalled that one day when she attended a lunch at the Wennerströms' villa, Wennerström drove her home. "I ventured the guess that the Russians in Stockholm were in as much an isolated situation as the Swedes in Moscow," she said. "Then Wennerström exploded. Never before had I seen such burning hatred as that which he displayed against the Russians. It was something so horrid as to make me almost shudder." Similarly, several colleagues of Wennerström's remember that once, during a meeting at the Command Office in 1959 at which arrangements for the impending visit of a Soviet military delegation were being discussed, Wennerström appeared considerably annoyed when someone remarked that the Soviet delegation ought to be provided with first-class plane tickets, saying sharply that economy passage should be quite good enough for such people. But such outspoken remarks were very unusual on his part. People who came in contact with him have indicated that they thought of him as having, beyond his supposed pro-Western inclinations, no particularly deep convictions. And, for all his social graces, they found him guarded and aloof.

In his interrogation by the Swedish security police, Wennerström showed a certain pride in the efficiency and thoroughness with which, in his opinion, he had carried on not only his diplomatic work at the Defense Ministry but also his espionage activities for Soviet Intelligence. Of his transmission of microfilmed documents and books to his Soviet contacts, he remarked that "my ability to deliver was much greater than the receiver's capacity to work upon the material." Between the time Wennerström left Washington and the time he was arrested, he transmitted to Soviet Intelligence a quantity of microfilm that has been estimated to contain something between twenty thousand and thirty thousand exposures, bearing perhaps as many as five million words of text, along with innumerable drawings

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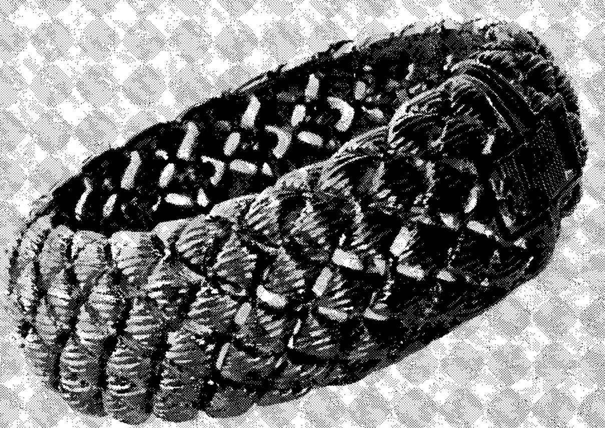
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and plans. The mass of words included Wennerström's espionage reports to the General, which he typed out, usually in English but sometimes in German. (He was equally proficient in the two languages, and in Russian as well.) According to Wennerström, he had begun writing these reports to the General, at the General's suggestion, while he was in Washington, and doing so had become a regular habit. The letters reflected the close teamwork between him and the General, and he used them to "report so thoroughly that he [the General] got a complete insight into my whole life, and so it was of course easier for him to give me suitable assignments and to limit my assignments in a suitable way," Wennerström testified, adding, "Later on, he had a quite clear impression of all my acquaintances of various nationalities, so that he could at least guess whether I would be able to carry out a certain assignment." He also said, though, that the letters were not limited to reporting, however thorough, and explained their further significance in this way:

> Of course it is psychologically wearing to live a double life for such a long time, where one life is the normal existence and the other is a secret existence that you have nobody to talk to about. I don't believe that this has such a dangerous significance if you keep it up for a few months or a year or perhaps two years. But when it begins to be a long span of years, when it gets beyond ten years, then it does become psychologically of powerful significance whether you [are able to] talk openly with any other person. And I could do that with the General when we met, but that was not often enough, and this correspondence became a surrogate. And it was not purely business correspondence, where I talked about this or that opportunity having opened up from the intelligence point of view; I mixed in my personal experiences along with these things—difficulties I had had or certain things that one might be uneasy about, and later I mixed in pure descriptions of affairs I had been present at and how oddly things could work out. I took up purely family circumstances and my interest in sports [Wennerström was an enthusiast of the winter sport of curling] and every possible thing of that sort.

At home at night, when Wennerström usually typed out and photographed these letters to his old friend, he carefully burned the originals in a cast-iron frying pan that he kept in an open fireplace, and he flushed the ashes down a toilet. Sometimes Wennerström typed out reports to the General right in his office on Fredriksgatan, a street not far from the Foreign Office building, and when doing so, if he found himself in doubt about some technical detail, he would pick up the telephone, place a

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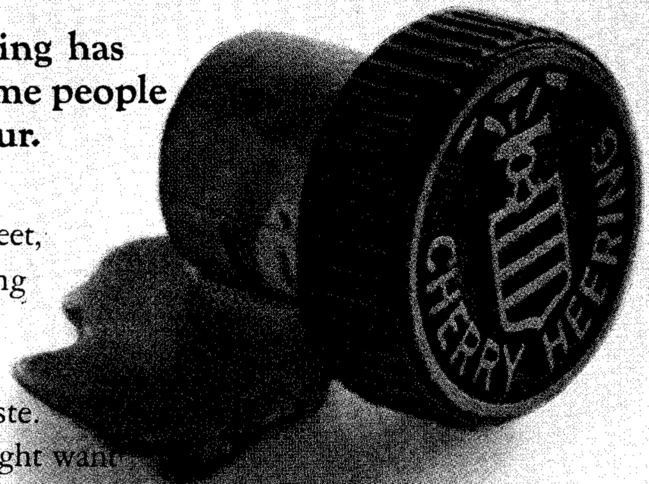

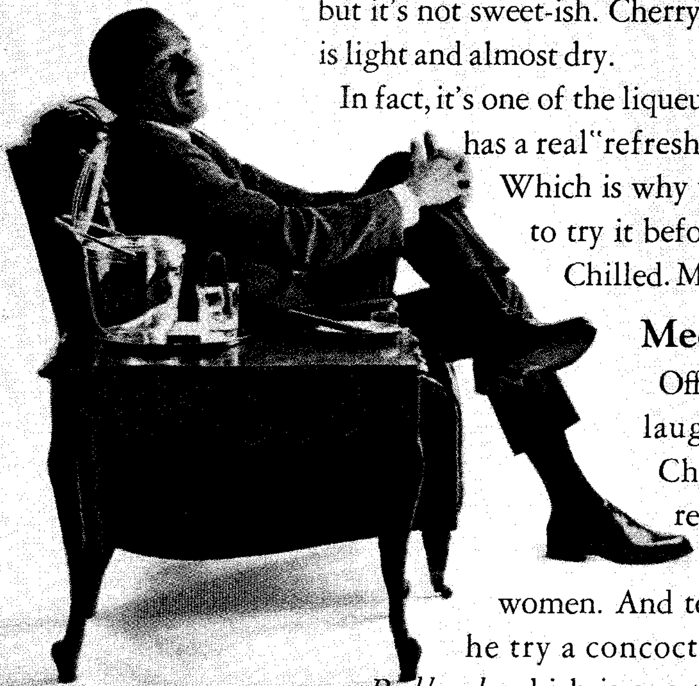

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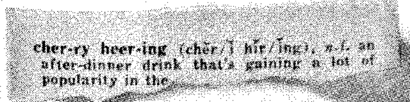
In fact, it's one of the liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste. Which is why you might want to try it before dinner. During dinner. After dinner. Chilled. Mixed. On-the-rocks. Anywhere. Any way.

Meet misunderstanding #2

Offer Cherry Heering to some guys and they laugh. They figure: because women like Cherry Heering they won't. They don't realize that women like Cherry Heering because it's good. Not because they're women. And to any man who doubts that, we suggest he try a concoction that's gaining notoriety called a *Redhead*, which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

How do you pronounce the words "Cherry Heering"?



cher·ry heer·ing (chĕr/ĭ hir/ing), *n.f.* an after-dinner drink that's gaining a lot of popularity in the

That's misunderstanding number 3. Our name is pronounced Cherry H*ear*ing, not "herring." If we're not the most misunderstood drink in the world, we're surely the most mispronounced.

CHERRY HEERING
LIQUEUR
PETER F. HEERING

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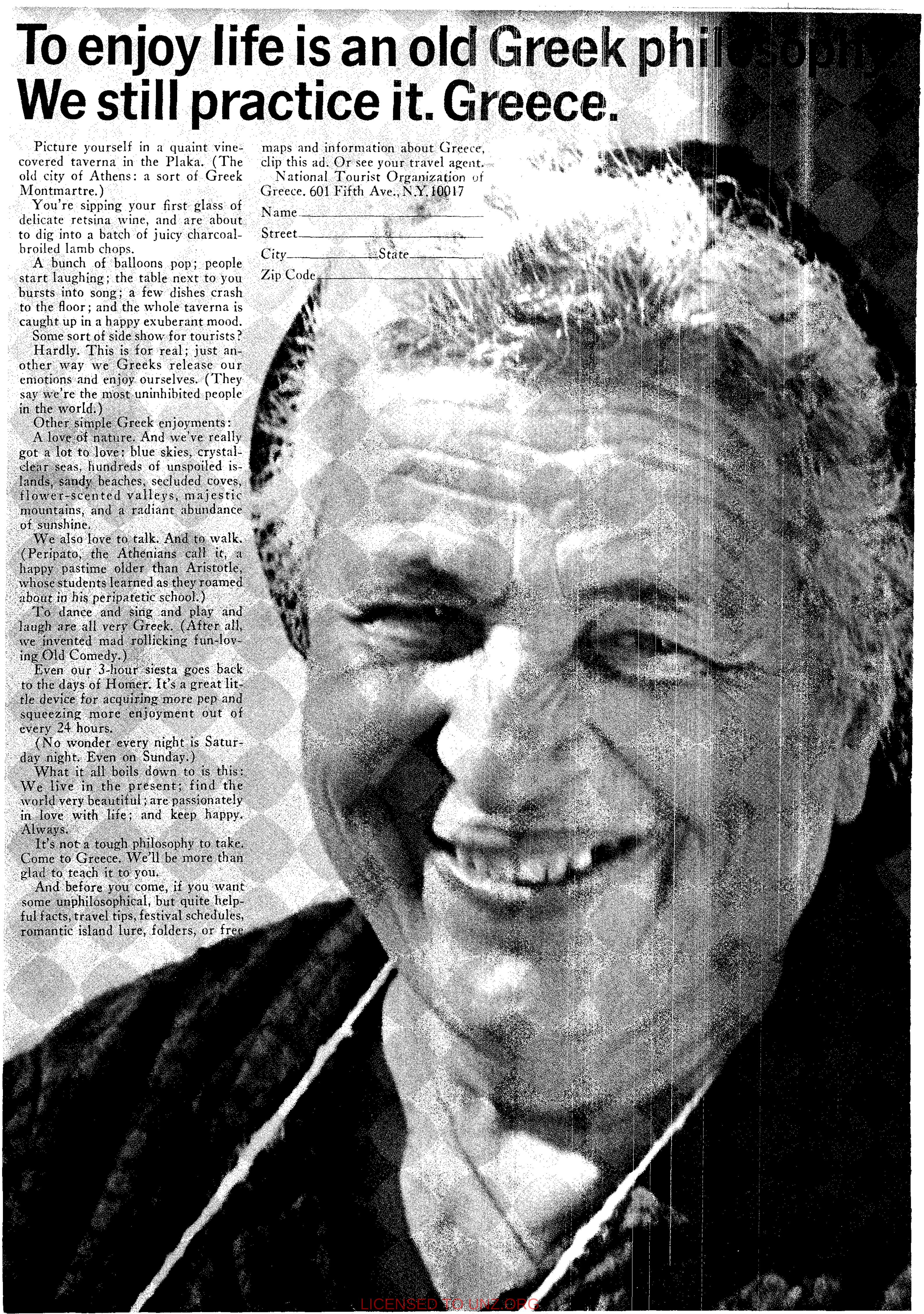

To enjoy life is an old Greek philosophy. We still practice it. Greece.

Picture yourself in a quaint vine-covered taverna in the Plaka. (The old city of Athens: a sort of Greek Montmartre.)

You're sipping your first glass of delicate retsina wine, and are about to dig into a batch of juicy charcoal-broiled lamb chops.

A bunch of balloons pop; people start laughing; the table next to you bursts into song; a few dishes crash to the floor; and the whole taverna is caught up in a happy exuberant mood.

Some sort of side show for tourists?

Hardly. This is for real; just another way we Greeks release our emotions and enjoy ourselves. (They say we're the most uninhibited people in the world.)

Other simple Greek enjoyments:

A love of nature. And we've really got a lot to love: blue skies, crystal-clear seas, hundreds of unspoiled islands, sandy beaches, secluded coves, flower-scented valleys, majestic mountains, and a radiant abundance of sunshine.

We also love to talk. And to walk. (Peripato, the Athenians call it, a happy pastime older than Aristotle, whose students learned as they roamed about in his peripatetic school.)

To dance and sing and play and laugh are all very Greek. (After all, we invented mad rollicking fun-loving Old Comedy.)

Even our 3-hour siesta goes back to the days of Homer. It's a great little device for acquiring more pep and squeezing more enjoyment out of every 24 hours.

(No wonder every night is Saturday night. Even on Sunday.)

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It's not a tough philosophy to take. Come to Greece. We'll be more than glad to teach it to you.

And before you come, if you want some unphilosophical, but quite helpful facts, travel tips, festival schedules, romantic island lure, folders, or free maps and information about Greece, clip this ad. Or see your travel agent.

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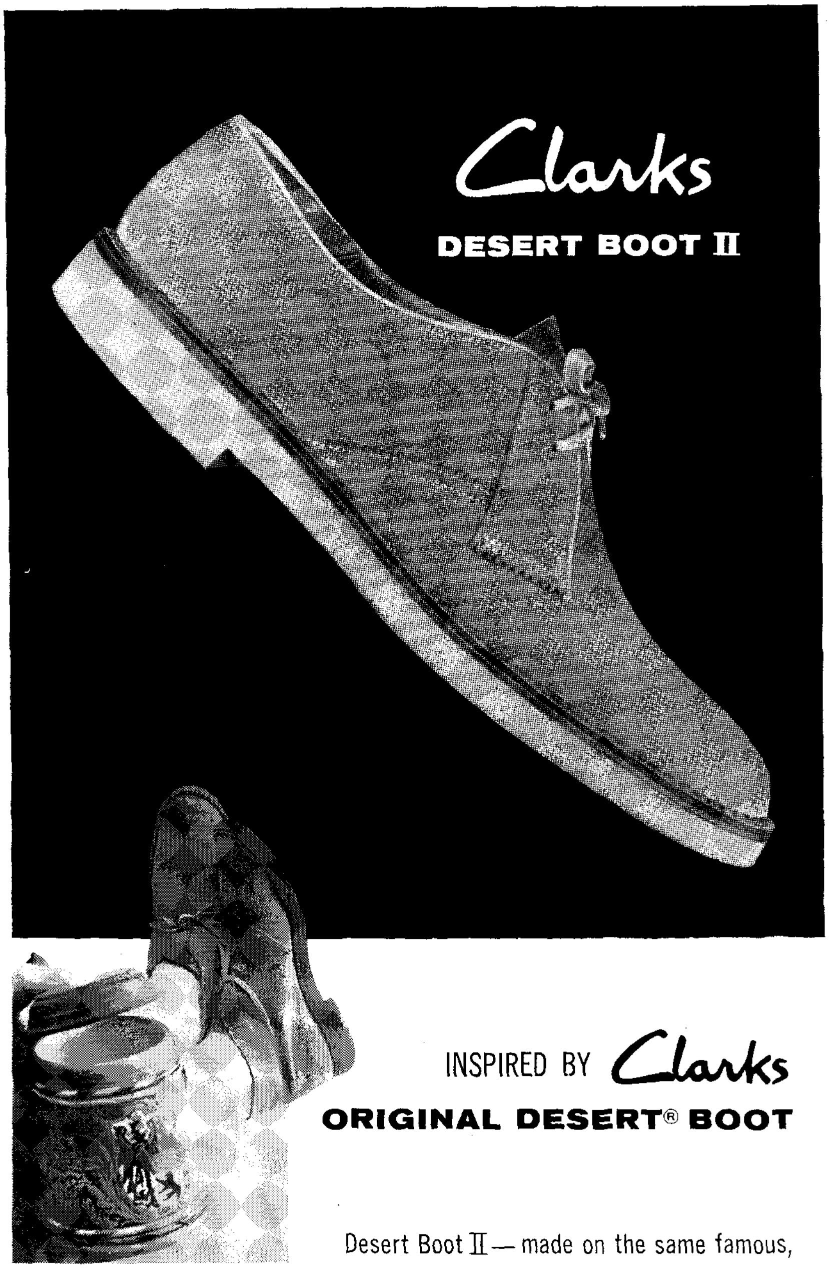
call to someone in one of the Swedish ministries who could clarify the problem, and then insert the detail into his report. At his office, Wennerström had another camera with which he could photograph espionage material, including letters to the General. When he had finished photographing one of these letters at his office, he would usually tear off all blank areas of the paper and put them into a wastebasket. That left only that part of the paper actually covered by writing for him to destroy, and this he burned in an ashtray. Then he mixed up the flakes of paper ash with a pencil and emptied them into an envelope, which he took home to dispose of. Later, at an appropriate time, he would convey the exposed film to his local Russian contact by one of several means, not dissimilar to those he had used in Washington. Very occasionally, Wennerström's contact would relay to him personal notes from the General. These were very brief and were confined to birthday congratulations, New Year's greetings, or thanks for material that Wennerström had sent. The written instructions he received from the General were also brief; they were in Russian, and seldom ran longer than half a page.

On his short-wave radio, Wennerström listened to special coded broadcasts from the Soviet Union on a regular basis. They consisted of a series of five-digit numbers delivered by voice transmission. If they were like broadcasts known to have been sent to other Soviet agents, the messages probably were preceded in each case by an identification signal of three spoken letters repeated continuously for approximately two minutes. Although the Swedish security police have been silent on the subject, the Swedish press has published reports that Wennerström was able to transmit radio messages to the Soviet Union from his home. However that may be, Wennerström seems to have continued to use his local Soviet contact and what he called "the film route" as his principal means of communicating with Moscow. Toward the end of Wennerström's service at the Command Office, he increased his espionage activities to the point where his local Soviet contact was hard put to it to keep him from running out of unexposed microfilm. Indeed, the prosecutor at Wennerström's trial for treason in 1963 observed that "toward the end his activities reached such a particularly hectic scope that it is difficult to understand how he was able to perform his legal work in line of duty."

In 1960, according to Wenner-



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Haled into court for non-support, a shiftless Skunk was told by the judge: "You're a drunk, a no-good, a disgrace! I'm giving your wife a hundred dollars a month." Said the Skunk: "Great, Judge. I'll try to slip her a few bucks myself from time to time!"

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ström, he was able to accomplish what Moscow told him was "the best haul I had made . . . since leaving the U.S.A." (The Swedes have not divulged any details, except that the "haul" consisted of a secret document or documents.) He said that this "occasioned such an unusual reaction that the supreme chief of the [Military] Intelligence service in Moscow asked through my contact man in Moscow that it be arranged, if possible, for him to have a chance to meet me." During his next vacation, in September, 1960, Wennerström managed to get himself and his wife invited to pay a private visit to the Swedish Embassy in Moscow, and while he was in Russia, he testified, he had three long meetings with Soviet Intelligence. The first took place in Leningrad, where he was driven to an apartment on the northeastern edge of the city and there had a reunion with the General and handed over espionage material he had brought with him. The two succeeding meetings, he said, were held in Moscow. At the next, the General was waiting for him in a car at a prearranged point, and they were driven to a house that Wennerström recognized as one of his meeting places with the General in the old days when he was Sweden's air attaché in Moscow. After being given instructions for future espionage work, he was told that the head of Soviet Military Intelligence wanted to see him the following day. Late the next morning, he was taken to an apartment, where he met the General and exchanged his Western-style overcoat for a Russian one, and then the two men were driven to a house, where, he said, a Soviet four-star general (whose name Wennerström apparently did not learn) was waiting for them. They were served caviar sandwiches and vodka, he said, and the four-star general made a speech praising Wennerström's achievements—in particular, Wennerström's "best haul," which, the four-star general said, was so useful that it had saved Russia several years of research and a great deal of expense. Wennerström said that the Soviet Military Intelligence chief then told him that by virtue of his long and effective service on behalf of Soviet Intelligence he had earned three Soviet decorations, which the four-star general had with him. Pointing out that it would, of course, be too dangerous for Wennerström to take the medals back to Sweden, the four-star general handed the three medals over to Wennerström's co-worker for safekeeping, and, according to Wennerström, "further

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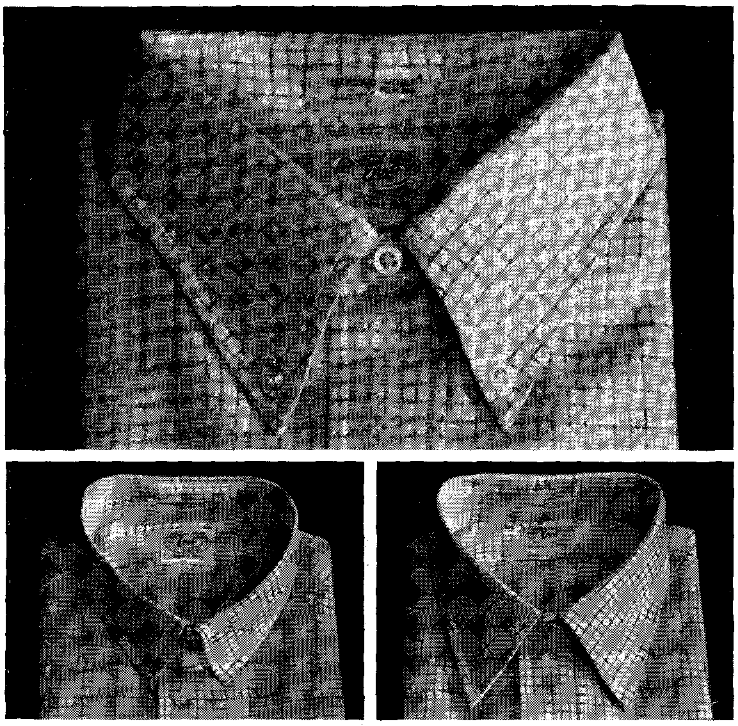
discusses tattersall with present advertising agency



Enro prediction: Tattersall Oxford Voile, big for Spring.

Mr. R, does anyone
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It's a **place,** Mr. M.
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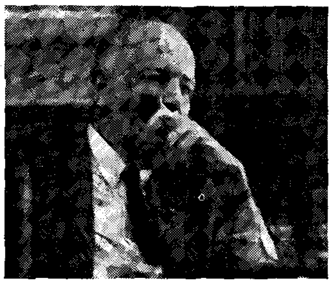
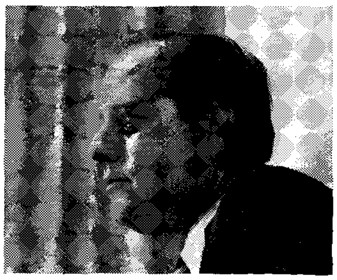
famous for its stables
and for
breeding horses of **quality.**



Riding clubs in those days
had their members wear
distinctive **waistcoats . . .**

. . . thus, the **Tattersall vest**
from which
we borrowed the pattern . . .

Very interesting,
Mr. R,
but I **wonder . . .**



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of batiste and the crispness of fine voiles.
About $6.00 at fine stores.

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said that I was entitled to draw a salary from Russian Intelligence as long as I lived. . . ."

DIRECTLY after the visit to Moscow, Wennerström and his wife went to Spain for a short while. He said later that he had been requested by Soviet Intelligence to reëstablish contact there with American officers whom he had known in the United States. His retirement from active service as a Swedish Air Force officer was now only about a year off, and, according to his testimony, for some time prior to the Moscow visit the General had indicated that the Soviet Intelligence service wanted him to move to Spain after his retirement and continue his espionage activities there—reporting, in particular, on American airbases on Spanish soil and American naval operations in the Mediterranean. The General, it seemed, had also told Wennerström that to prepare for the Spanish assignment he would need to enroll at some time in a special course in geodesy that was given in the Soviet Union, and Wennerström testified that he concluded from this that his activities in Spain would include the pinpointing of American nuclear-missile bases as targets for Soviet missiles. Geodesy is the science of determining the exact position of points on the earth's surface, and preparations for the use of missiles require that the relative positions of target and firing site on the earth's surface be measured with immense precision.

At about this time, there was talk that Sweden and Spain might exchange military attachés—something that they had never previously done—and Wennerström said later that he had thought briefly of seeking the post of Swedish air attaché in Madrid, which would, of course, have given him the ideal vantage point for continuing his activities for Soviet Intelligence. Soon, however, the Swedes cooled toward the attaché notion, and in any event, Wennerström said, he began having second thoughts about taking his children away from Sweden again, so as the time for his retirement grew closer he cast about for another job in Sweden. He has indicated that there was some talk of his going into a business owned by one of his wife's relatives, and that he had a couple of other commercial offers. He also applied for a civilian post that was open on the Swedish Air Force staff—the post of duty officer, which may have been particularly interesting to Wennerström because it involved the handling of all

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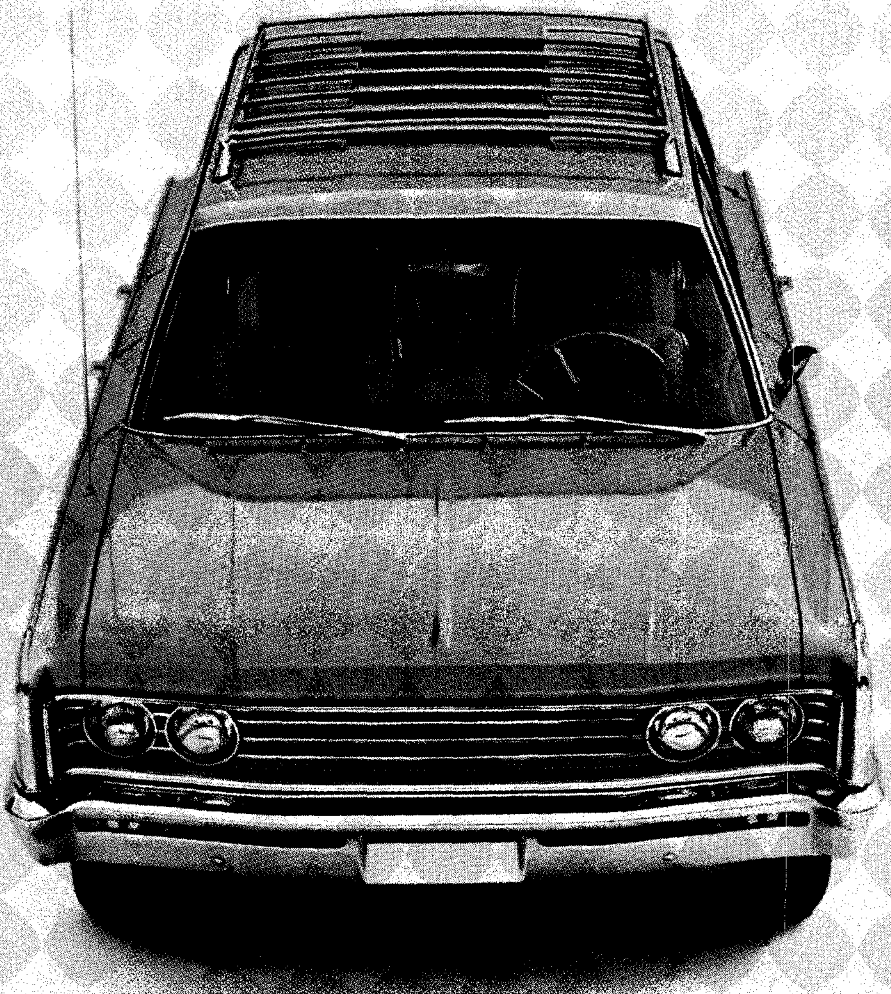
For the price of some station wagons and their optional extras,

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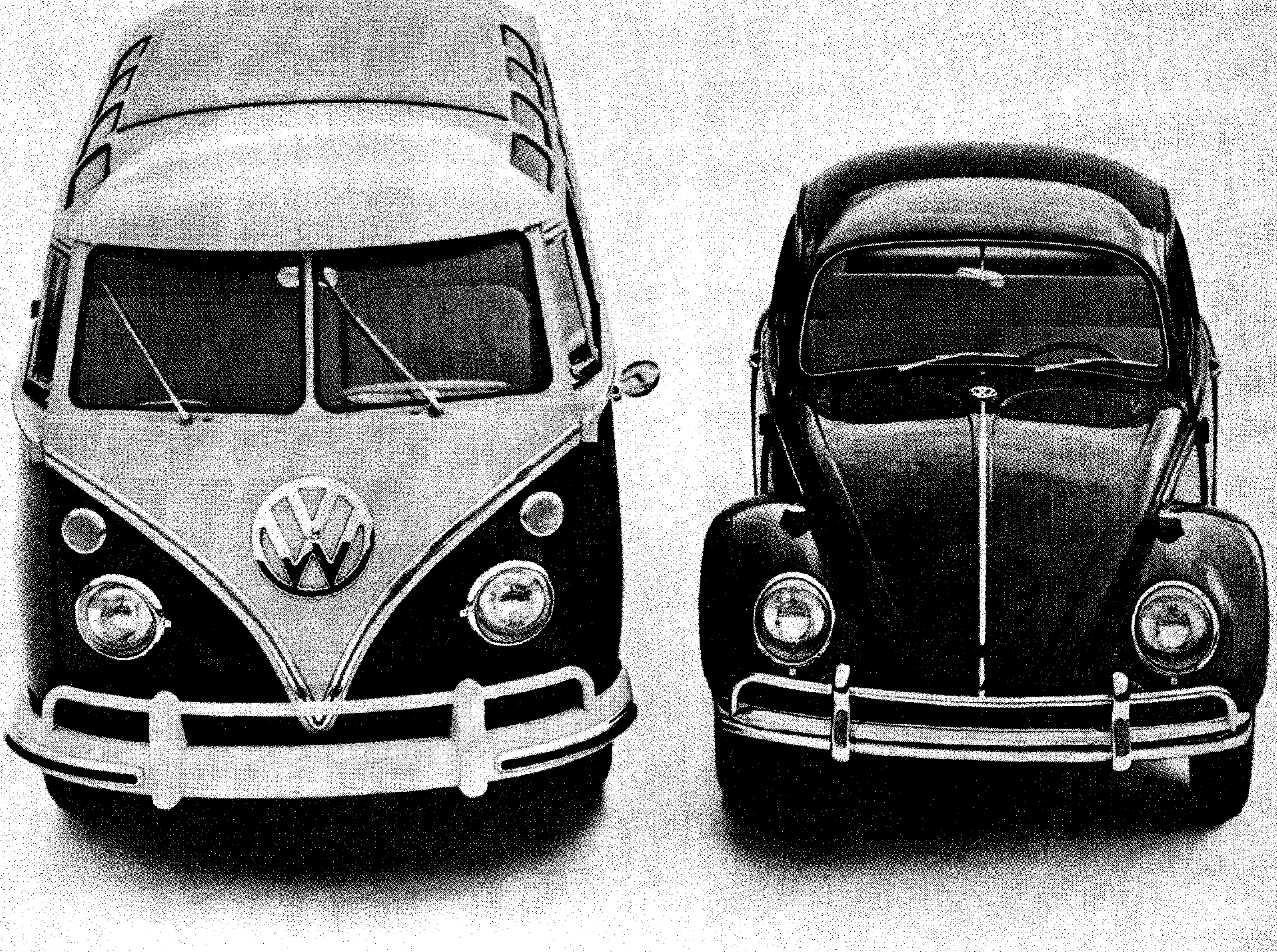

you can buy a VW Station Wagon and this optional extra.

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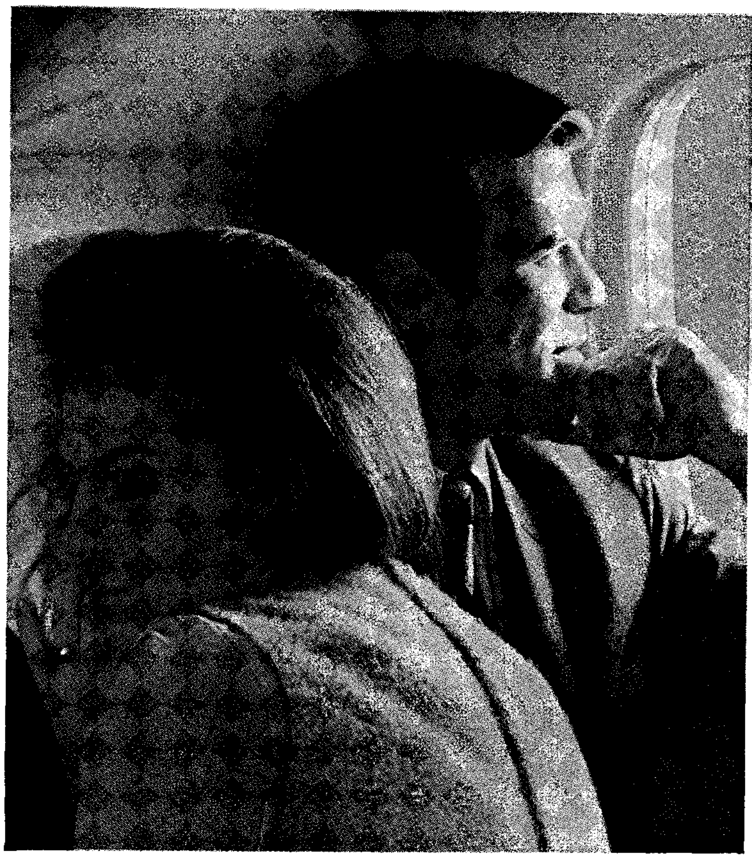

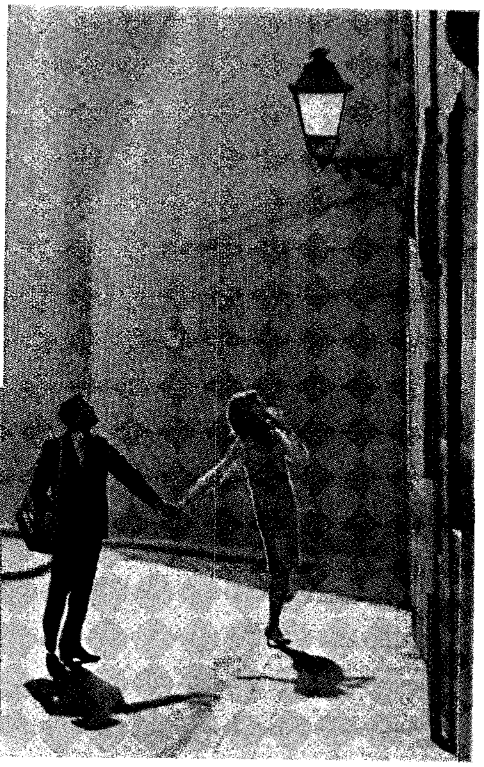

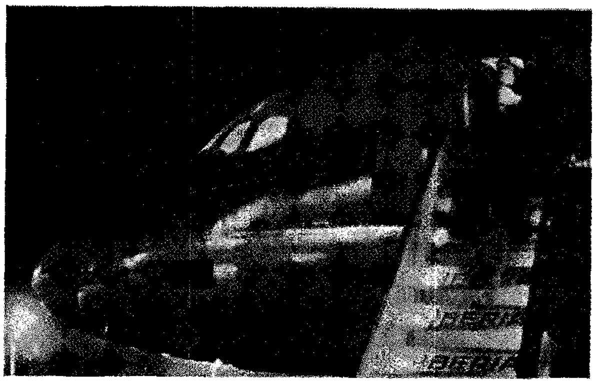

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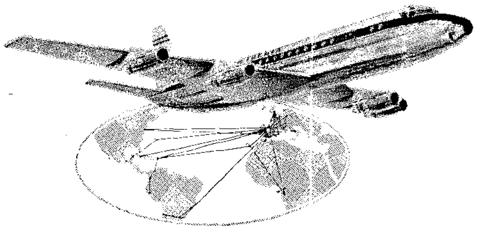

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incoming and outgoing documents, classified and unclassified. Wennerström was favored for the job, but before the position was filled he was called into the office of the Swedish Defense Minister, Sven Andersson, who told him that the Foreign Minister, Östen Undén, was looking for an experienced officer to serve as military adviser to the Foreign Office on disarmament problems. Wennerström thought about this overnight, and, he said later, concluded that although his access to secret documents would be somewhat reduced, from an espionage point of view "it was ever so much better to be sitting in the Foreign Office than with the Air Force Staff," because "you get a much broader view from there." Besides, he said, making a characteristic point, "I was aware that as far as my personal prestige vis-à-vis the Soviet Intelligence service was concerned, it would rise considerably from my getting into the Foreign Office." Formally, at least, he would be working under the direct orders of the Foreign Minister.

Wennerström accepted the job and sent off a letter to the General telling him, he has said, that he thought the arrangement "extraordinarily good." He transferred to the Foreign Office in October of 1961, and in November he made still another trip to Helsinki for a secret meeting with the General, who, according to Wennerström, reiterated his interest in information bearing on possible changes in Sweden's neutrality. Wennerström told him that Sweden was preparing to make a broad survey to determine whether the country's defense system should be reorganized, and the General asked him to find out whether such a reorganization might be aimed at making it possible for American forces to land in Sweden. The General also told Wennerström that the Soviet government was very uneasy about the American development of the Polaris submarine and, in particular, about the possibility that such submarines might be able to enter the Baltic. He said that in case they did, his government had to consider means of intervening against them, and that the means included not only countermeasures by the Soviet Navy but bombing by Soviet planes equipped with nuclear weapons. Here, he said, Swedish antiaircraft defenses were an important consideration, because it would be necessary for the Soviet anti-submarine bombers to fly over Sweden. At the end of the meeting, the General told Wennerström that he would be provided with a new contact man in Stockholm. The General and Wennerström then

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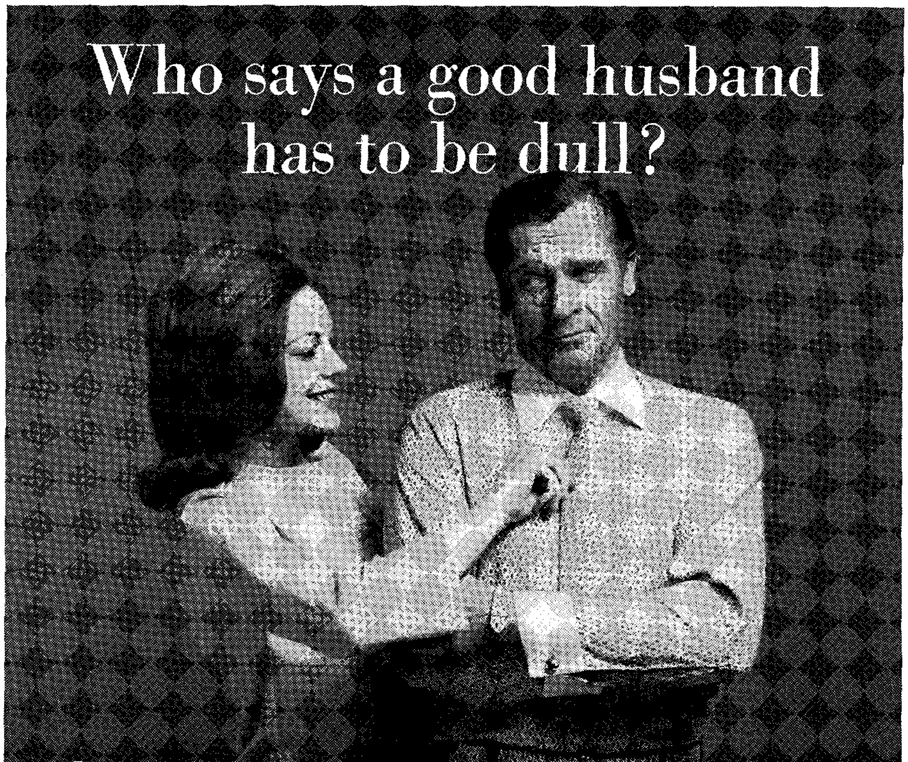
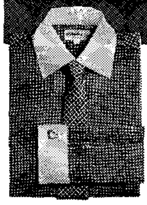

Who says a good husband has to be dull?



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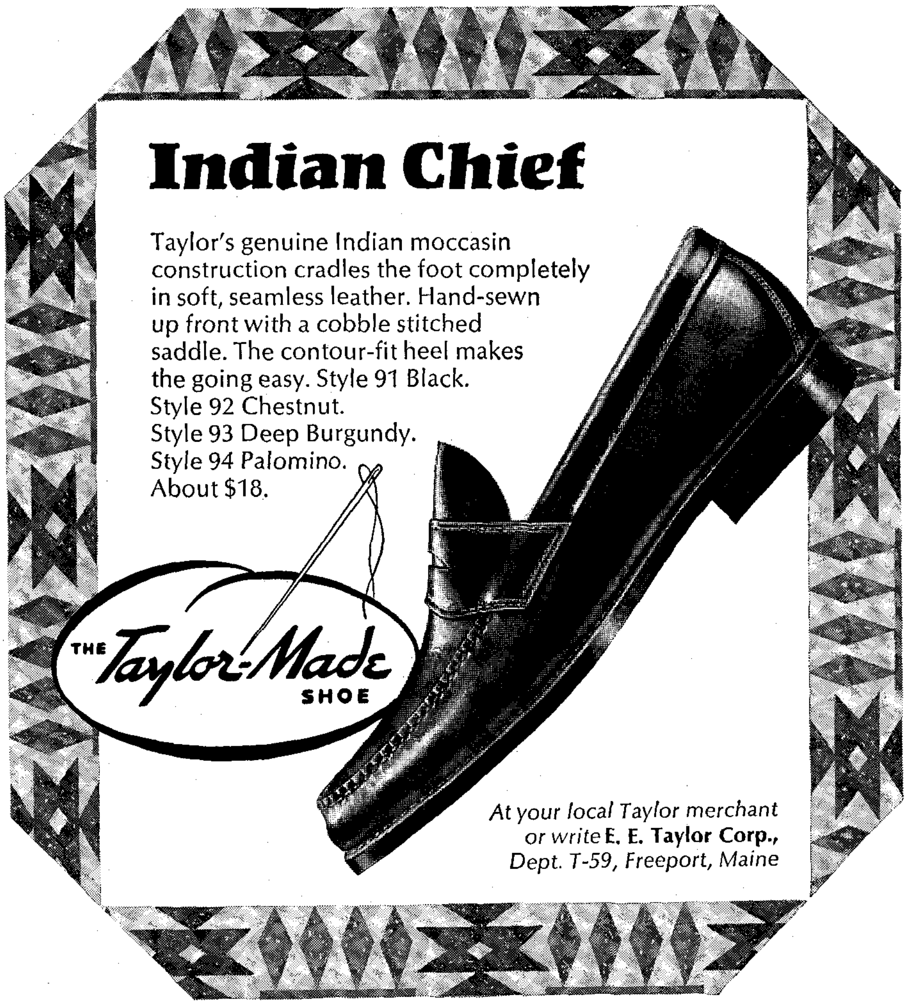

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agreed that they would meet next in Vienna, in June, 1962. However, according to Wennerström, this meeting was later cancelled through a radio message from the Soviet Union, and he subsequently learned not only that the cancellation was connected with the Soviet preparations leading to the Cuban missile crisis but that the General was in Cuba himself, directing Soviet Intelligence activities there.

At the Foreign Office, Wennerström became technical adviser on disarmament to the Foreign Minister and to the Swedish disarmament commission, whose chairman was Alva Myrdal, the wife of the famous sociologist Gunnar Myrdal. The commission participated in the 1961 disarmament negotiations in Geneva, and Wennerström testified that his position made it possible for him to give an extra push to courses of action favored by the Soviets. Wennerström's colleagues on the commission seem to have been entirely unsuspicious of his motives. "I found him to be very knowledgeable. He seemed to be *in* on so many things," one of these people has said. "We took him for a true expert on military matters. He seemed more interested in disarmament than is common among military people. His manner was kind, amiable, and very self-assured. He never gesticulated, never showed surprise; his face was almost serene. He was very discreet. When we had a meeting with the Foreign Minister, he would never speak first, but when someone called upon him to give the facts about something he would answer with a gleam in his eye. He seemed proud to know things that others didn't."

ONE thing that Wennerström's coworkers on the disarmament commission did not know and that he did not know, either, was that his own activities had for some time been a matter of interest to the Swedish security police. Indeed, the security people had had intimations as far back as the Second World War that Wennerström was not the best possible risk, but nothing much had been done at the time. In 1941, after Wennerström, then a captain, had returned from his first tour of duty as Swedish air attaché in Moscow, the security people noticed that he had unusually close associations with both Russian and German diplomats in Stockholm—especially the latter—but they certainly did not realize that while Wennerström was in Moscow he had been supplying the Nazis with information on Soviet military matters and,

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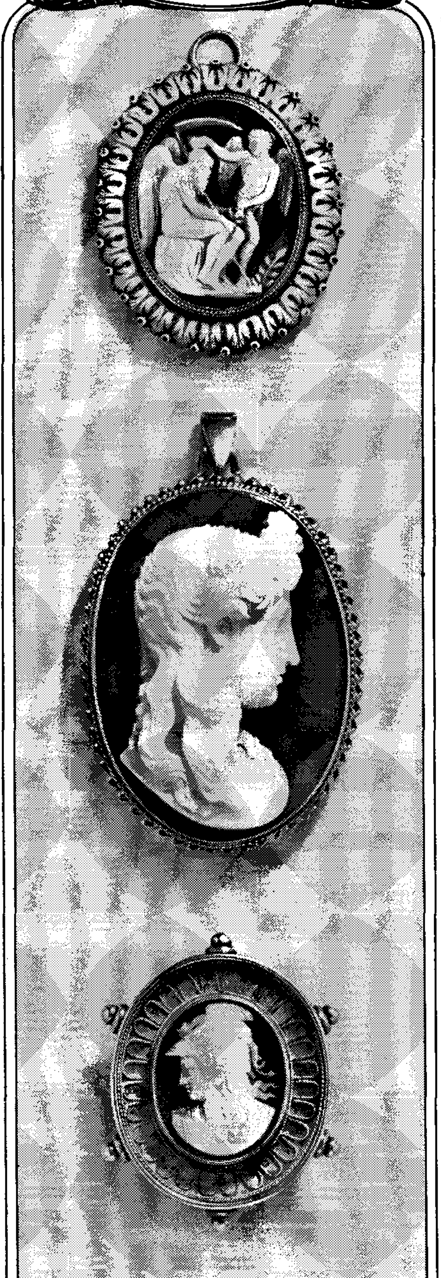

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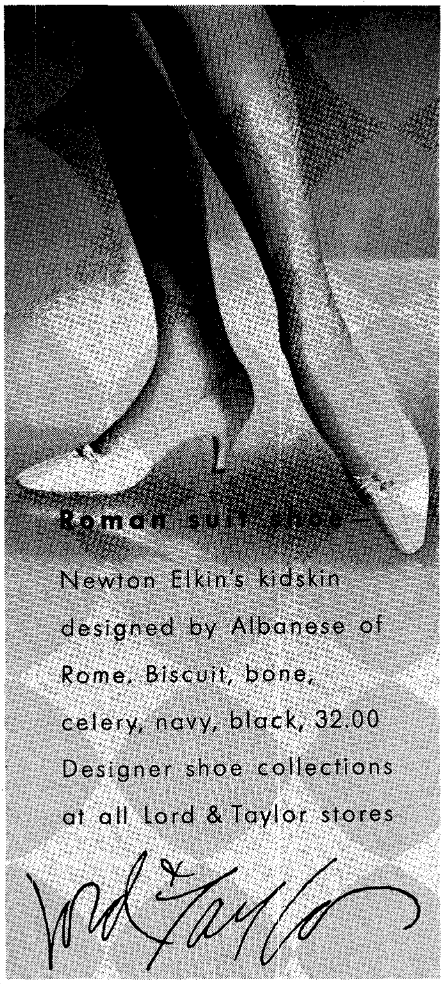
in return, had received from the Germans rubles at an especially favorable rate of exchange. Early in 1943, the Swedes succeeded in breaking the code used by the German Embassy in Stockholm, and they found, in a cable from the German military attaché to Berlin, the name of Wennerström, who was cited as a source for information about the Soviet Union. In order not to tip the Germans off to the fact that the code had been broken, the Swedish security people refrained from calling Wennerström in for questioning, but they did tap his telephone and place his mail under surveillance. However, these measures yielded no further evidence that he was engaged in illegal intelligence activities, and the use of his name by the Germans was ascribed to an indiscretion on his part rather than to any willful act, so the surveillance was dropped.

In 1947 and 1948, when Wennerström was with the Swedish Air Force Staff, he was again the subject of attention by the security police. This time, he was reported to be in "lively" contact with the Soviet air attaché in Stockholm, Colonel Ivan Petrovich Rybachenko. But when the security people discussed the matter with Major General Gustaf Adolf Westring, the Chief of Staff of the Swedish Air Force, Westring, it is said, shrugged their suspicions off as "mere gossip." Again, nothing was done. No further suspicion seems to have attached to Wennerström until 1958 or so, when an inspector in the Swedish security police, Otto Danielsson, happened to come across an official report that Wennerström had written in 1947. It was a report on the "legal," or overt, intelligence activities of the Soviet military attaché in Stockholm, and Danielsson has said that he found it striking because it showed "a little too much insight" into the workings of the Soviet Military Intelligence apparatus. But when Danielsson discussed the matter with several military-intelligence men, they found it perfectly plausible that Wennerström, with his knowledge of Soviet affairs and of Soviet diplomatic personnel, could have been able to get close enough to the Soviet military attaché to describe his work in some detail. No move was made against Wennerström on the basis of his 1947 report. (And, indeed, it would have been somewhat ironic had any move been made on that basis, since, according to all the evidence, Wennerström was not in fact recruited by the Russians until the end of 1948.)

In 1959, while returning by com-



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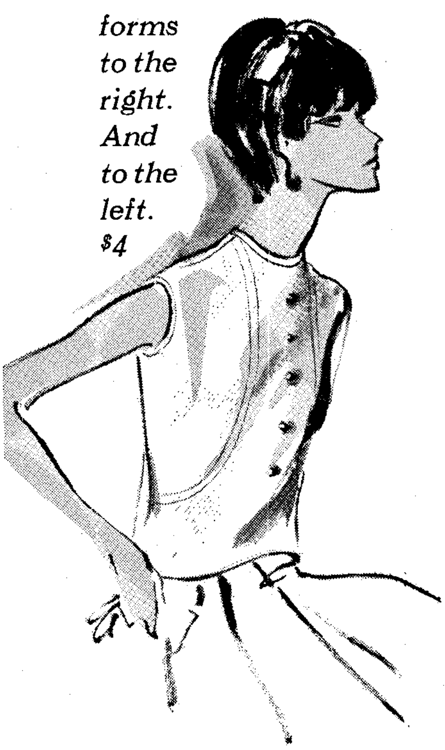

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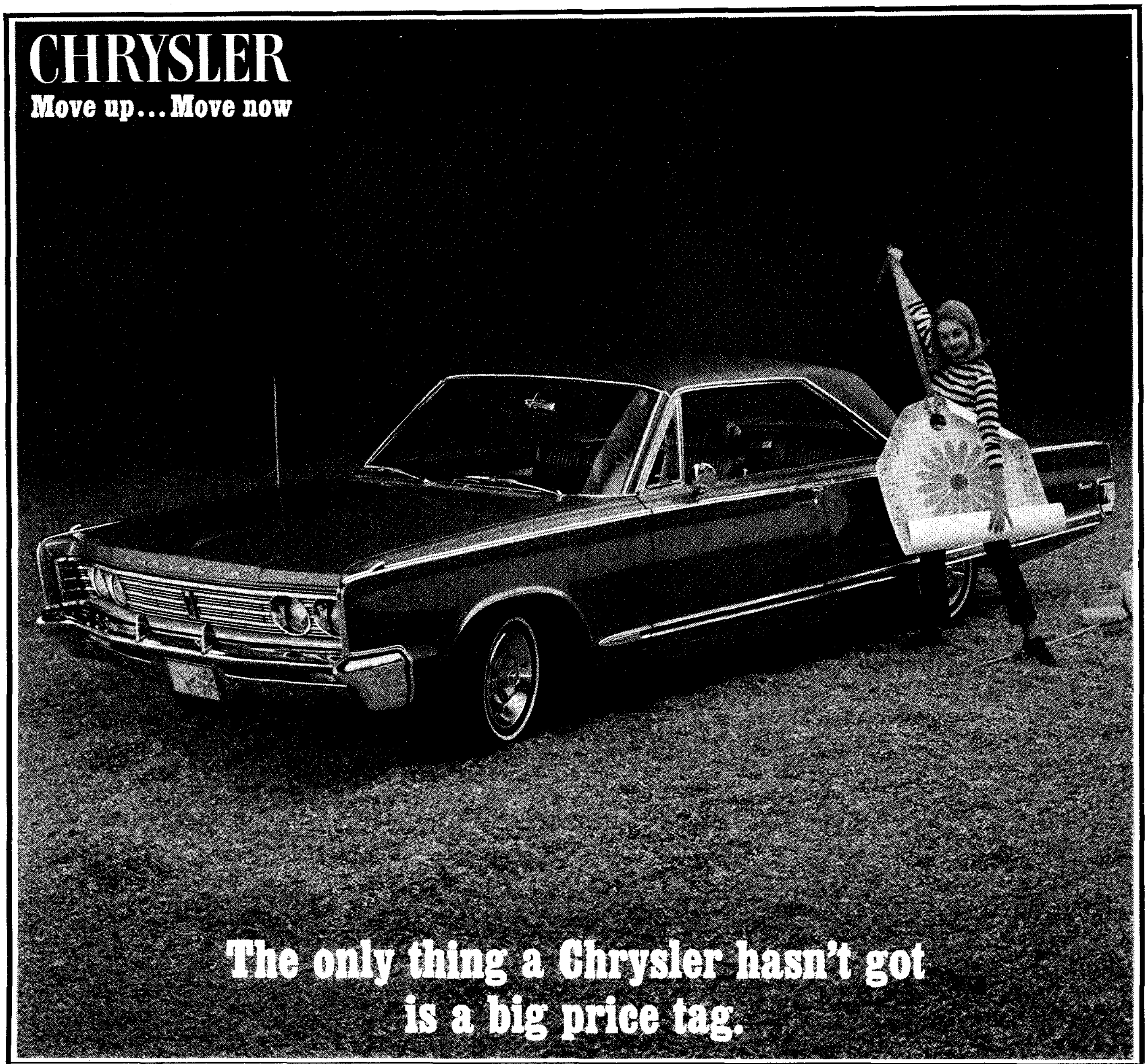

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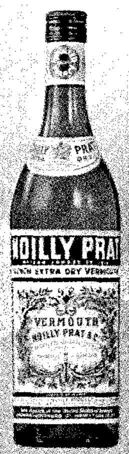
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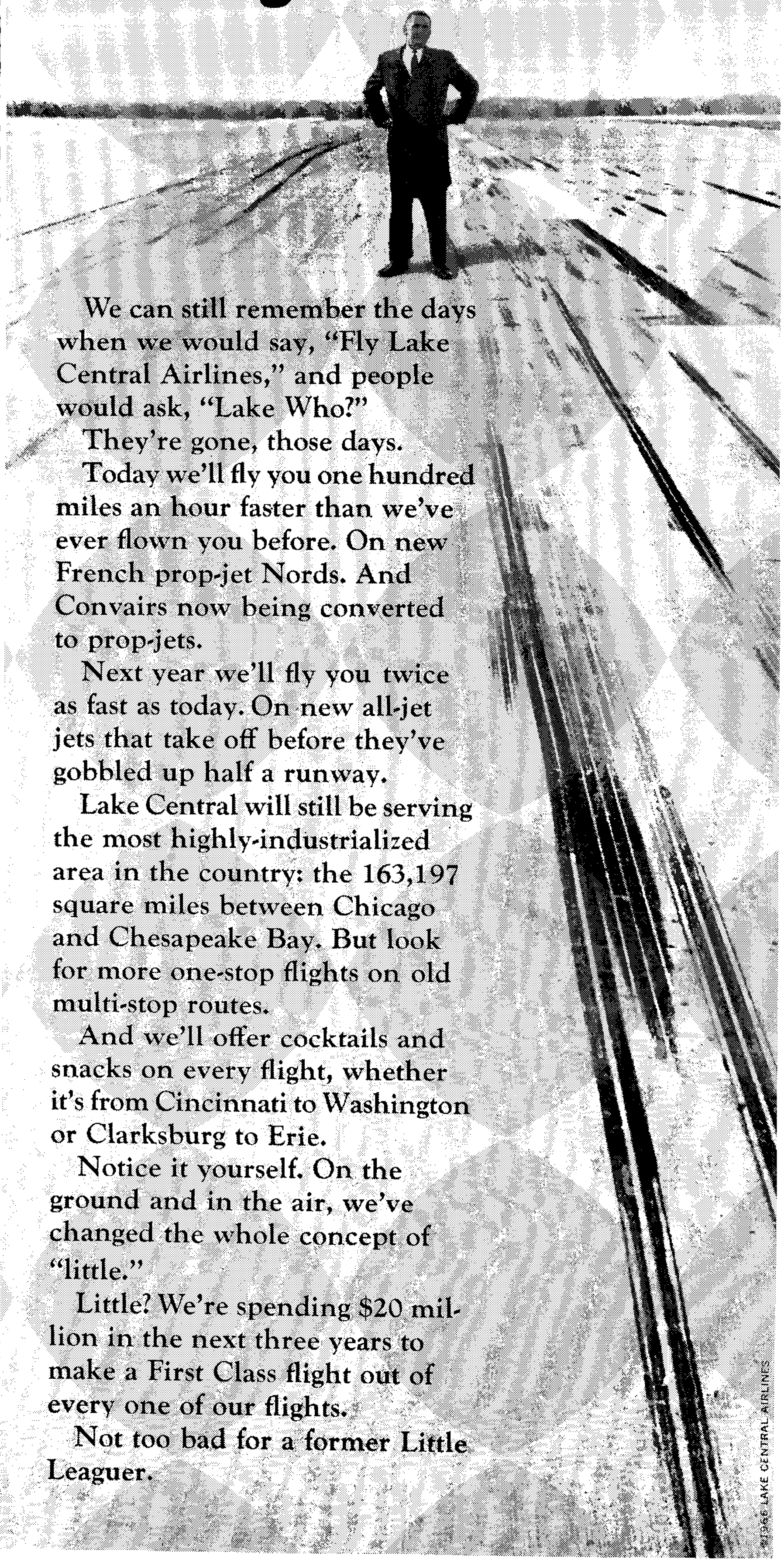
mercial airplane from Britain, where he had attended a Royal Air Force flying show at Farnborough, Wennerström left the airplane during a stopover at Amsterdam under circumstances that one of his fellow Swedish delegates found suspicious. This fact was reported to the Swedish security people, and Wennerström's office at the Command Office was searched. The search yielded nothing except a handbook on photography, but because Danielsson was by now more suspicious of Wennerström, a tap was again placed on his telephone, by secret court order. The tapping didn't yield much information, and after a year or so the security police had trouble justifying its continuance. In Sweden, where the rights of individuals are jealously protected by the courts—jealously protected, even, by court prosecutors—a good prima-facie case has to be made before a court will order wire-tapping, and after such an order is given, monthly judicial hearings have to be held to renew it. (As for illegal wire-tapping by security agencies in Sweden, it appears to be unheard of.) In 1960, the Defense Minister, Sven Andersson, was told of the suspicions about Wennerström, but, in the absence of concrete evidence, no move was made to restrict his access to secret documents. In September, 1961, when the wire-tapping was about to be stopped, Wennerström's car was seen one day parked near a place where police had reason to believe that Soviet agents had maintained a dead drop, so the surveillance was continued.

Wennerström's application for the job of duty officer on the Air Force Staff was so disturbing to the security people that the Defense Minister was asked to prevent him from accepting it, and it was for this reason that the Minister offered him the disarmament job. "There, thank God, he will be harmless," Andersson is said to have told Georg Thulin, the head of the Swedish security police. But it may be that there is no such thing as a harmless position for a spy—certainly not a position in which the spy happens to be known to his unsuspecting colleagues under the high-sounding title of Military Adviser to the Foreign Minister. For fear Wennerström would be warned that he was under surveillance, the security police told only one or two of his superiors what was afoot. Behind all this caution there seems to have been not only a laudable apprehension about violating Wennerström's rights but also a vast reluctance to believe that a senior Swedish officer who was a member of



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a respectable military family and a veteran diplomat could be engaged in espionage activities.

At a security briefing in March, 1962, the Defense Minister was given a review of the suspicions against Wennerström. The extent of his association with the Soviet air attaché was discussed, and so was a claim Wennerström had made to a colleague that he was under orders from Foreign Minister Östen Undén to cultivate Soviet personnel for the purpose of obtaining information on the Soviet attitude toward disarmament questions. The Foreign Minister said that he hadn't told Wennerström anything of the sort, but added that he could see how Wennerström could legitimately have come to feel that he *was* under such orders. The Defense Minister and the head of the security police are reported to have agreed that while certain things looked suspicious, "Wennerström, despite it all, could be innocent, and . . . in its entirety what had been cited against him could have a natural explanation," in the words of a subsequent Swedish security report. On this occasion, the Minister of Justice, according to the same report, "expressed some surprise" that the court had permitted Wennerström's telephone to be tapped, but, perhaps because he "wanted to unshoulder part of the burden of what he had been told," the Minister of Justice also said that he thought the Prime Minister, Tage Erlander, should be briefed on the Wennerström case. Accordingly, a date was set for the Prime Minister to be informed about what was described to him as "a matter concerning a colonel in the Foreign Office against whom vague suspicions had been directed that he might be a security risk." But then the prosecutor who was supposed to make the briefing got sick, and the briefing was postponed. As it happened, the Prime Minister was too busy to attend the next scheduled briefing on Wennerström, and after that the Minister of Justice was out of the country for a time, and the upshot was that the whole thing somehow slid off the Prime Minister's calendar. Nobody seemed to have the stomach for it. In September, 1962, Torsten Nilsson took over as Foreign Minister, and though he was informed of certain suspicions against Wennerström at that time, it was not until early December that the pressure of work allowed a complete briefing on the case. He declared that there seemed to be "hardly anything concrete that one could put one's finger on," and said he was surprised that in Sweden "on such vague

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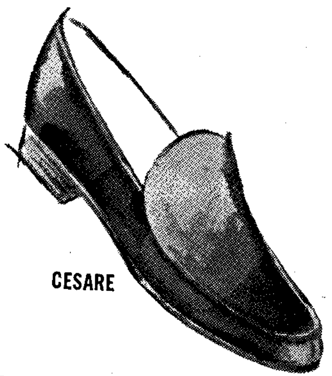

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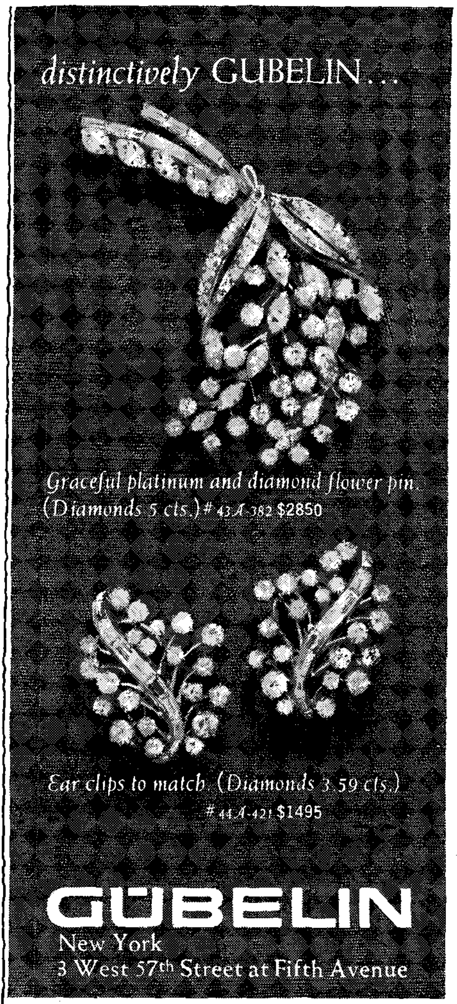
grounds a person could be exposed to wire-tapping." At another briefing, on December 6th, there was talk of easing Wennerström out of his job at the Foreign Office, but the Foreign Minister protested that "if [Wennerström] should be innocent, a dismissal would imply a violation of his integrity," and that if he should be guilty, he would at once realize that he was under suspicion, and would be harder to uncover. In June, 1962, the Defense Minister had issued a carefully worded general order that was meant to have the effect of restricting Wennerström's access to classified documents. It went to the Foreign Office and the Defense Command but, for some bureaucratic reason, didn't reach an obscure department called the Defense Books and Forms Warehouse, which, as it happened, was perhaps Wennerström's most important source of Swedish secret information, since he could draw classified material from it at will.

The persistent Inspector Danielsson had not given up his suspicions, and the wire-tapping went on. And on December 11, 1962, the security police, listening in on a telephone conversation between Wennerström's younger daughter and a friend, heard her remark that her father had "the world's strangest radio," to which she couldn't listen, because her father had to "pick up Russia or whatever it is." She added that if she went near the radio her father cried "No!" At that point, police surveillance of Wennerström was intensified. On January 10, 1963, the police noted that the First Secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Stockholm, Georgi Baranovsky, telephoned Wennerström to say that "a special book on the disarmament question" had been mailed to him from Moscow. The police found the conversation somewhat labored. (Actually, it concerned the transmission of espionage instructions from the General.) For all that, few of the responsible Swedes concerned could bring themselves to contemplate seriously the idea that Wennerström was a spy. Early in May, 1963, the head of the Swedish security police told a colleague that "in spite of everything, I believe deep down inside that he is innocent." By that time, the police had found out that Wennerström had been borrowing all sorts of secret documents from the Defense Books and Forms Warehouse, and that he was also trying to obtain information from other sources about Swedish defenses.

The security people, still feeling that they didn't have sufficient grounds for an arrest, briefly considered questioning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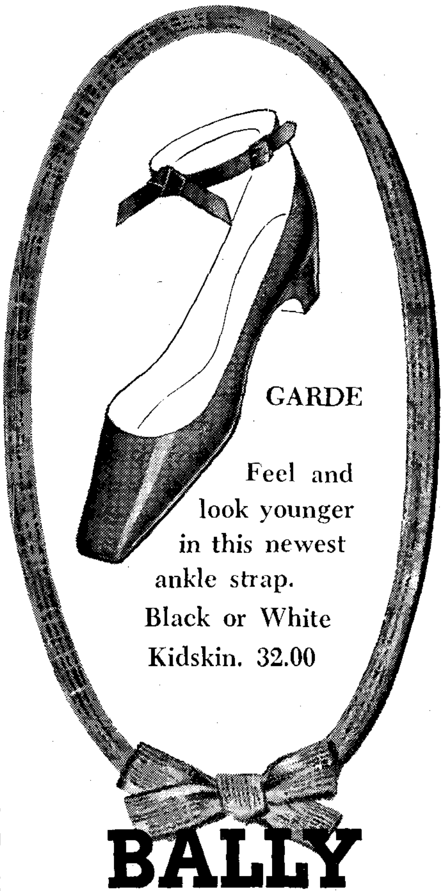
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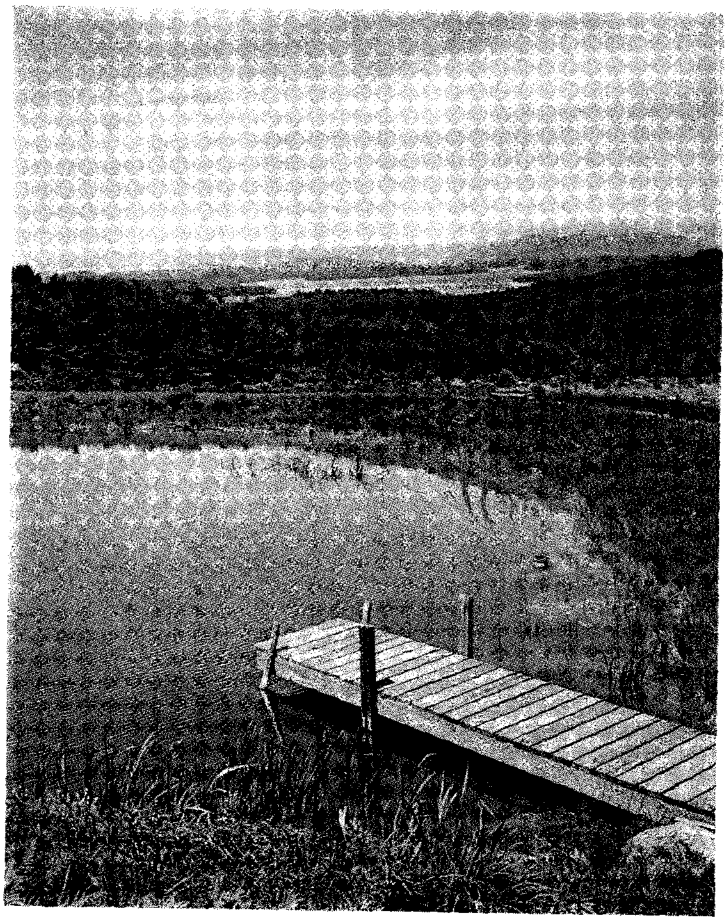

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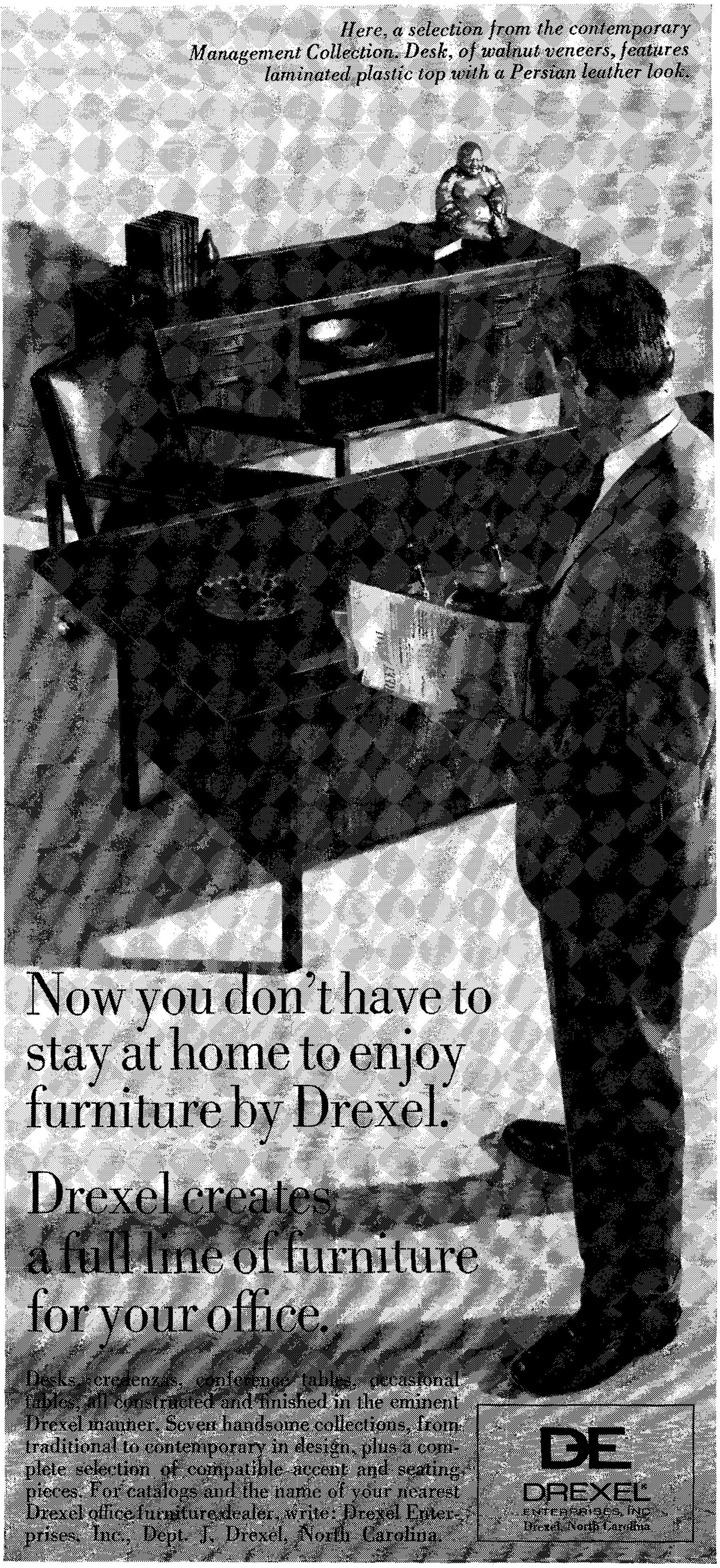
a woman named Mrs. Carin Rosén, who worked as a part-time maid at Wennerström's house, about his activities, but, out of continued caution, they hesitated to approach Mrs. Rosén. Interestingly enough, while the security people were wondering whether to get in touch with Mrs. Rosén, it happened that she was wondering whether to get in touch with them. Mrs. Rosén, the wife of a retired noncommissioned naval officer, seems to have been exceptionally alert. She had gone to work for the Wennerströms in October, 1957, not long after they returned from Washington, coming to the villa at Djursholm just one day a week. Later, she came twice a week, and, still later, three times. The house had ten rooms, but for some time Mrs. Rosén had had to clean only nine of them; she found that the door of the tenth room—which was on the ground floor, next to a room that Wennerström used as a study—was usually locked. Mrs. Rosén later said that when she arrived in the morning, at seven-thirty, Wennerström was always up, wearing a bathrobe, and that he seemed to spend considerable time in the locked room before he shaved and dressed.

In the spring of 1958, Wennerström moved his study up to the second floor of the house, and thereafter the mysterious ground-floor room was kept locked only when he was busy in it. From time to time, when he wasn't home, Mrs. Rosén would go in to clean it up. It seemed to her to be some sort of rubbish room, containing old clothing, folding card tables, and so on. At one end, a curtain hung from ceiling to floor, and on pushing the curtain to one side Mrs. Rosén saw behind it a file cabinet, a safe with a combination lock, and, under a dust cover, some sort of photographic apparatus. At the base of the apparatus were a couple of lamps on flexible mounts. Mrs. Rosén assumed that Wennerström must be an amateur photographer, and that his hobby must be what occupied him early in the morning, and she thought no more of the matter for quite a while. Eventually, though, she became mildly puzzled at never seeing any photographs around the house.

Mrs. Rosén found the Wennerströms "a nice family" and Wennerström himself pleasant and considerate. She noticed that he seemed to read quite a bit, and among the books she saw him reading were "Modern Russian Humor" and spy stories called "Behind the Iron Curtain," "The Gauntlet Is Thrown," and "Nights in Prague." She decided that Wenner-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ström must have quite a bit of money of his own. Because she had worked for Swedish military people before, she knew that a colonel's base pay was about thirty thousand kronor, and while the Wennerströms didn't live extravagantly they lived above that level. They gave a good many luncheon and dinner parties, at which she assisted. One of the daytime parties was for the Wennerströms' younger daughter, and Mrs. Rosén said that she suggested casually to Mrs. Wennerström that somebody ought to take a picture of the girl. To Mrs. Rosén's surprise, Mrs. Wennerström replied that there was nobody in the family who could take a decent photograph.

This made Mrs. Rosén think that something was very odd—especially since she had seen rolls of film tucked away near the photographic apparatus—but after a while it occurred to her that perhaps Wennerström was doing some sort of photographic copying in connection with his official work. She also worked part time for a man who was employed on the Defense Staff, and she asked him one day whether he often had work to do after office hours. When he said he sometimes did, she asked him whether he ever had to bring papers home to photograph. He seemed astonished at the question, and answered that of course he never did that. However, he wasn't astonished enough to ask Mrs. Rosén why she wanted to know, and she didn't enlighten him. Her own perplexity grew. It occurred to her next that if Wennerström wasn't doing his photography in connection with his official work, he might be doing it in connection with some other kind of work, to make extra money. Then, one day when the Wennerströms were giving a dinner party, Wennerström went with Mrs. Rosén to get a pair of silver trays out of the safe in the rubbish room. Upon bending down next to the safe to take the trays from him, she saw several "thick stacks of money tied together by paper bands." The bills looked new. At that moment, there occurred to Mrs. Rosén another possible explanation for Wennerström's photographic activity—that he was in the pornography business. Then an even more shocking thought came to her—that he was counterfeiting Swedish currency. Mrs. Rosén was used to being paid by the Wennerströms in new ten-kronor bills, and now, on the pretext that the fresh bills tended to stick together, she asked to be paid in used bills. The request was granted so easily that she felt obliged to dismiss the counterfeiting theory.

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the notion that Wennerström's clandestine work was somehow connected with "the spy war between Russia and America." One day in the spring of 1960, when Wennerström was busy in the "rubbish room," the telephone rang. Mrs. Rosén answered it, and called out to Wennerström that someone from the Defense Staff was on the line. Wennerström emerged, leaving the door slightly ajar, and while he was taking the call, Mrs. Rosén peeked into the "rubbish room." Near the photographic apparatus stood a card table, and on it were some sheets of black paper with white outlines on them, which looked like technical drawings of some kind. Mrs. Rosén now began to consider seriously whether Wennerström might be a spy for a foreign power and whether his photographic work might be directed against Sweden. Shortly afterward, she began noticing evidence of paper having been burned from time to time in the frying pan in the fireplace. She was at a loss as to where to turn with this strange information. She didn't want to tell her husband, because she was afraid he might think she was out of her mind, and she didn't feel that the "regular" police were the people to go to with such a story. She looked in the telephone book to see if "Spy Police" or "Security Police" appeared there, but she found no such listings. (Actually, the Swedish name for the security police was "Statspolisen"—"state police.") Having made this effort, Mrs. Rosén took no further action. Her suspicions, however, remained.

In the fall of 1960, Wennerström went abroad for more than a month, and on his return he gave Mrs. Rosén a small bottle of perfume, which he said he had bought for her in Paris. When Mrs. Rosén showed the bottle to her daughter, her daughter noticed a tiny label bearing the letters "NK" on it. In Stockholm, "NK" is known as the initials of Nordiska Kompaniet, the biggest department store in the city, so Mrs. Rosén suspected that Wennerström's story about having been to Paris was false. (Wennerström's journeys in the fall of 1960 had taken him to Leningrad and Moscow and then to Spain. He probably did stop off in Paris on his way back to Stockholm from Madrid, so it is likely that the perfume that aroused Mrs. Rosén's suspicions represented simply an attempt to correct an oversight, Wennerström perhaps having bought the bottle at the last minute in Stockholm when he belatedly realized that the maid might be disappointed if she received no present from Paris.)

From this point on, Mrs. Rosén

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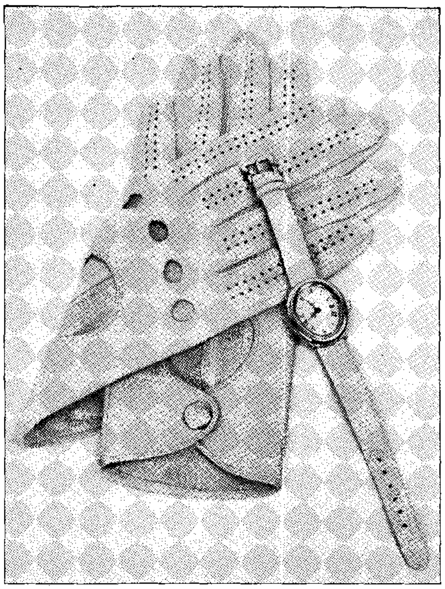
seems to have thrown herself into amateur detective work with a will. She noticed, after one of Wennerström's trips abroad, that he had installed a new and very complicated-looking radio set in his study. Near it on a wall was a loudspeaker, from which, however, she never heard a sound. The set was equipped with a pair of earphones, and Mrs. Rosén decided to check up on the extent to which Wennerström used his curious radio, so when she did her cleaning in the study, she occasionally placed tiny flakes of paint on top of the earphones and then looked to see how often they were disturbed; on the basis of these indications she concluded that Wennerström listened to the radio on certain fixed days of the week. She made similar efforts to find out how much Wennerström was using his photographic apparatus, taking tiny pieces of down from a bird cage and putting them in the eyes of a pair of scissors that were kept near the apparatus. Mrs. Rosén also noticed, in the best Holmes tradition, the curious behavior of two dogs who were a part of the Wennerström household. One day in 1961, she said recently, she met, on a stairway of the Wennerström house, a man she described as "the Russian;" from newspaper pictures she discovered him to be Major General Vitaly Nikolsky, then military attaché at the Soviet Embassy. Mrs. Rosén noticed that "the Russian" seemed to be quite at home in the Wennerström household—so much so that the two Wennerström dogs, who invariably barked at strangers, failed to react to his presence at all.

In the spring of 1963, Mrs. Rosén felt that she had new grounds for suspicion. On April 10th, the Wennerströms gave a cocktail party, and in preparation for it Mrs. Rosén was asked to tidy up the rubbish room so that it could be used as a cloakroom. In doing so, she happened to notice a brown paper bag tucked between the safe and the wall. Looking inside the bag, she found that it contained several wrapped rolls of film. She removed three of these, took them into a nearby room, closed the door, and opened the packages. She could see nothing on the film, and, with some difficulty, she put it back in the containers. She put the rolls back where she had found them, and at the end of the party she noticed that the brown paper bag was gone.

Mrs. Rosén still couldn't bring herself to go to the police with the story of what she had observed. A year or so earlier, she had thought that she might make a telephone call to Torsten Nils-



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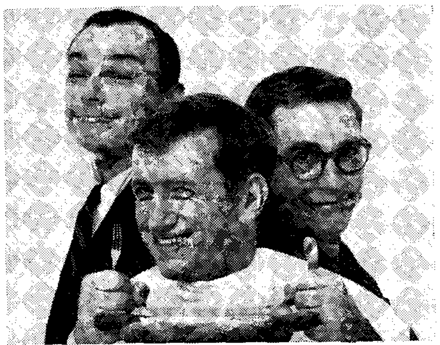

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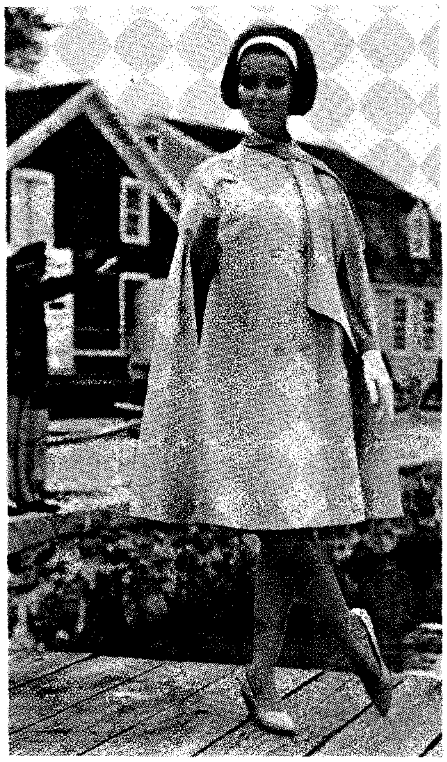

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son, then the Minister of Social Welfare, both because she felt, from what she had heard about him, that he was "a man one could talk to" and because they both "belonged to the same political party"—the Social Democrats. But while she was still considering the idea, Nilsson became Foreign Minister, and after that she didn't dare call him, because he was such an important man. Thus, Nilsson, the Minister for whom Wennerström worked, just missed getting some concrete evidence from the one person who could really have helped with the case. On May 16, 1963, however, two men from the Swedish security police decided to call on Mrs. Rosén at her home. First, they told her how difficult it was, in the light of Swedish law and the principles of democratic justice, for the police to accuse someone suspected of a crime against Sweden without having firm evidence. Then one of the men told Mrs. Rosén that the suspect they had come to ask her about was Colonel Wennerström. Observing Mrs. Rosén's reaction, the agent told her that she didn't seem very surprised. She replied that she wasn't.

On June 19th, Mrs. Rosén, at work in the Wennerströms' attic, noticed that a flower urn she had set down in a bin full of sawdust some days before was resting at a different angle. She rummaged around in the sawdust and found several packets, wrapped in gray paper and sealed with tape, that she felt sure contained film. She quietly went to the telephone and notified the security police. Then, following their instructions, she put two of the packets in her handbag.

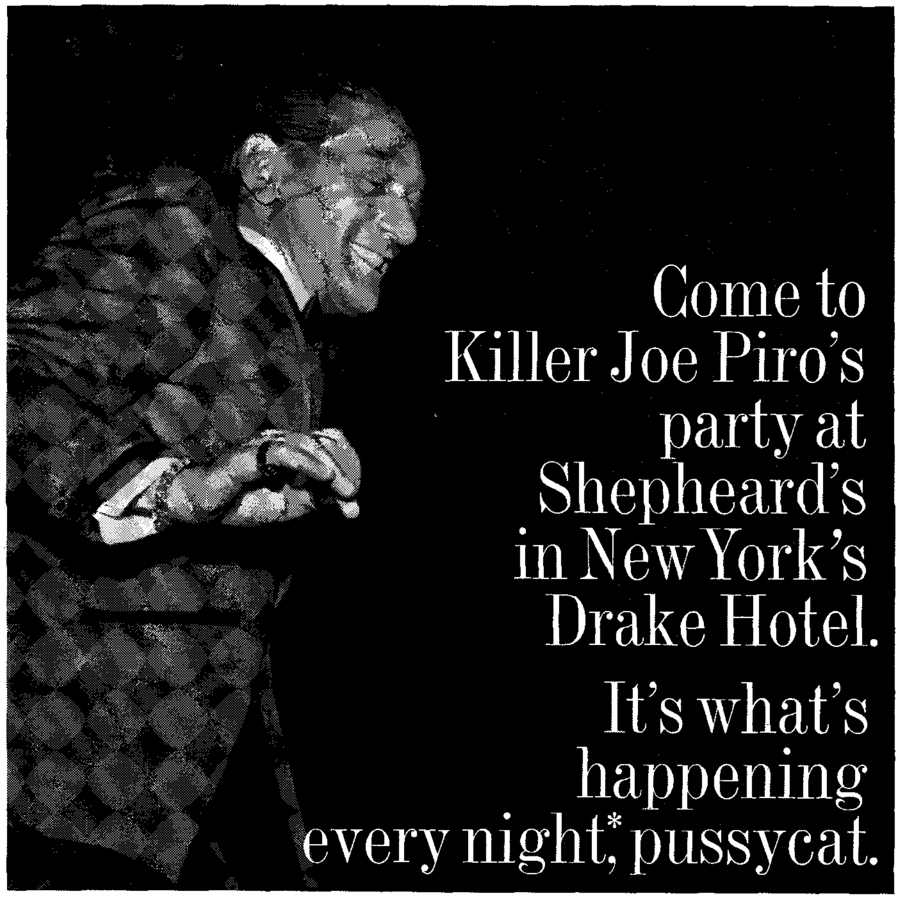
The following morning, Wennerström, on his way to work, parked his car near a government building and started to walk across a bridge called the Riksbron toward the Foreign Office. As he did so, two black cars pulled up and blocked both ends of the bridge. A security-police officer got out of one, approached Wennerström, introduced himself, shook hands, and informed Wennerström that he was under arrest on suspicion of espionage. Wennerström reacted with perfect outward calm. —THOMAS WHITESIDE

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

•

The classic is played entirely in French, but there are very efficient ear-phones and almost simultaneous translations for those, like I, who fought a losing battle with the language.—*John McClain in the Journal-American.*

Which language?



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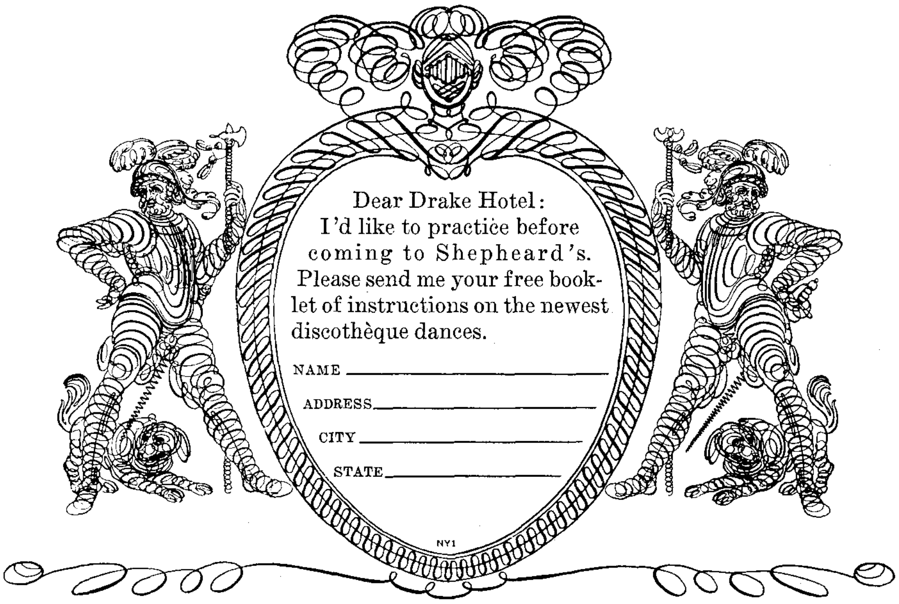

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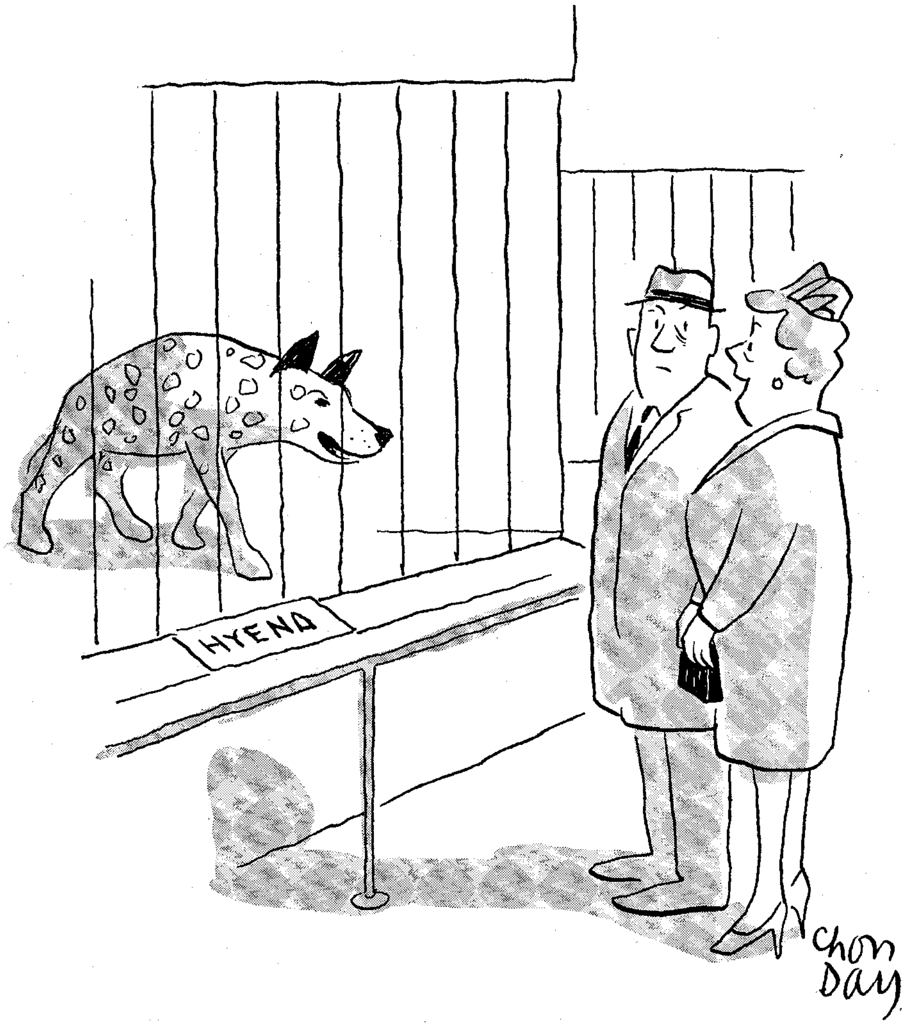
THE THEATRE

SUDSY EPIC

As its fourth, and final, offering of the season, the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center is currently presenting Bertolt Brecht's "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" at the Vivian Beaumont. A kind of protracted soap opera with bubbles of social significance winking about its sentimental core, the play, written twenty-two years ago, affords Jules Irving and the company under his direction all sorts of opportunities to exploit the dramatic possibilities of a typical example of Brecht's so-called Epic Theatre, which aims at arousing an intellectual rather than an emotional response. In the present instance, various methods are employed to galvanize our brain cells, ranging from displays of what the author purports to regard as wasteful aristocratic pageantry (although he plainly enjoys indulging in it) to elementary expositions of his ideas about the class struggle and its consequences. But in the long pull—alas, poor Brecht—"The Caucasian Chalk Circle" boils down to a very simple-minded exercise in which primitive melodrama, for all the attempts of the playwright to dress it up in philosophical finery, strides starkly onstage and reduces the proceedings to old-fashioned hokum.

As is usual with the works of Brecht, this one is derivative. It is based on a Chinese legend, and it tells the tale of a peasant woman in the Caucasus, circa 1200 A.D., who rescues the child of a governor's wife, abandoned during an invasion, and learns to love it as if it were her own in the course of a long flight to safety, during which she faces more perils than Pauline, including the crossing of a shaky footbridge over a precipitous gorge that provides a scene right out of the movies of my youth. Eventually, the invasion having ended, our heroine returns to her home territory, only to be confronted by the governor's spouse, now a widow, who is determined to retrieve her offspring. This results in a trial before a drunken but ingenious peasant who has wangled his way into political office, and he soon solves the problem of the child's custody by placing the little one in a chalk circle and ordering each of the claimants to seize an arm and try to drag him to her side. This, of course, is a variation on Solomon's technique in handling such matters, but Brecht gives the business an ironic twist by having the foster mother release her hold on the child to prevent his dismemberment while the real mother is tugging away. And so the judge finds for the peasant lass, and, needless to say, that makes all the other peasants very happy. To pad out this theme, Brecht has introduced a prologue in which two groups of Russian peasants, presumably descendants of the previous crowd, are arguing about who should have the rights to some acreage in the Caucasus following the Second World War. When the argument has been settled, the peasants are entertained with an enactment of the doings I've outlined above, so they won't forget that he who treats anybody or anything with loving care can claim him or it for his own.

Along with this message, "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" includes onstage music, which isn't very stimulating, and assorted heavy-handed japes, such as one involving an octogenarian couple who want a divorce on the ground that they have never liked each other. It also includes costumes and sets, by James Hart Stearns, that are for the most part effective. Of the actors, many of whom are hard to identify behind the masks that Mr. Stearns has provided to indicate that they are of the upper class, I found Robert Symonds, as the drunken judge, the most persuasive. However, the company as a whole is still, I'm afraid, pretty short on professional competence. Then again, even the most gifted of mummers might have a hard time making "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" compelling.



"He has a sunny disposition, hasn't he?"

"The Best Laid Plans," a comedy about a playwright who liked to live with far-out females in order to get material for his dramas, endured for three performances at the Brooks Atkinson last week. It had a

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couple of funny moments, and Marian Hailey, as one of the playwright's doxies, and Polly Rowles, as her mother, were occasionally amusing. But it was an aimless endeavor, and so it went.

—JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Paper Dolls

LAST week, "Ludlow Fair" and "The Madness of Lady Bright," a brace of one-acters by Lanford Wilson, whose work has had quite some success in the Village cafés Off Off Broadway, opened at Theatre East. The plays are, I'd say, almost worthless—there are no characters, there is no drama—but, of course, the important word here is "almost." Mr. Wilson does display a kind of poise and facility. The first play is about paste-up models of a pair of young women, Pretty Rachel and Plain Agnes, and it consists mostly of an attempt by Plain Agnes to comfort her rabbit-headed roommate—who is in a great state of agitation because she has just had to turn her most recent beau over to the police for theft—by subjecting her to a barrage of wisecracks. At the end, when Pretty Rachel has drifted off to sleep, Agnes breaks down and reveals her loneliness and her misery over her barren social life. The second play is the soliloquy of a paste-up model of an aging homosexual bawd. He does considerable primping and waltzing about as he chirps away in italics, his chatter studded with dressy references to Bach and Mozart. At the end he breaks down and reveals his loneliness and his misery over his barren social life. What is incredible about both plays is their shameless old-fashioned mawkishness. (Anyone dealing in such maudlin fashion with an aging female tart would be laughed out of town.) Their common theme is that beneath this verbal glitter lurks a bleeding heart—a sentiment surely more tersely expressed in such obsolete pop favorites as "Just a Gigolo" and "Laugh, Clown, Laugh!" Human misery rates something more in the way of sympathy than Mr. Wilson's soggy claptrap.

The actors do well. As Plain Agnes, Sasha von Scherler's dry, dead-shot delivery makes her wisecracks, some of which are quite bright anyway, sound perhaps even better than they are. Ann Wedgeworth, as Pretty Rachel, and Cris Alexander, as the scuffed homosexual, manage to be as credible as possible, considering the spurious nature of their assignments.

—EDITH OLIVER

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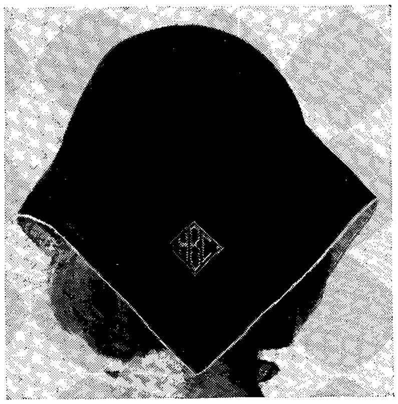

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THE RACE TRACK

You Can't Win 'Em All

NONE of the predictions about the Bay Shore Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday gave anybody an inkling of how it would be run and won. Quinta led nearly all the way to take it, and while the manner of his victory was unexpected, the victory itself was fair and square. We'd seen Impressive gallop his opposition off their feet in the Swift Stakes on opening day, winning by seven lengths from Quinta and six others. What most of us overlooked was that they all carried equal weights. In the Bay Shore, Impressive gave Quinta twelve pounds. He was first out of the gate, but Quinta joined him quickly, and from there on they went head and head all out, doing the quarter in 0:22⅗, the half mile in 0:44⅘, the three-quarters in 1:09, and the seven furlongs in 1:22⅘. In the stretch, both riders began whipping—Knapp, on Impressive, with his right hand, and Blum, on Quinta, with his left—and since horses invariably swerve away from the stick, they bumped several times. Knapp lodged an objection, but it was dismissed. From where I sat, I thought Knapp was first to draw his whip. I also *thought* Impressive tired badly under his impost of 128 pounds. Beaten by three lengths, he barely saved the place by a nose from Buffle. Quinta, a sturdy bay colt by Roman Sword, is owned by R. D. Bokum II, who named him for his five daughters. It was a big day for Bernie Bond, Quinta's trainer; earlier in the afternoon Wide to Right, Old Daddy, and Navy Admiral, all from his stable, ran one, two, three in the Dungannon Handicap at Pimlico.

NOTHING but superlatives will do for the opening of New York's racing season. The start, on March 14th, was the earliest, the attendance was 46,593, and the pari-mutuel handle surpassed expectations and reached $4,088,612. Last Saturday's attendance was 52,102, and the handle was $4,743,786. An innovation was the Australian Automatic Totalisator, replacing the American Totalisator Company's machines, which had been used since 1940, when mutuel betting was introduced. Though the flow of wagers is

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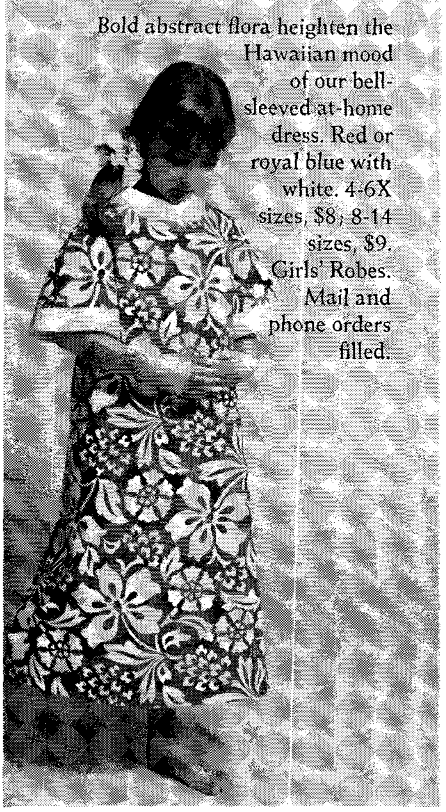

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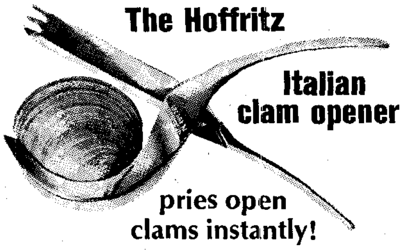

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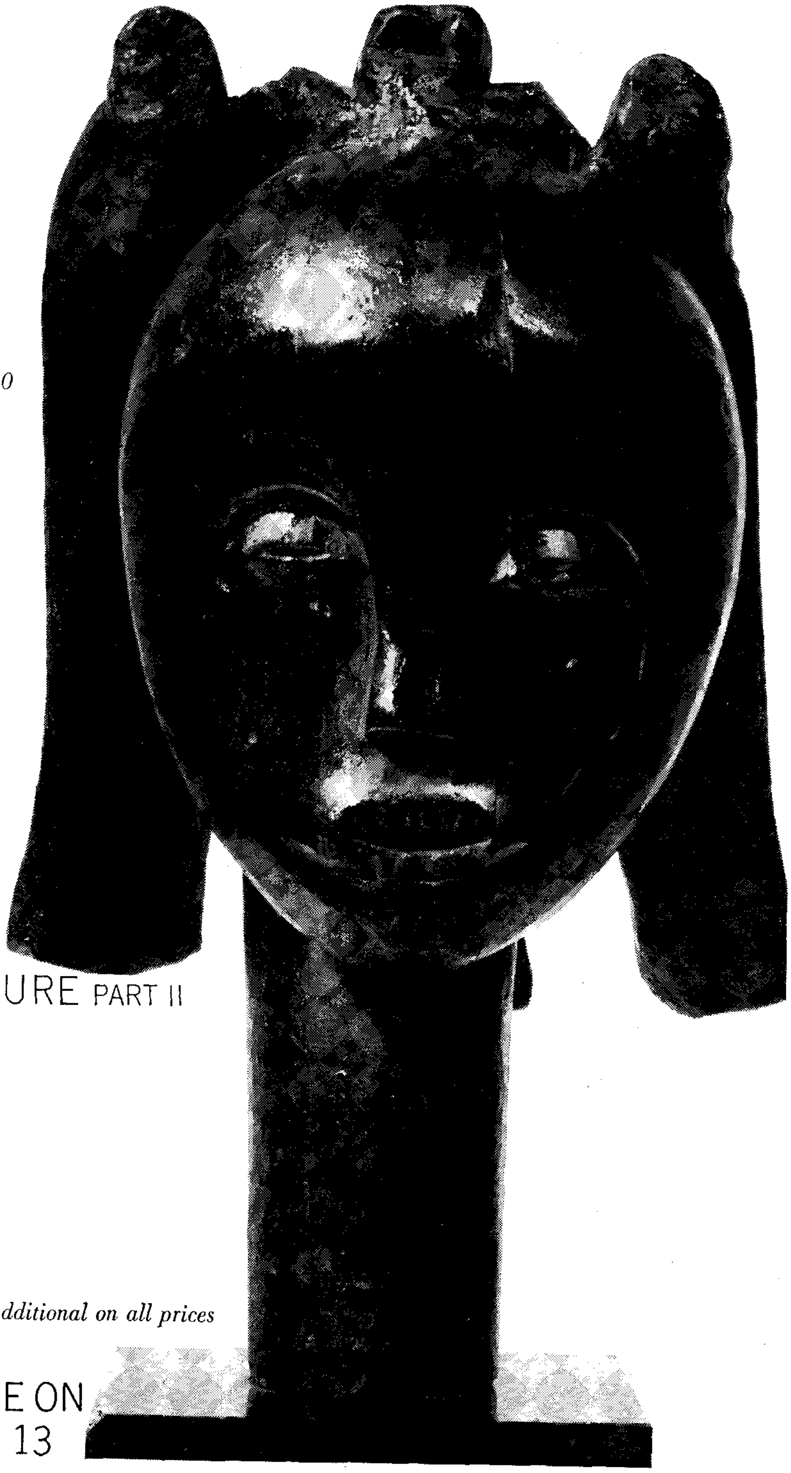

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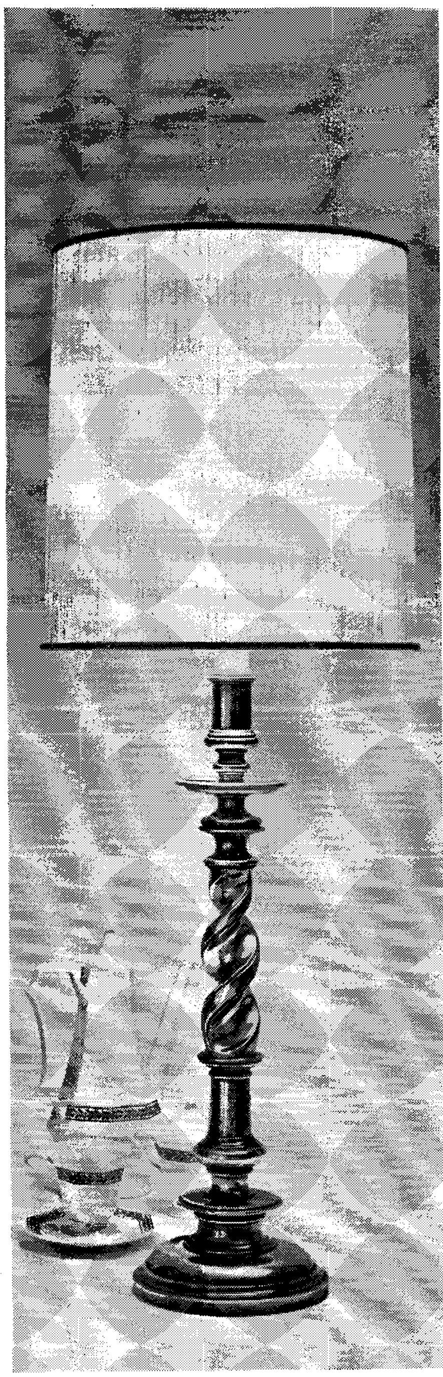

now recorded with electronic speed and the odds boards in the infield are lower than the old ones, permitting spectators to see the runners going down the backstretch, neither the horseplayers nor the ticket-sellers nor the cashiers like the new apparatus. The loudest complaint is about the tickets it issues. All are the same color—you might call it a grayish green. (The old ones were yellow for straight, pink for place, and blue for show.) The paper is thin and soft, and the tickets stick together like new dollar bills. What is more important, the printing on them doesn't catch the eye. It didn't take the sharpers long to see a gimmick in this. They slipped losing tickets into decks of winning ones and, picking the busier cashiers, got paid for the lot.

THOSE brittle three-year-olds! First it was Graustark, heralded as the wonder colt of the year, who, after winning twice at Hialeah, bruised his left hind foot in a workout. But he's back in training, and from all accounts he's going well. (Baeza, his jockey, broke two ribs when he was thrown from his mount at the Big A early last week, but he expects to ride Graustark in the Kentucky Derby on May 7th.) Boldnesian and Saber Mountain, who were one, two in the Santa Anita Derby, will be on the shelf for months. Both came out of the race with the same sort of injury—the fracture of a small bone in the front knee. Then, there's Buckpasser's quarter crack—a fissure in the horn composing the wall of the right front hoof. This isn't always serious. Northern Dancer had one, and after it was patched up he won the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Queen's Plate. And Hirsch Jacobs says he once had a selling-plater with three quarter cracks, each on a different foot, and they didn't keep him from winning. The latest reports on Buckpasser's condition are encouraging, but he won't run in the Florida Derby this weekend.

FOR THE RECORD: First Family skipped nimbly through knee-deep water left by a cloudburst last Saturday, and won the Gulfstream Park Handicap in Florida. Selari was second, Tio Viejo third, and Pia Star last. . . . There were forty-seven starters in the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase, one of England's great races, and it was won by a 50–1 shot named Anglo. Freddie, the favorite, was second, and Forest Prince third. Forty-seven starters! I daresay it would take half the jumpers training in this country to match that. —AUDAX MINOR

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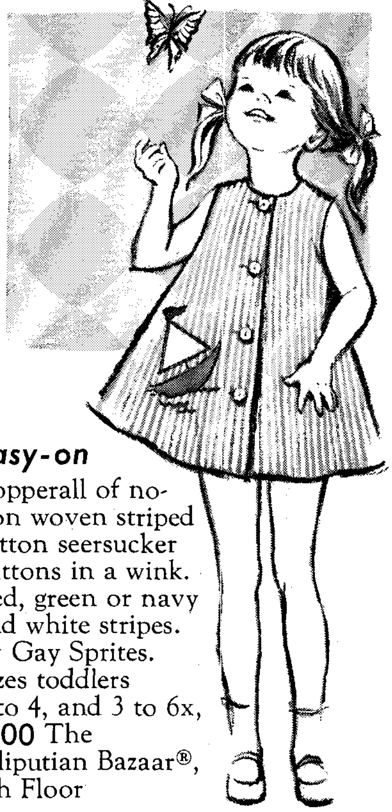

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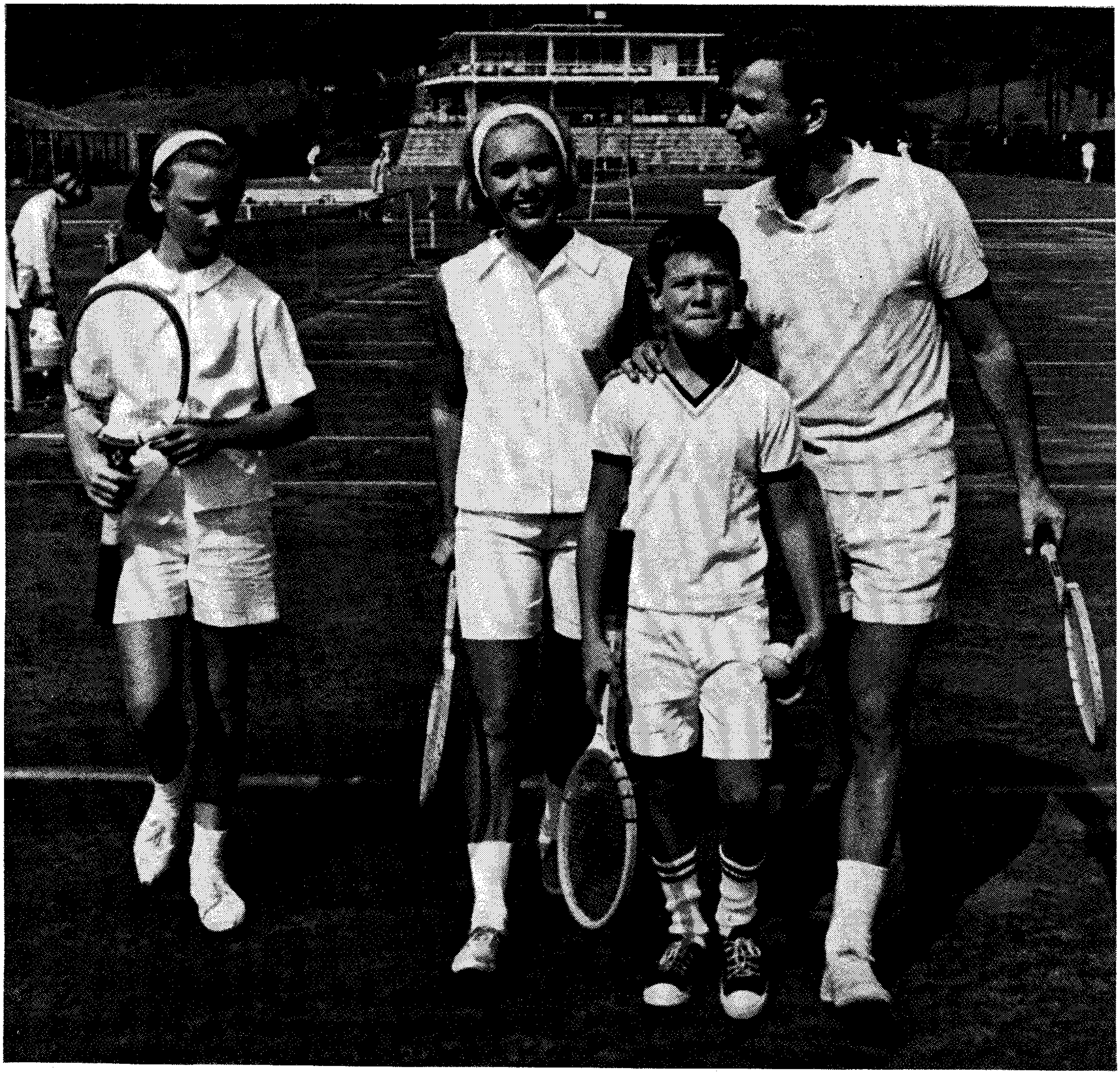

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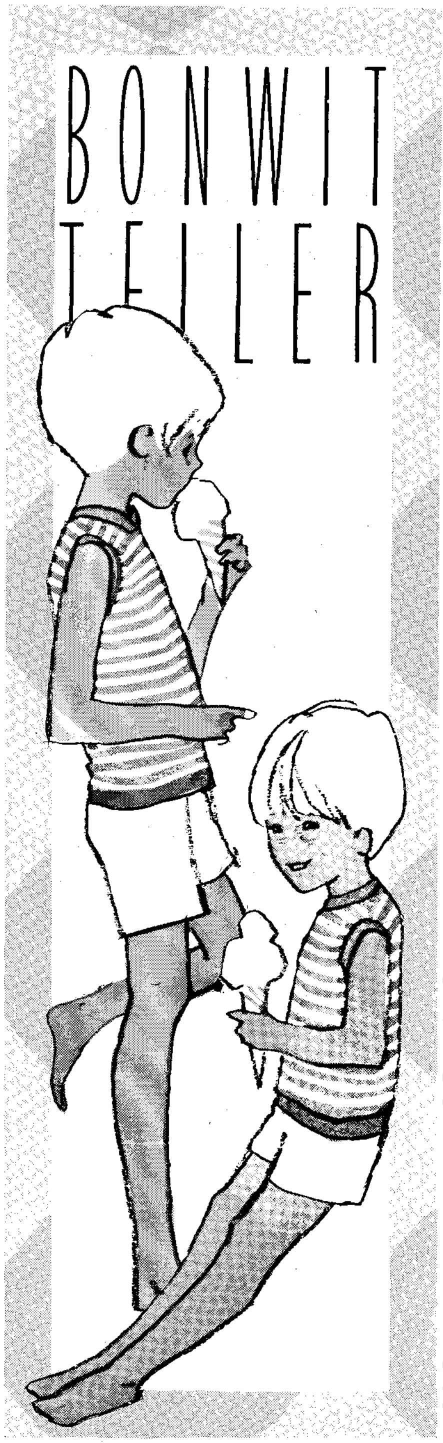

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MANY years ago, on the Fourth of July, 1876, a balloonist made an ascension from the Cincinnati Zoo and took along a baby lion as an added attraction. On that sunny Fourth, my Grandfather Nye, who was a boy then, was swimming with his friends at the Dayton sandbar on the Kentucky side of the Ohio.

"We were swimming naked, of course," my grandfather said once, when we went, as we often did, to his house in town for dinner. "We looked up and saw a huge silver balloon, with ribbons floating around the basket, drifting downward and about to fall in the river. It landed in a foot or two of water at the edge of the bar, and we boys rushed to grab the basket. The aeronaut was half frightened to death and pale as a sheet. The lion jumped out. It was about the size of a large police dog, and as the poor thing started to trot off across the sand I ran after it and caught it. I picked it up and petted it to soothe it. It was quite tame and seemed to enjoy being held in my arms. And that," my grandfather concluded, "is the only time I ever held a lion in my arms."

But years later, in France, he did go up in a balloon. He was preparing "A Bird's-Eye View of France" for the series of lectures he gave all over the Midwest and parts of the South in 1891 and 1892, with "Magnificent Dissolving Stereopticon Views." When his balloon passed over the château of a famous duke, the duke came out on the terrace and called up, "Come down, come down for lunch!" But Grandpa Nye just doffed his hat and sailed on through the wonderful upper regions of the atmosphere.

And years after that, hearing the story, I imagined him up there in the balloon's basket, floating by in his high silk hat and his Prince Albert coat, with a smile on his face and a debonair tilt to his head, looking just as he did in the picture of him taken in 1915 when he was handing the trowel to William Howard Taft to lay the cornerstone of the new Hamilton County Courthouse. The old courthouse had been gutted by fire during the riot of 1884, and Grandpa Nye, who was known in Cincinnati for his devotion to civic causes, had, in 1914, been appointed head of the commission to build the new courthouse. He was in those days the president of the Morgan Burke Company, which bought and sold pig iron and coal and owned a great foundry down

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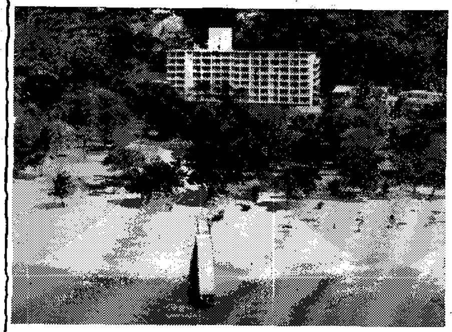

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This April is more than pretty Easter eggs.

Easter and Passover with their promises of rebirth and freedom will be celebrated on television this month. But in a divided world, television also looks at current crises: the spread of nuclear weapons, Red China, and the war in Vietnam.

And April means Spring, too. The Oscars. Income Tax. Baseball and Brubeck.

Even pretty Easter eggs. That's what's so fascinating about television.

Special Programs for the Holy Days

Change My Name to Life
America's help to Jewish refugees and the rebirth of Israel.
Sunday, April 3 (10-11 AM)

Home for Passover
From a Sholem Aleichem story.
Sunday, April 3 (12:30-1 PM)

The Horse and His Rider
Passover drama by Joseph Mindel.
Sunday, April 3 (1-1:30 PM)

The Thunder of Conscience
Peace symposium with international churchmen.
Sunday, April 10 (10-11 AM)

The Easter Angel
A contemporary drama.
Sunday, April 10 (1-1:30 PM)

Music of the Resurrection
From the Holy Family Church.
Sunday, April 10 (2-3 PM)

Other Programs of Special Interest

Vietnam: The Home Front
The public's attitudes toward controversial issues raised by the war.
Friday, April 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Twentieth Century
Integration: Military Style; Jackpot in Libya; The American Draftee; Warsaw Uprising.
Sundays, April 3, 10, 17, 24 (6-6:30 PM)

The Congo: Victim of Independence
The path to nationhood, threatened by crises and power struggles.
Sunday, April 3 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Mary Martin at Eastertime
With the Radio City Music Hall Rockettes, Ballet and Chorus.
Sunday, April 3 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The National Income Tax Test
A quiz on the Federal Internal Revenue Service's annual "event."
Tuesday, April 5 (10-11 PM)

Revolution of the 3 R's
Examines the latest innovations in educational approaches.
Thursday, April 7 (10-11 PM)

A Visit to Washington With Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson
The First Lady serves as guide to national monuments and shrines.
Sunday, April 10 (4-5 PM)

Masters Golf Tournament
From Augusta, Georgia.
Saturday, April 9 (5-6 PM)
Sunday, April 10 (4-5:30 PM)

Sounds of Alienation
The words of Kierkegaard to background of 20th Century jazz.
Sunday, April 17 (10:30-11 AM)

Countdown to Zero
A White Paper on the proliferation of nuclear weapons.
Sunday, April 17 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Oscar Awards
Annual Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences presentation.
Monday, April 18 (10 PM to conclusion)

Testing: Right, Left or Center
Viewers at home define and evaluate their political leanings.
Wednesday, April 20 (10-11 PM)

The Poppy is Also a Flower
Princess Grace, Rita Hayworth, Yul Brynner in play on UN narcotics work.
Friday, April 22 (7:30-9 PM)

The Surprising Middle West
A regional portrait with Dave Brubeck, Vince Lombardi, Tyrone Guthrie.
Monday, April 25 (9-10 PM)

Lamp at Midnight
Jason Robards, Jr. stars in drama based on Galileo's life.
Wednesday, April 27 (7:30-9 PM)

Red China: Year of the Gun?
China's relationship with the West.
Wednesday, April 27 (10-11 PM)

The World of Jacques Yves Cousteau
Shows men living under water for a month, exploring the Red Sea's depths.
Thursday, April 28 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday:
Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays:
CBS Reports

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/The First Look/Exploring/Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions '66/Issues and Answers/Frontiers of Faith/Sports Spectacular/American Sportsman/Sports in Action/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/Vietnam Report/The Twentieth Century/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: Times (NYT), programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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the river, as well as mines and little blast furnaces with names like the Princess, the Bessie, all over the South. Taft, who had finished his term as the twenty-seventh President and hadn't yet been appointed to his seat as Chief Justice, wore a bowler and had a genial expression, with his white walrus mustache and a rose in his buttonhole; he was very wide—he took up two-thirds of the picture, and Grandpa Nye, who was tall and thin, stood sidewise.

In that picture, which hung among many other old photographs in the upstairs hall of my grandfather's house, my grandfather looked so much like my father I would have thought it was my father in the picture except that he wasn't wearing my father's silver-rimmed glasses.

When I remarked the uncanny resemblance, my mother said, "It's the charm. The Nyes—they all have it."

She touched my father's back and he, pleased, recalled the time when he was little and Taft was President and the President came to dinner. "Papa said to me, 'Morgan, will you speak to the President?' I spoke to the President," my father said. "He ate voluminously, but very neatly."

NEXT to the picture of Grandpa Nye and William Howard Taft hung the picture that puzzled me. For years I stared at it absently, wondering who the people were. Five women and one man and a boy were all on camelback in the desert. Behind them loomed a sphinx and a pyramid. The women were sitting sidesaddle in their long skirts and their huge puffed sleeves; their shoes were just peeking out from under their skirts. The boy was twelve or thirteen and he had large eyes. The man wore a big, dark, old-fashioned mustache and a very big white desert hat.

One evening, my father came upon me looking at that picture and he told me it was taken on the famous trip when Uncle George, my father's great-uncle George DeGolyer, went around the world with the five DeGolyer sisters—my father's grandmother and his great-aunts Eda, Belle, Kate, and Jenny—and Uncle Andrew. "That was in 1892 and '93, the year after your Great-Grandfather Joab Nye's death," my father said. "Your great-grandmother, Vanessa DeGolyer, had been left a widow, and then that same summer their house on College Hill was struck by lightning and burned to the ground."

I always knew how my great-grandfather had died—but only later did I

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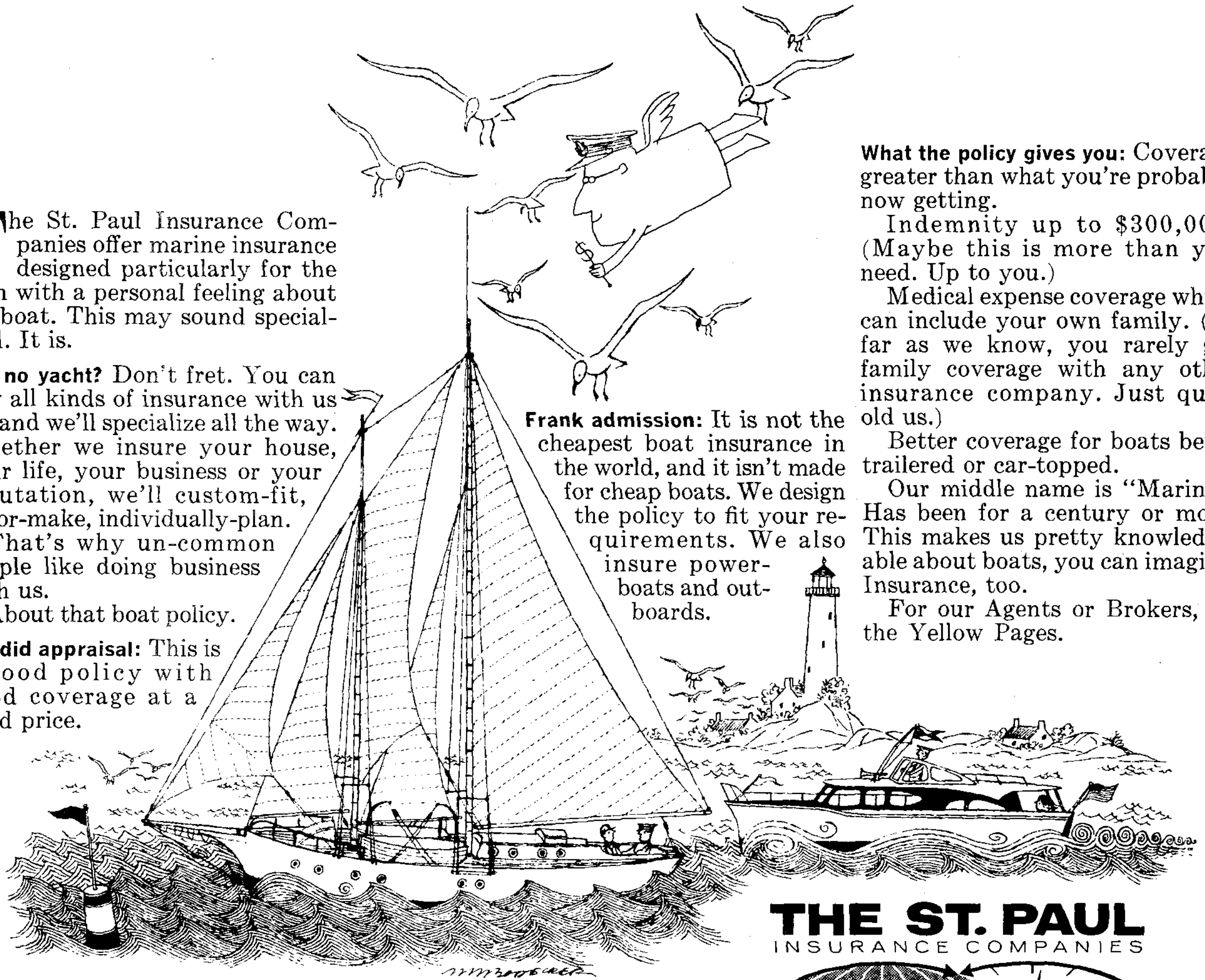

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read what Grandpa Nye wrote of him in the Nye Family Record: "Though my father became a successful man of business, he retained his scholarly quiet ways. He read Latin and Greek at sight and he spoke French fluently. He graduated from McGill in the year 1861, the valedictorian of his class, and after he and Mother were married he taught Latin at McGill. He was a fine teacher. In May of 1872, we removed to Cincinnati, and Father joined the firm of Queen City Carriages, of which he was treasurer at the time of his death. We lived in College Hill and Father rode to and from the city on the old narrow-gauge railway. He always carried a book, for he was an omnivorous reader. On the second of July, 1892, he had with him Hardy's 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.' He was down at the Gest Street Station of the old C. H. & D., waiting for the train on which he was accustomed to ride home in the evening, and, absorbed in reading 'Tess,' he started across the tracks, as was his wont. He did not hear the switch engine that bore down on him, though they said they rang and rang the bell. He died without regaining consciousness two hours later at the Cincinnati Hospital, where the ambulance had taken him.

"His death came to us not only as a shock but as a profound sorrow. He was a lovable man, devoted to my mother and to his children, and we all grieved for him. To this day, I mourn him and feel that his death, in his fifty-fifth year, was a calamity. Life for him was so full and he enjoyed it so much that I could never dismiss the feeling that in some way he had missed the years that would have been the sweetest to him. As I write this, I am many years older than he was when he died, yet I always think of him as much older than I am or older than I could be; that is, years have not changed the relation of parent and child.

"After my father's death, the commodious new residence he had built was struck by lightning, which set fire to the roof, and the whole house was destroyed. All the furniture, the books, and the bric-a-brac were consumed. There were the accumulations of many years, and the clothing, too, was destroyed, so my mother was left with only the clothes on her back. After Father's death, Uncle George and Aunt Jenny had taken over the house, and Mother lived with them. The destruction of the house made them all so unhappy that they determined not to attempt to rebuild or to keep house

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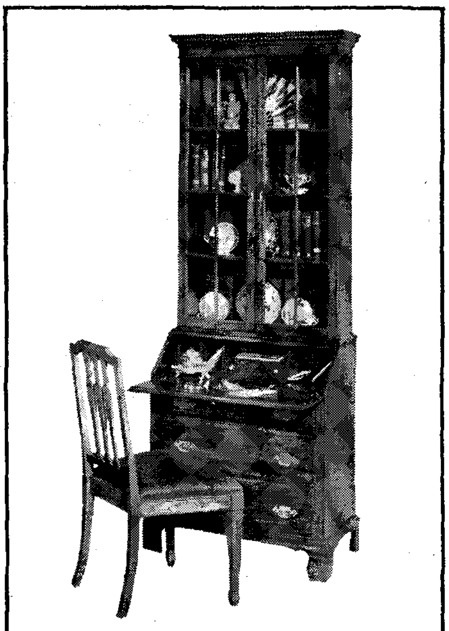
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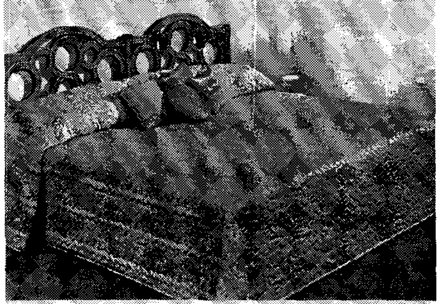
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again. They took a trip around the world, and were gone for more than a year."

"Yes," my father said, coming closer to scrutinize the picture, "this was probably taken early in the year 1893 on that famous trip." Then he tried to figure out for me which of his great-aunts was which. He mumbled. "No, no, this one must be Eda," he said, pointing. "She was the one who always smelled of perfumes and powders. She was John Randall's grandmother." He mumbled again. "No, *this* is Belle," he said. "She was the one with the thick ankles." (I couldn't see her ankles in the picture.) "This one is Kate. I despised her. De*spised* her. She was an artist, you know. She had a studio in the old Chelsea building in New York. She didn't like people. She had a harsh female voice. And she married *no one.* I refused to go to her funeral."

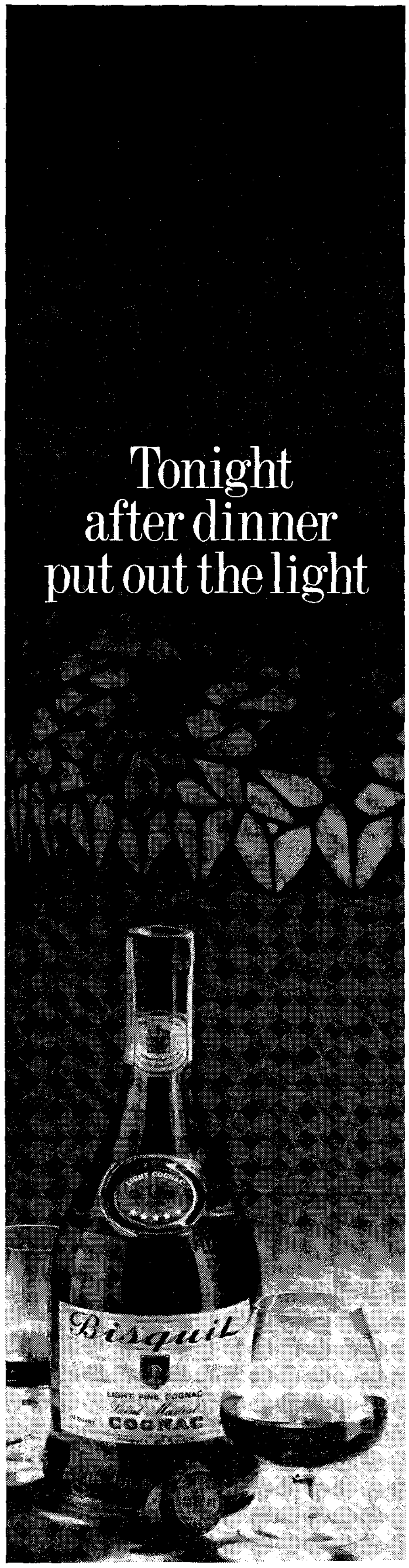
He paused, and then he said, smiling, "Now, this is Aunt Jenny. She and Uncle George were husband and wife, and they were also first cousins, you know. When they were children, they always said they were going to get married. I suppose everyone just thought it was charming. Certainly no one took it seriously. Then one day when they were sixteen they went off together down the road until they came to a justice of the peace. It was much easier to get married in those days. They came back home for supper and announced that they were married, and that was that. In later years . . ."

"What?" I asked.

"In later years, Uncle George had a . . . a sweetheart, and Aunt Jenny was exceedingly jealous. Ex*ceed*ingly jealous," my father said, smiling to himself. "Now, this is my grandmother, Vanessa. She was a wonderful woman, wonderful. She loved people. She fought for women's rights in the days when women didn't do such things. She corresponded with Lucy Stone. She was responsible, you know, for having the 'NO SPITTING' signs installed in the streetcars of Cincinnati. Once, she was ridiculed in the papers for appearing before the City Council to demand playgrounds for the city's children. The headlines said she said, 'SANDPILES CURE BOWLEGS.' And this," my father said gently, pointing to the boy, "is Uncle Andrew. Do you remember him?"

"Oh, Daddy, of course. I loved him so much," I said.

"Uncle Andrew was nearly twenty years younger than his oldest brother, Grandpa Nye, and he always seemed



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to be one of the children with us. One time, I sat next to him at dinner at Grandpa Nye's and I told him something disgusting to try to make him unable to eat. And he told me back something five times as disgusting, about a cow he ate in Arizona, that I've never been able to forget."

Uncle Andrew had a big square face and was pale, and he had very big, very pale-blue eyes that looked innocent and startled, and a high wide bumpy forehead, and very curly brown hair cut short and brushed back. His voice was hoarse and it had sadness in it, because, I thought, his wife whom he loved so much had died. Her name was Francie. She was a Florodora girl when he met her in New York. He was studying mining engineering at Columbia. He was on the football team in 1902. After they were married he brought her home to Grandpa Nye's. The family disapproved because she was a dancing girl. Daddy said all the family gathered in the library to meet her, and once he looked over and saw her standing alone near a window. As he watched, a tear rolled down her cheek. Daddy hated the family for making Aunt Francie feel that way. She was the most delicate, the most beautiful creature in all the world—so frail and so lovely—and she went with Uncle Andrew in a dugout through the jungles of Guatemala, when he was working for the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, looking for gold. And later she went with him to India. His job was to set up a great pig-iron blast furnace whose dismantling he had overseen in Batelle, Alabama, where it had been built but never used. Uncle Andrew marked and plotted the bricks and the steel, blueprinted the furnace piece by piece, and shipped it on a huge freighter to the Tata Iron Works, near Calcutta, and there he rebuilt it.

But in India Aunt Francie died. She was only thirty-one. Uncle Andrew wandered grieving through Tibet and China, and when, after many years, he came home, he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a small object, which he held in his palm. "Morgan," he said to my father, "look at this!" It was a soybean. Uncle Andrew explained its significance. "That would have been about 1924," my father told me, "and the soybean was relatively unknown here, though it had been grown in China since before written history and was one of the five sacred grains considered essential to the existence of Chinese civilization."

Later, Uncle Andrew married again, but he never stopped grieving for his beautiful Francie who died when she was still so young. He practiced yoga in his back yard in College Hill. And then one morning in 1937 he woke up and put his feet out of bed and died. "Like that!" my father said, snapping his finger and thumb.

"He was the replica of his father," my father said. "Your Great-Grandfather Joab Nye, who was killed, you know, while he was reading 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.' " Suddenly my father was trembling with anger. "Don't let anyone ever tell you it was not . . ."

"Not what?" I said.

"Not an accident," he said. His lips were twitching with fury.

Often in my mind, I saw him, my great-grandfather, Joab Nye, tall and gentle and lovable, reading, his blue eyes far off and deep in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," walking the Yorkshire hills he'd left when he was three, as he crossed the tracks amid the heat and city sounds of a July evening in the Queen City of the West and looked up (his blue eyes Uncle Andrew's eyes), startled, in the moment he was taken from his book and killed. —HANNAH GREEN

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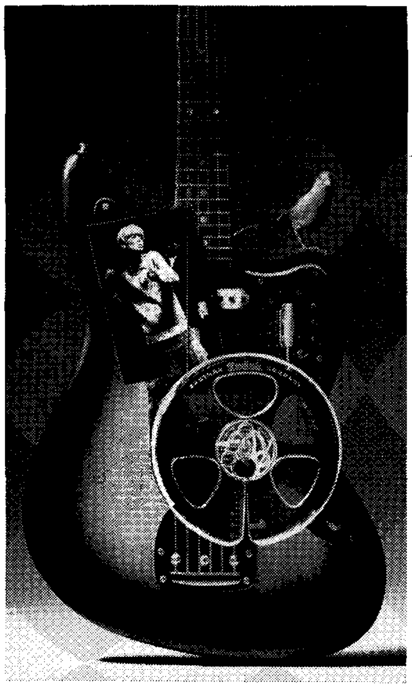
and stoops, his bell rapid-firing,
the sun spinning in his spokes like a flame.

But he is growing older. His feet
overshoot the pedals. His teeth set
too hard against the jolts, and I am afraid
that what I've kept from him is what
tightens his fingers on the rubber grips
and drives him again and again on the same block.
—C. K. WILLIAMS



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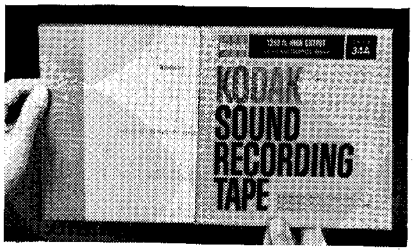

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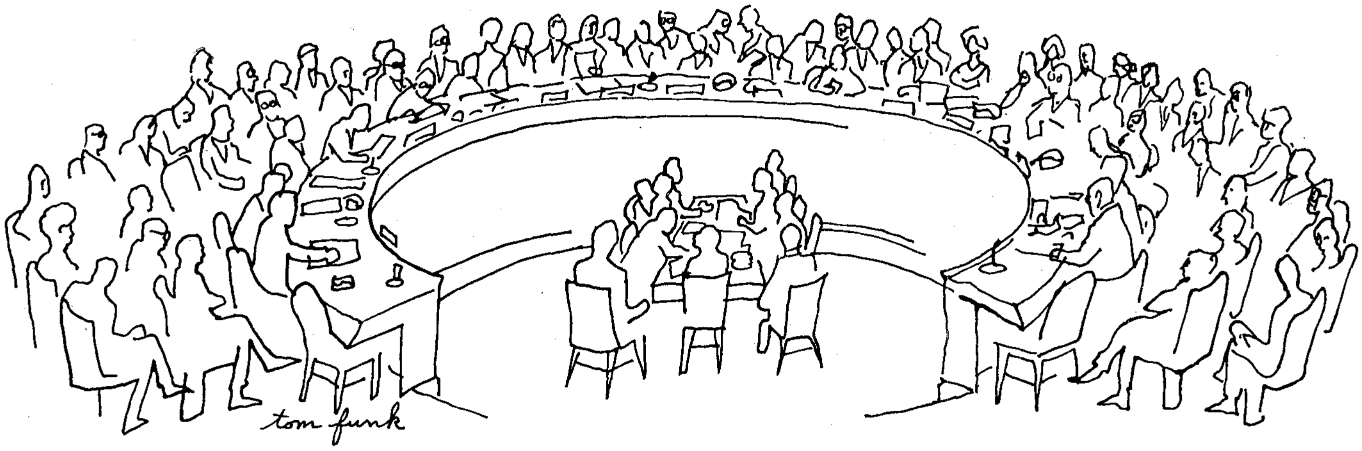
A REPORTER AT LARGE

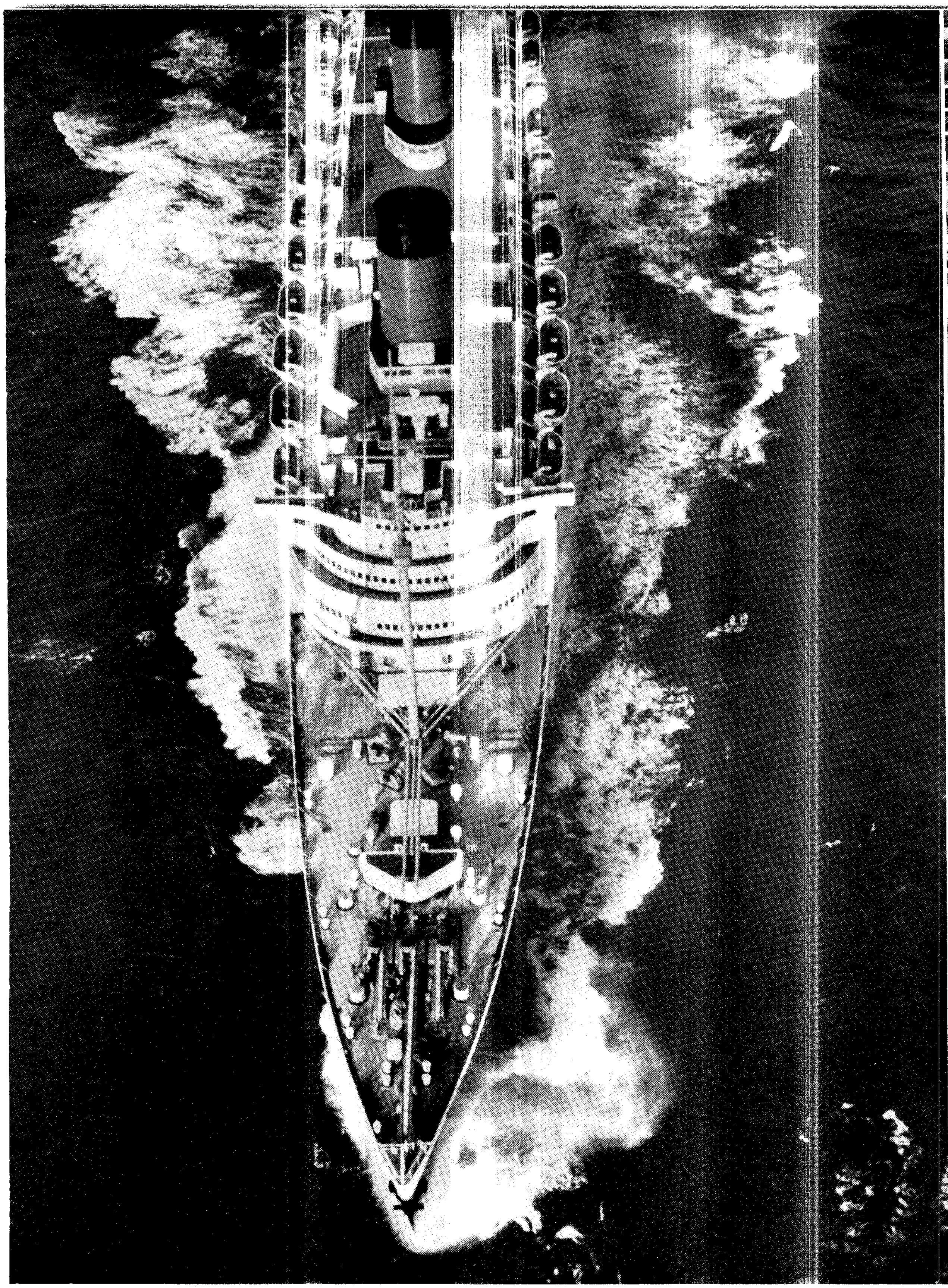
THE SKIN GAME



"YOU will notice that the diplomats never really argue about democracy and Communism anymore—they argue about which race to offend," a young Nigerian reporter remarked to me one day during the long debate on the Rhodesian crisis that took place in the United Nations Security Council late last fall. "They are caught up in the birth throes of a new, racial balance of power, and they are all beginning to react to events—to any event—in terms of race. Right now, for example, the Council is arguing about whether to be black or white on this Rhodesian affair. Russia is going to be black, and Nationalist China white. France is going to abstain—no matter what her formal reasons are—simply because she cannot decide which color, on this particular issue, it is to her advantage to be."

For the purposes of the Security Council, a Rhodesian crisis existed as of 1:15 P.M. on Thursday, November 11, 1965, when Prime Minister Ian Smith went on the radio in Salisbury, his capital, and announced that Rhodesia was no longer a British colony. His declaration was eloquent and, to many Americans who heard it, disturbingly familiar. Later in the day, Mr. Smith modestly admitted to having cribbed large chunks of the American Declaration of Independence in composing his own. He said that the example of 1776 had inspired and encouraged him. "The radio revolution," as it was soon called, came as a surprise to no one, in or out of the U.N. In the seventy-five years since Cecil Rhodes and his improvised police force put down the armies of Chief Lobengula, the king of the ruling Matabele tribe, Rhodesia's white settlers have run the land pretty much as they saw fit, and the black natives have been systematically pressed onto outlying reserves—or "colonized," as Rhodes liked to put it—in order to make room for the white farmers who appropriated more and more of the arable land. In 1922, the settlers were offered a choice between incorporation into the Union of South Africa and "responsible" self-government. There was an all-white referendum, and in 1923 Rhodesia, then called Southern Rhodesia, became the first "self-governing" colony in the United Kingdom. Britain left the Rhodesian settlers almost entirely alone after that, and over the years white power in Rhodesia survived the black nationalism that swept through Africa to the north. It was even unshaken by ten years of federation with Zambia and Malawi, two bordering colonies that became independent states, with black majority rule, in 1964. Great Britain had called a conference of both white and black Rhodesian leaders in 1961 to draft a new constitution that, theoretically, would open the so-called "white" electoral roll to any "qualified" African. Although at the time practically no African could meet the necessary economic and educational qualifications, white Rhodesians were alarmed, and they quickly voted Mr. Smith's party, the Rhodesian Front, into power. Mr. Smith spoke quite frankly in those days about his determination to maintain white supremacy in Rhodesia, a country of four million black Africans and two hundred and twenty thousand whites. By 1965, he had taken firm control of the Army and the police and put all the influential native leaders in restriction camps. It was clearly just a matter of time before Mr. Smith would carry out his threats to make a unilateral declaration of independence—or, as the Rhodesians called it, U.D.I.

The propaganda value of a first move is well understood at the United Nations, and within a few hours after U.D.I. was declared, Lord Caradon, the British Ambassador to the U.N., had submitted his government's formal request for an emergency meeting of the Security Council; Michael Stewart, the British Foreign Secretary, was making arrangements to fly to New York; and Prime Minister Wilson was bracing the House of Commons for the embarrassments of a long and bitter U.N. debate. The African delegations were furious. There are thirty-six African states in the U.N. (this does not include the Union of South Africa, which the Africans say is European), and all thirty-six of them were working on their own joint summons to the Council when Lord Caradon's letter went on record as U.N. Document S/6896 and the news that the Council would meet at the urgent request of the British was released to the press. The Africans demanded that the Council convene immediately, but the meeting was postponed, at Lord Caradon's request, until Mr. Stewart's arrival. The Africans thereupon went to the Trusteeship Committee of the General Assembly with a resolution condemning U.D.I. and calling on the British "to take all the necessary steps to put an end to the rebellion by the unlawful authorities in Salisbury." The Committee quickly approved this resolution and then submitted it to the Assembly, where Nikolai Fedorenko, the Soviet Ambassador, revealed that U.D.I. was part of a Western conspiracy to keep the southern half of Africa white. The General Assembly



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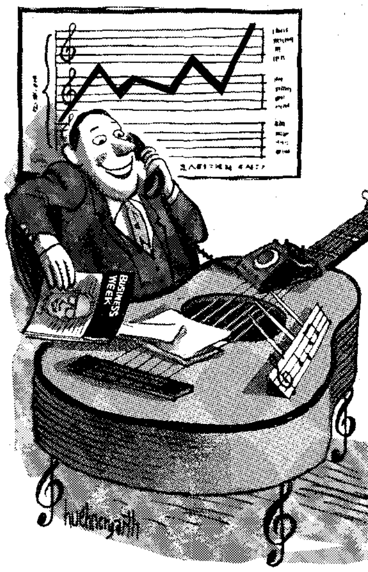

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adopted the resolution that afternoon by a vote of 102 to 2. "We consider the vote unanimous," one of the African delegates said later in the day. "Portugal and South Africa *always* vote 'no.' Nobody bothers to count them anymore." Still, as everyone knew, the only significant voting would take place in the Security Council, which alone has the authority, if not always the will, to take decisive action.

The Security Council meets in a large, unlovely dark-blue auditorium, with rows of seats that climb toward the top of the back wall. There is a wide horseshoe conference table on the floor, and behind the table there is an enormous mural, which depicts the horrors of war and the blessings of peace and is regarded as an atrocious distraction by most of the delegates. On either side of the mural there are two huge windows, but they are perpetually hidden behind dark, heavy draperies that blend into the walls. (Ambassador Stevenson once claimed to have overheard a U.N. guide tell a tour group, "The curtains are closed so the diplomats will pay attention to each other's speeches and not sit there staring out the window at the view.") These draperies and the harsh yellow electric light that floods the room give all Council meetings a critical, middle-of-the-night atmosphere. Once inside the room, diplomats who have just been chatting amiably over drinks in the Delegates' Lounge are apt to become grave, churlish, or dramatically weary.

"This place creates a crisis psychology," a young diplomat who has witnessed innumerable Council crises over the past few years told me the morning after U.D.I., a few minutes before the debate was to begin. He was leaning against the rail that separates the press section from the floor of the Council, and over his shoulder I could see U Thant sitting at the center of the table, to the right of Ortiz Sanz, the Bolivian Ambassador, who was the Council's president for that month. (The presidency rotates among the Council members.) The Secretary-General was poring over a stack of communiqués on the table in front of him; occasionally he would pass one of them on to Ambassador Sanz, and then the two men would put their heads together and whisper rapidly. The Secretary-General's implacable, Buddhist calm is something of a legend at the United Nations ("He's the only completely attentive man I've ever known," my U.N. acquaintance once told me. "He can sit through these ses-

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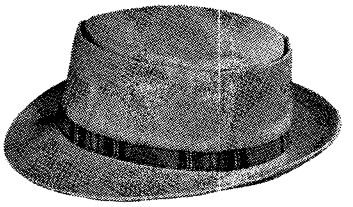

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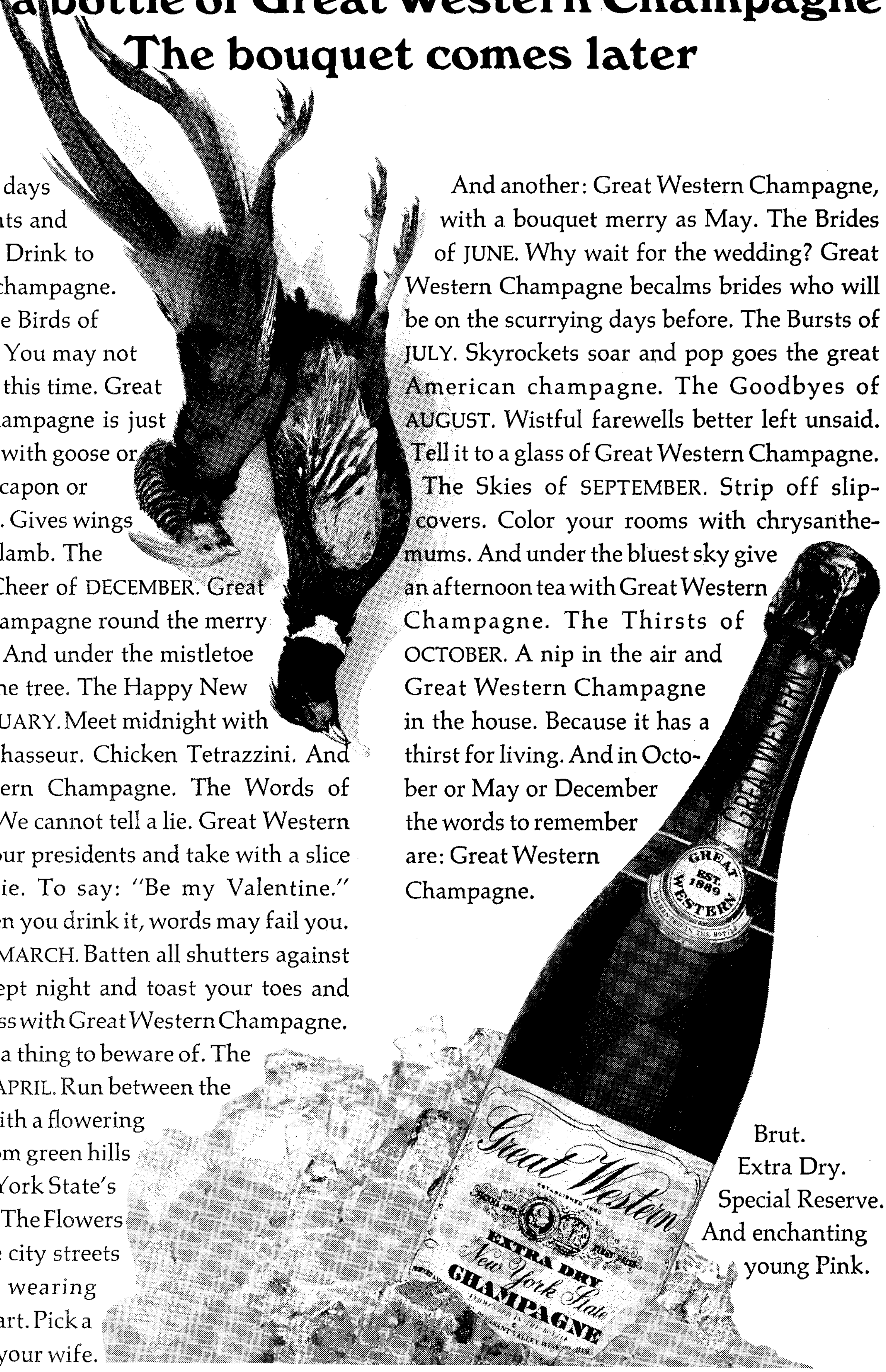

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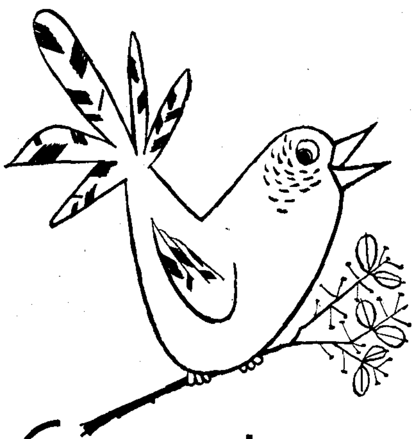

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sions hour after hour without moving a muscle and with that same absolutely impartial nonexpression on his face while everyone else is reduced to doodling or sleeping"), but this morning he looked harried and sad. Around the table to the right of the Secretary-General sat Michael Stewart, a man with shiny gray hair, a jutting jaw, and fair English skin that seems scrubbed into a perpetual blush; he was brooding over the text of his speech while seven or eight news photographers zeroed in on him, furiously snapping pictures. Arthur Goldberg, the American Ambassador, was stalking the floor behind the table, waving his round, black-rimmed glasses at the delegates as they arrived and motioning them over to the front wall for quick, agitated consultations. Ambassador Fedorenko, who was puffing languidly on a cigar, sat back with an amused look on his face and watched Ambassador Goldberg stalk around. Across the table from Ambassador Fedorenko I could see Ambassador Arsène Usher, from the Ivory Coast—the one African representative on the Council at the time. A gentleman of extraordinary girth, he stood solemnly receiving the African delegates who had come to take part in the debate. These Africans hurried back and forth between Ambassador Usher and two rows of seats directly below the press gallery that are reserved for speakers who are not members of the Council. Many of the Africans were young and seemed considerably keyed up over the prospect of a showdown with the British within the next few hours.

"Here they all are," my U.N. acquaintance said, with a broad backward glance, "ready to argue for days as if their speeches and their resolutions were going to change everything, and yet every man in this room knows just how far every other man's government is prepared to go in this Rhodesian affair. They even know how this debate will end. They could plot it out for you right now. Britain's going to argue for economic sanctions against Smith, the Africans will argue for the use of force, and then, in the end, sanctions will win, with maybe an oil embargo thrown in. Now, the Africans know damn well that Wilson hasn't the faintest intention of sending troops to Rhodesia. His people wouldn't stand for it—Englishman against Englishman, kith against kin, that sort of thing. Wilson was saying 'No troops' even before the takeover. He said it when he came back from Salisbury last week, and he said it again yesterday, in Commons. The

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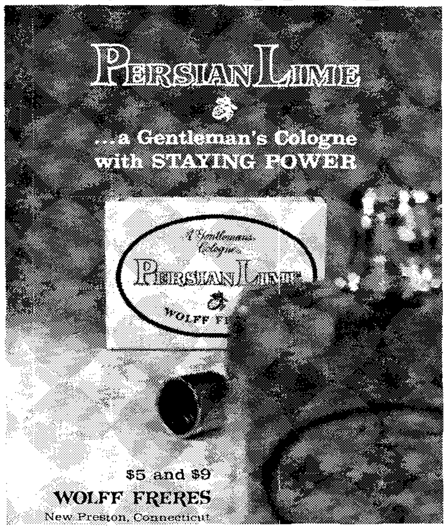

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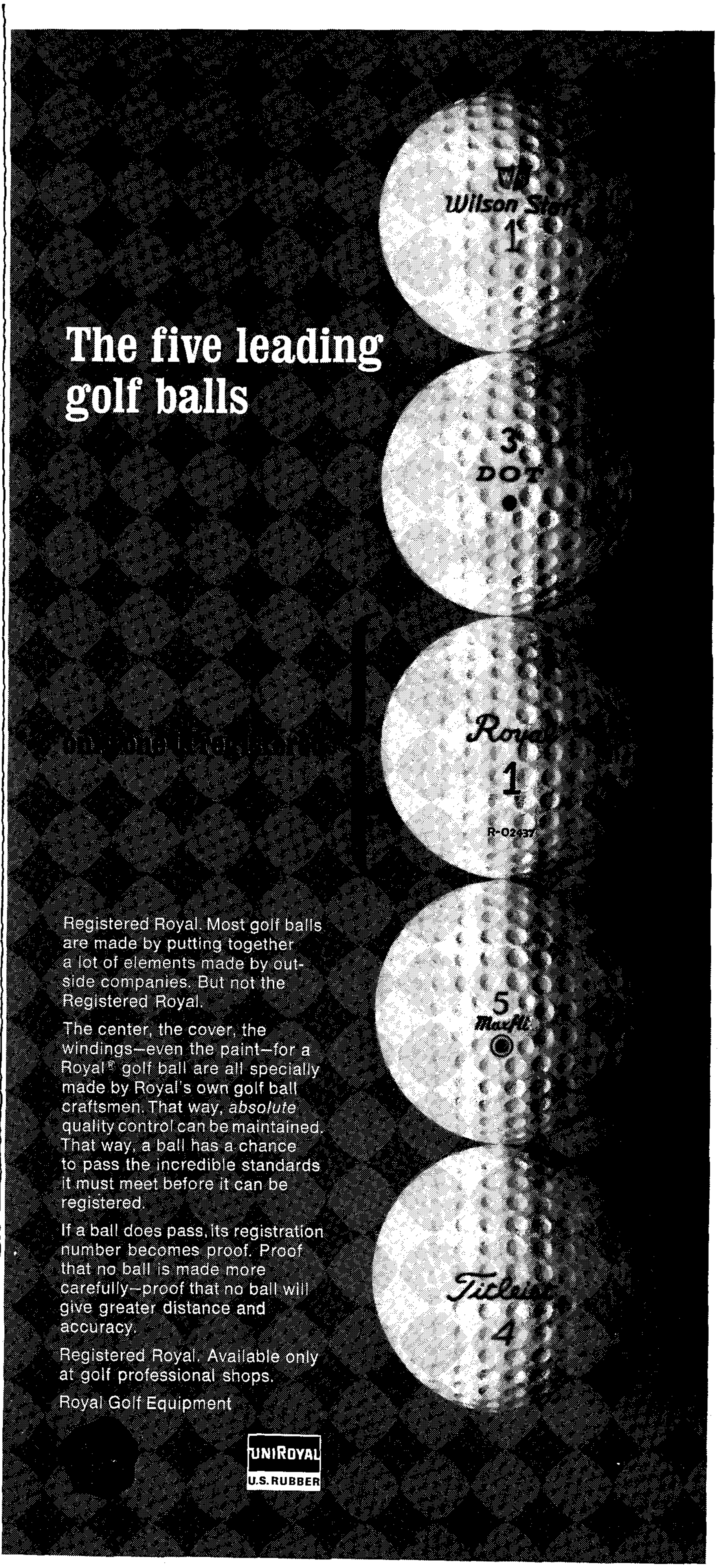
For the Africans, the very presence of a British Foreign Secretary at the Council table with a resolution on Rhodesia in his hands was something of a bitter victory. The U.N. Charter, which was written in 1945 with many allusions to "enemy states" and "non-self-governing territories," makes no specific reference to that curious political construct, the self-governing colony; the Africans have been trying to talk the U.N. into facing up to the omission and the British have been trying to talk the U.N. *out* of facing up to it ever since their arguments about Rhodesia began, six years ago. The African states took up the question of Rhodesia in the Assembly once in 1960 and twice in 1962, and then, in September of 1963, when Rhodesia's federation with Zambia and Malawi collapsed and Great Britain transferred its command of the Rhodesian Army to the Salisbury government, Ghana brought the matter to the Security Council for debate. England objected to these debates, and to the resolutions advocating Rhodesian majority rule that came out of the Assembly, on the ground that Rhodesia was outside the competence of the U.N.—"competence" being the Charter word for "authority." Sir Patrick Dean, who was England's Ambassador to the U.N. at the time, argued that although Rhodesia was neither "sovereign" nor "independent," it *was* "autonomous," and that neither the United Kingdom nor the United Nations had any authority under the Charter to interfere in the affairs of an autonomous state except in the event of a threat to the



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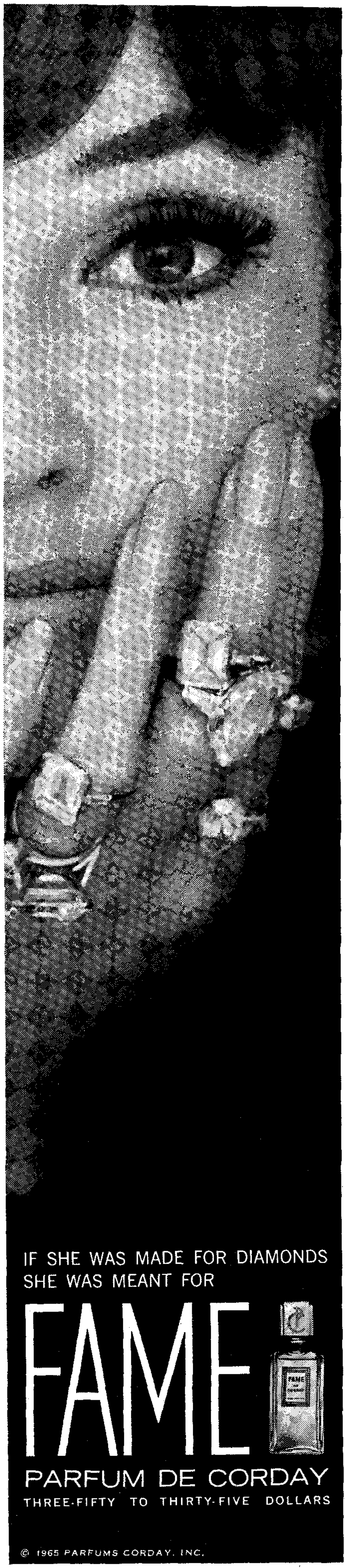
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peace. Citing Chapter I, Article 2, Paragraph 7, of the Charter, which states, *in part*, "Nothing contained in the present Charter shall authorize the United Nations to intervene in matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state or shall require the Members to submit such matters to settlement under the present Charter," Sir Patrick voted against the Assembly's majority-rule resolutions and vetoed a Ghanaian resolution to the same effect in the Council. Parties to a U.N. dispute will cite their Charter, chapter and verse, to prove their various arguments, justify even their most questionable demands, and equate their national interests with some sort of incontestable international principle, and the Africans were no exception. They maintained that there was no such thing as a self-governing colony—that, in fact, "self-governing colony" was a contradiction in terms—and their argument placed Rhodesia within the competence of the organization under Chapter XI, Article 73, of the Charter, the "Declaration Regarding Non-Self-Governing Territories."

Mr. Stewart, who was well aware that the Africans were about to get rhetorical revenge, if little else, wore the valiantly pained look of an Englishman expecting unpleasantness. To justify *any* kind of U.N. action against the Smith regime, he would be obliged, in a few sentences, to convert self-governing Rhodesia into a non-self-governing colony, without conceding any inconsistency in the British position. "A group of persons who were until recently the Government of Southern Rhodesia have purported to make a declaration that Southern Rhodesia is independent of Britain," Mr. Stewart began. "The British government regards this as illegal and invalid, since only the British Parliament has the right and authority to accord independence to Southern Rhodesia. . . . Now that this illegal declaration has been made, the only lawful government of Southern Rhodesia is the government of the United Kingdom." Mr. Stewart went on to outline the financial and economic sanctions against the Smith regime, including a freeze of Rhodesian foreign-currency reserves and a ban on Rhodesian sugar and tobacco, that were already in effect in Britain. Then he said, "Look round the world today and see in how many places violence and armed conflict rage, conflict which is most cruel in its effects, most reckless of the lives and happiness of human beings, and which despite this makes not even the shadow of a con-

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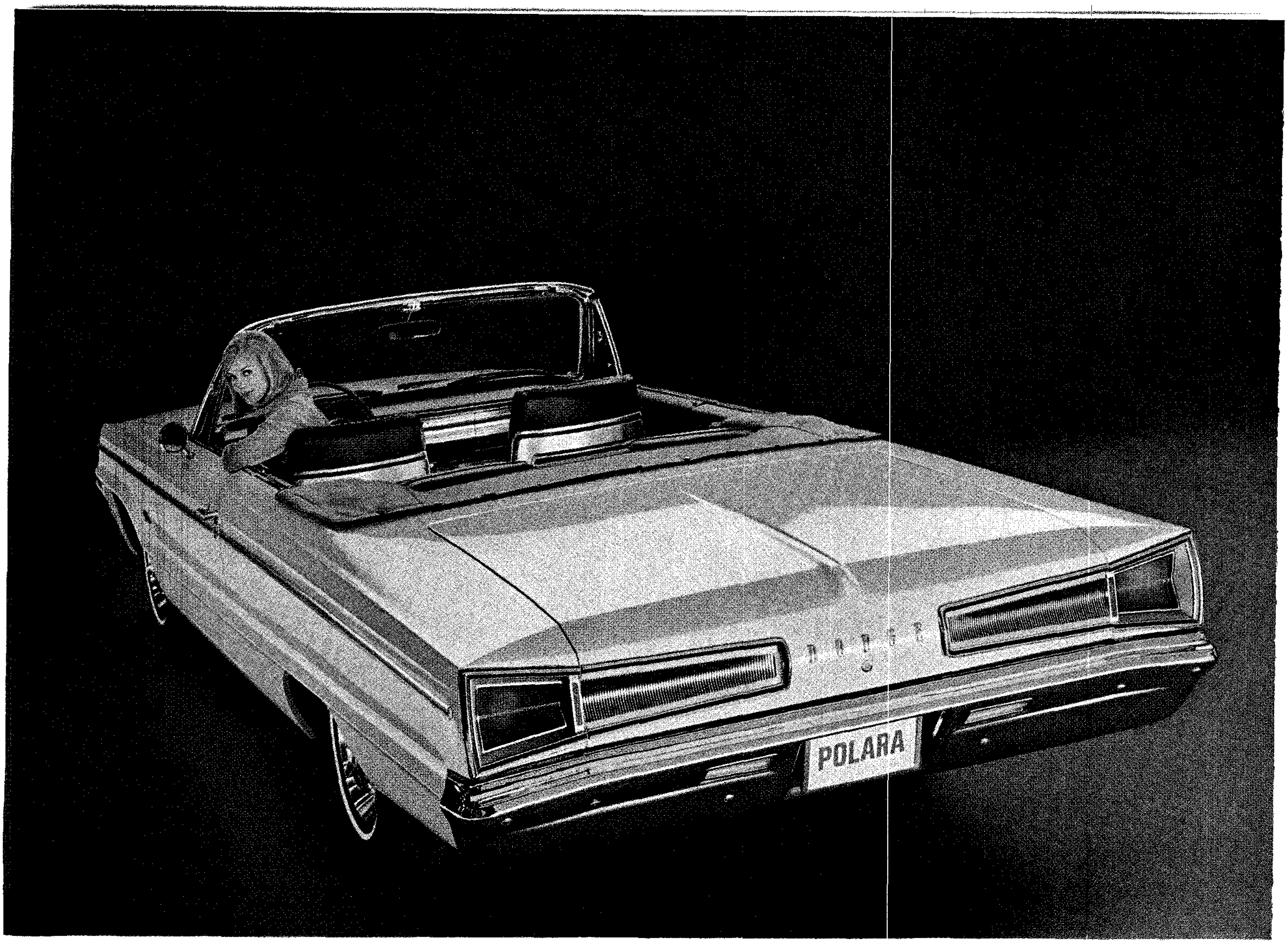

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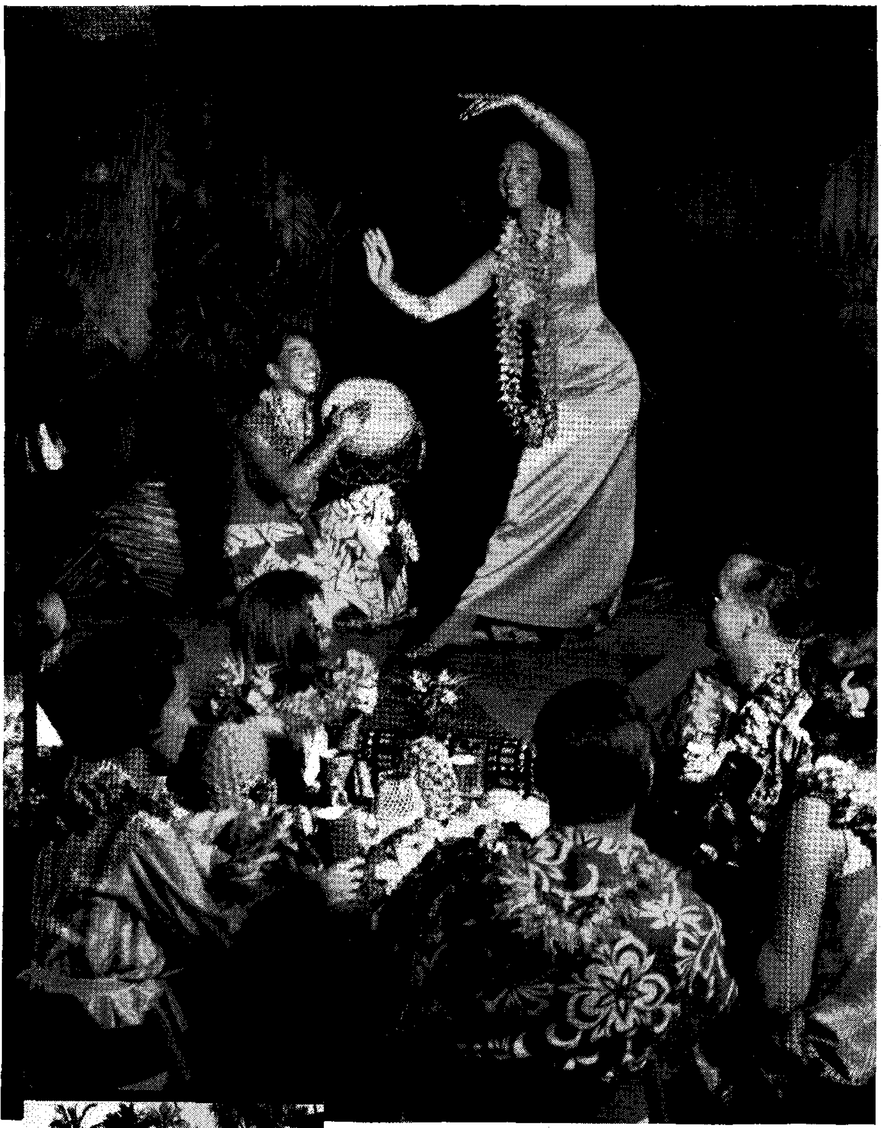
tribution to the problems which it is vainly intended to solve. Let us remember also that it is one thing to start the use of force, it is another to predict or contain its extent. The British government, therefore, after the most sober consideration, is resolved that an attempt to impose a constitutional solution by military force in Southern Rhodesia not only would involve misery for millions of innocent people but would thrust into a still more distant future the right and just solution to this problem."

The first African to speak was Alex Quaison-Sackey, who was shortly to leave the U.N. to take up new duties as the Foreign Minister of Ghana. Ghana was not on the Council at the time—there were six non-permanent members then, and they were Jordan, the Ivory Coast, Malaysia, the Netherlands, Bolivia, and Uruguay—but Mr. Quaison-Sackey, as both the representative of a Commonwealth country and a former President of the General Assembly, seemed by all odds the Africans' most logical choice to reply to Mr. Stewart. Mr. Quaison-Sackey, who looked and sounded bitterly angry, said that the British had been and were now guilty of a flagrant abdication of responsibility in Rhodesia, and that "we in Africa are forced to the conclusion that the United Kingdom government is always ready to order its troops to shoot down colonial subjects when their skin is black or brown, but that the blood of white Rhodesians is too sacred to be shed in the interests of African majority rule." U.D.I., he went on, constituted a threat to the peace as defined in Chapter VII of the Charter and must be met with a constitutional suspension, a total embargo, and assurances of a strong show of British force. "The African states have now come to the Security Council and call upon the Council to take appropriate action," he said. "We are not here to endorse halfhearted measures of doubtful efficacy which the United Kingdom government intends to take."

"Feeling a little sorry for old England?" my U.N. acquaintance asked after Mr. Quaison-Sackey's speech. "Well, that's exactly what Wilson's counting on. He *wanted* to be raked over the coals—and he couldn't have *paid* Ghana to do a better job. The fact is that Wilson's scared that he's going to lose his government over this—not just if he sends in troops but even if he tightens the sanctions or calls for an embargo on oil. He knows that a lot of his people don't want to make their white Rhodesian cousins tighten their belts simply for the sake of a few mil-



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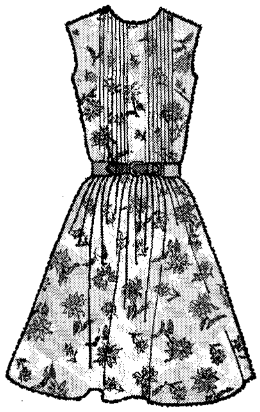

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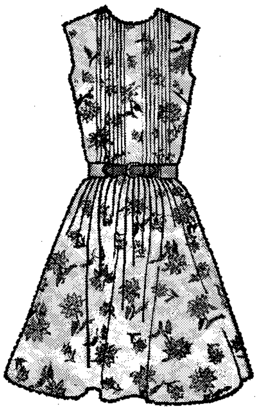

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lion Africans. But this way, with what the Africans are asking for, Wilson can say he's pulled off a brilliant diplomatic coup by getting them to compromise on *anything* short of war, and the English will begin to believe he really has got England off the hook."

By midafternoon, all five permanent members of the Council had made their positions clear. The French Ambassador said that France denounced U.D.I. on principle but—on England's old ground that the Council had no authority in Rhodesia's affairs—would abstain from any part in the debate. The Soviet Union, as everyone had expected, would support the African demands for British military action against Smith. The United States would support Great Britain's proposals for economic action. And Nationalist China would support whatever the United States supported. Old loyalties count heavily at the U.N. The British had not crossed swords with the United States in the Council on any major issue since the Suez crisis, in 1956, and outside the U.N. they had voiced a certain qualified support of America's war in Vietnam, whereas the Africans had been particularly vocal in denouncing the war. I actually heard an American diplomat tell a reporter that afternoon, "You don't see the Africans helping us out on Vietnam, so why the hell should we support *their* war?" The Americans, tallying up their accounts receivable and their accounts payable, clearly owed more to the English than to the Africans.

It was understood that first Mr. Stewart and then Ambassador Usher—as the African representative on the Council—would formally submit draft resolutions the following day. Meanwhile, the Council adopted a preliminary "political" resolution condemning U.D.I., declaring it illegal, and calling on U.N. members to neither recognize nor support the Smith regime. The Ambassador from Jordan, who said later that he had wanted to see the Council come to some decision before a long and possibly fruitless debate began, proposed and then drafted the simple, two-paragraph resolution. The delegates proceeded to discuss it in their usual fashion. The Uruguayan Ambassador, for example, said, "I would take the liberty of suggesting that, in the first paragraph of the draft resolution, which states, 'to condemn the unilateral declaration . . .' we say 'condemn and not to recognize.' When you condemn, you do not necessarily eliminate it. We condemn the declaration, as we consider it to be evil and

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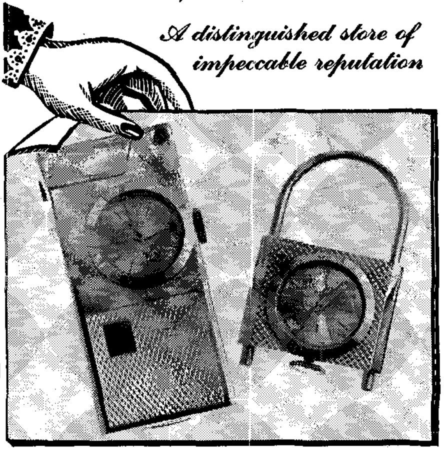

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wrong, but we must go further; we must not recognize it. I therefore propose that we say 'condemn and not to recognize.' Finally, at the end of the paragraph, in place of the words 'the authorities,' we should use this formula: 'the rebel authorities which are trying to set up a regime.' The Security Council does not recognize the existence of any authority, and it should indicate that if the rebel movement claims that it constitutes an authority, then that authority is not recognized by the Council."

After a half-hour debate, the Jordanian resolution was adopted in substantially its original form. It amounted to little more than a public declaration of indignation, but the men on the Council seemed relieved to be able to make even their indignation official. "They're counting on the press on this one," my U.N. acquaintance remarked at the time. "They know that the press—especially the Western press—likes to romanticize the Council and that this resolution will probably be written up as if it actually settled things. That's just what the delegates want—a cover for the fact that the Council is really hopelessly at odds. People tonight will see headlines saying that the Security Council has declared the Smith regime illegal, and they'll feel much better about the whole mess. They'll expect Smith to wither away and disappear, like Marx's state. 'Poof! You're illegal! You can't possibly exist!' Just like that. The trouble is that in a week or so they're going to read that Smith is still around, that half the world is busy trading with him, and that Rhodesia is getting ready for a Merry Christmas—and instead of knowing *why*, they'll be surprised."

DURING a lull in the debate, I walked over to the Ghanaian Mission, which occupies a large, vividly painted suite in an East Forty-fourth Street office building, and had a talk with Frederick Arkhurst, whose appointment as Mr. Quaison-Sackey's successor at the U.N. had already been announced. The new Ambassador, who was sitting at a Scandinavian desk across the room from a gigantic photograph of Kwame Nkrumah in full Ghanaian regalia, greeted me by grinning, sticking out his hand, and saying, "The name's Arkhurst. What can I do for you?"

I asked him what he thought of Mr. Stewart's speech.

"We weren't really interested in what the *British* had to say," he replied. "We knew it all in advance. Wilson

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has been saying right along that he wouldn't fight. He's been telling Smith, 'Don't rebel, but if you really must, we'll be very angry and won't buy your tobacco anymore.' What kind of a deterrent is that? Everyone knows that even the strongest sanctions wouldn't hurt Smith much in the long run, because South Africa and Portugal would never support them. What we *were* interested in was Goldberg's speech. American support for military action would have been an enormous public embarrassment to the British, because Taiwan and the South Americans would have gone along with the Americans, and then England would have been forced to use her veto, in the face of a united Council. But, as you saw, it won't happen. Goldberg's going to do an old friend a favor. It comes down to race—and in matters of race morality and justice get set aside. Look how quickly you dropped troops into Stanleyville when a few white nuns were in peril! But in Rhodesia, with four million *Africans* in peril, no one acts. Of course, Mr. Stewart would say that no one is getting killed in Rhodesia, and that consequently there is no threat to the peace there, as there was in the Congo. He would say that troops should be used only as a last resort, not as a first step. But what *is* a last resort, then? People fighting each other? That's a contradiction. Really, I am tempted to believe that Britain brought this problem to the Security Council as a means of *not* getting action." The Ambassador sat back, shaking his head and whacking the palm of his hand with a heavy stapler.

I asked him about the likelihood of independent African military action against Smith.

"I think if we had been able to demonstrate earlier this month that we were mobilizing in anticipation of U.D.I., then British troops would be in Salisbury today," he said. "We wouldn't have had to move *our* troops in at all. But the O.A.U.—the Organization of African Unity—is always so slow to act. Its procedures are too cumbersome. For the O.A.U. to mobilize an effective army, thirty-six heads of state have to sit down together and agree on precisely what to do. Many of us would like to see an executive council of the O.A.U.—small, and empowered to act immediately, if necessary, on behalf of the whole organization. I don't know *what* Africa can do about Smith now. If we *are* forced to take unilateral action—which, by the way, the British and the Americans clearly think we're incapable of doing—then at least we

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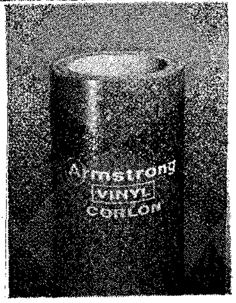

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will have exhausted all the proper channels first. In general, we're resigned about our position at the U.N. There is very little else we can be. The big powers will never relinquish their veto on the Security Council—they're still too suspicious of each other. Maybe there is some hope in the General Assembly. The Assembly could conceivably be empowered to act in cases where the Security Council is blocked—it happened with Korea, you know. At any rate, a Security Council resolution on sanctions is *not* the answer."

WHEN the Council reconvened, on the morning of Saturday, November 13th, Mr. Stewart submitted a draft resolution on behalf of the United Kingdom. "The Security Council, gravely concerned by the rebellious actions of the former regime in Southern Rhodesia [and] determining that the continuance of the resulting situation is likely to endanger the maintenance of international security," he read, and then he raised his head and glanced apologetically over to the long rows of African delegates who sat facing the table. Several of the Africans shrugged, and a few glared at him. The U.N. Charter, in Chapter VII, condones the use of force in the event of a "threat to the peace, breach of the peace, or act of aggression." "Likely" threats to the peace do not qualify.

"Another insurmountable 'likely,' " one of the Gambian delegates, sitting directly below me, muttered to a colleague, who shook his head.

The rest of Stewart's text, which was quite short, asked "all states" to "lend all necessary assistance and support to the United Kingdom government in making effective the measures taken by that government, including the financial and economic measures, to bring the rebellion in Southern Rhodesia to an end."

Ambassador Usher's resolution was long and elaborate, and, as everyone had expected, it invoked all the various retaliatory measures—from embargoes and communication breaks to the dispatch of troops—that are prescribed by Chapter VII of the Charter in the event of a threat to the peace. "Africa considers itself in a state of armed conflict," the Ambassador said after he had finished reading. All the African delegates cheered, and Ambassador Sanz, calling for order, slammed down his gavel several times.

In the debate that followed, it was understood that neither of the resolutions would actually come to a vote. A

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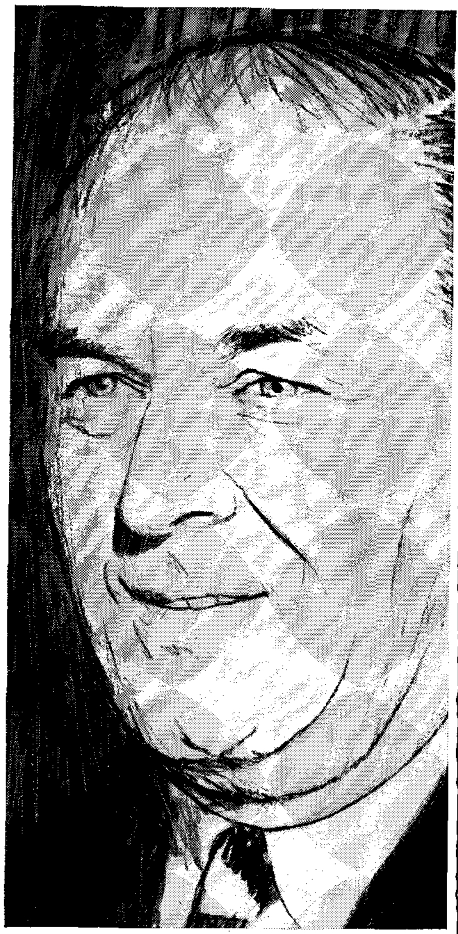

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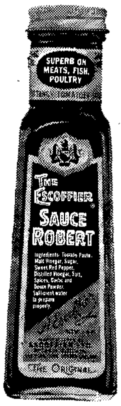

resolution would need support from seven of the eleven Council members to be adopted—or, for that matter, to be worth anybody's veto—and neither of these resolutions had that support. The Africans knew that they could count on Jordan, Malaysia, and the Soviet Union, but they were still three votes away from the propaganda victory of a British veto. Mr. Stewart, who had the support of the United States, China, Uruguay, Bolivia, and the Netherlands, was one vote short on his resolution, and he knew that he would have to compromise. A stalemate would be disastrous politics at home and disastrous propaganda abroad.

The Africans, who were well aware of Mr. Stewart's predicament, spent the next week delivering long, threatening speeches. The Ambassadors of thirteen African countries (Senegal, Ghana, Nigeria, Mali, Sierra Leone, Algeria, Guinea, Zambia, Tanzania, Ethiopia, Mauritania, Somalia, and the Sudan) asked to address the Council, and to a man they vigorously—and, on occasion, viciously—attacked the English draft. So did the Ambassadors of Jamaica, India, and Pakistan. But with the exception of the men on the Council, no white Western diplomat entered the debate at all.

The Africans angrily alluded to the many times Great Britain had hurried troops into her colonies to put down native insurrections. They talked about Aden, Nigeria, the Gold Coast, Nyasaland, Zambia, and Kenya, about what the Tanzanian Ambassador called "the guilty passivity of complicity" and the Zambian Ambassador called the principle of "blood is thicker than justice." At one point in the debate, the Tanzanian Ambassador cried out, "The issue before the Council represents not only a terrible tragedy for the people of Zimbabwe [the African name for Rhodesia] but also a flagrant attempt to humiliate the whole continent of Africa!"

Mr. Stewart and his supporters on the Council were in the awkward position of having to appear just as deeply outraged as the Africans while insisting that much less be done. They talked about their patience and their good intentions and about Ian Smith's treachery to the Crown. Mr. Stewart complained bitterly that the Rhodesian racists had "defied the Parliament of Britain," and there came a moment when the Ambassador from Uruguay declared, "The rebels in Southern Rhodesia have haughtily hurled the gauntlet in Her Britannic Majesty's face. *That* is hardly a gentlemanly act!"

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Pronouncements such as these eventually prompted the Zambian Ambassador to take the floor and exclaim, "Here is a perfect picture of King Lear, who, after giving away his kingdom, imagines in his insanity that he is still the sovereign ruler of Britain."

IT has been said that politics is the art of making promises and diplomacy the art of not making promises, and while the Africans were busy declaring themselves at war with Rhodesia, Mr. Stewart remained persistently vague. His job was to keep the final resolution noncommittal—noncommittal enough, at any rate, to insure a good deal of flexibility for his government—and during the debate he carefully avoided all the African demands for a British statement on the status of the 1961 constitution, the prospects for majority rule in Rhodesia, and the possibility of a compromise between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Smith.

Mr. Stewart's wariness was, if anything, exceeded by that of the American Deputy Ambassador, Charles Yost, who replaced Ambassador Goldberg on the Council on November 13th. (Mr. Goldberg had gone to bed with an earache.) The United States, as far as I have been able to learn, has no appreciable interests in Rhodesia, but American business has a large stake in South African gold and oil, and American Metal Climax, Inc., controls a good deal of the copper in Zambia, which produces a sixth of the world's supply of that metal, mostly with water power from the Rhodesian-controlled Kariba Dam. During the debate, unsubstantiated reports circulated among the U.N. delegations that the dam had been mined, and that Mr. Smith, whose country has sufficient coal not to need the dam for more than a fraction of its own power, would blow it up on any serious provocation from the West. It was a difficult situation for Washington, which seemed ready to help freeze out the Smith regime with sanctions and an embargo but, like London, unprepared to risk the economic consequences in central and southern Africa of fighting in Rhodesia. Ambassador Yost took no part in the debate, and many of the Africans complained privately that he was under instructions not to burden his government with any promises. One day when I dropped in at the United States Mission, across the street from the U.N., Ambassador Yost talked to me about Rhodesia for twenty minutes or so. Then he announced that he had been talking off the record,

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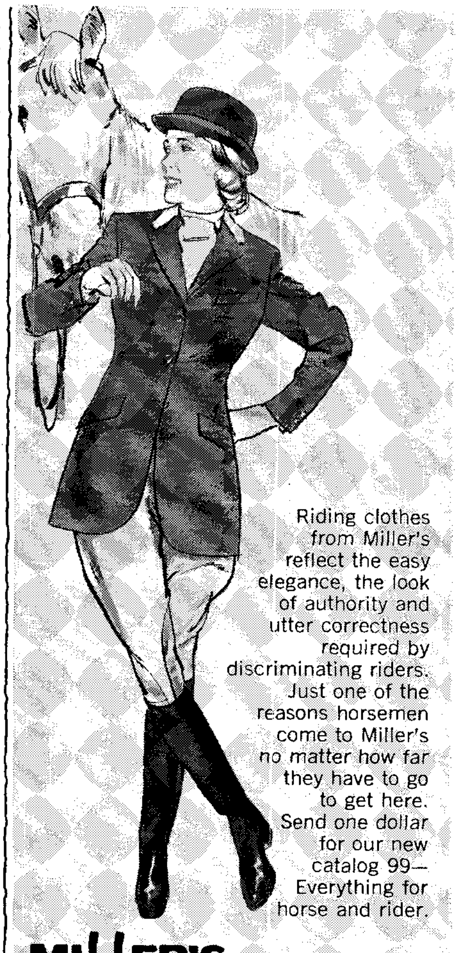
and hoped that I would understand.

"You can't expect the Americans or the British to talk about this mess the way the Africans do," my U.N. acquaintance advised me later that day. "The Africans have nothing to lose, except maybe face. They're not here to buy time while their governments operate behind the scenes, the way Western diplomats are. The governments of most of them don't have that kind of power to trade on. No one's scared of them, and so there's no percentage for them in proper and polite diplomacy. They're the muckrakers around here, and that gives them what power they do have. Propaganda power—that's what they trade on. It's what their diplomats are after now, with all this talk about an African army liberating the Rhodesians. And if you think there's a lot of Tory pressure on Wilson these days, don't forget that there's just as much wildly militant nationalist pressure on the African leaders. The ones who want to stay in power know they'd better play to it. Do you think Kenneth Kaunda, the boss in Zambia, is dying to go to war? A war would devastate his country—and Zambia is rich compared to some of the other African states. Naturally, they'd all like to kick Smith out of Africa, but most of their countries have economies that couldn't take a big war—and it *would* be big, up against Smith's jets and his brand-new tanks, and with no real underground in Rhodesia to help them out, even with sabotage. Every African Ambassador knows this, but why should he admit it? It's to his advantage to sound more militant than the next guy, not less."

On November 20th, the Council passed a resolution that had been drafted the night before by Bolivia and Uruguay. It was vague enough to satisfy the British and wordy enough to save some face for the Africans; the Malaysian Ambassador, Radhakrishna Ramani, called it "the inevitable political price that the non-permanent members of the Security Council have to pay in achieving what is euphemistically called an acceptable compromise." The resolution carefully avoided the question of whether U.D.I. was or was not a threat to the peace by stating that "its continuance in time constitutes a threat to international peace and security"—a phrase, according to Ambassador Ramani, that "might mystify, if not wholly confuse, the world at large." After formally condemning U.D.I. and urging the British to "quell" the rebellion, the resolution



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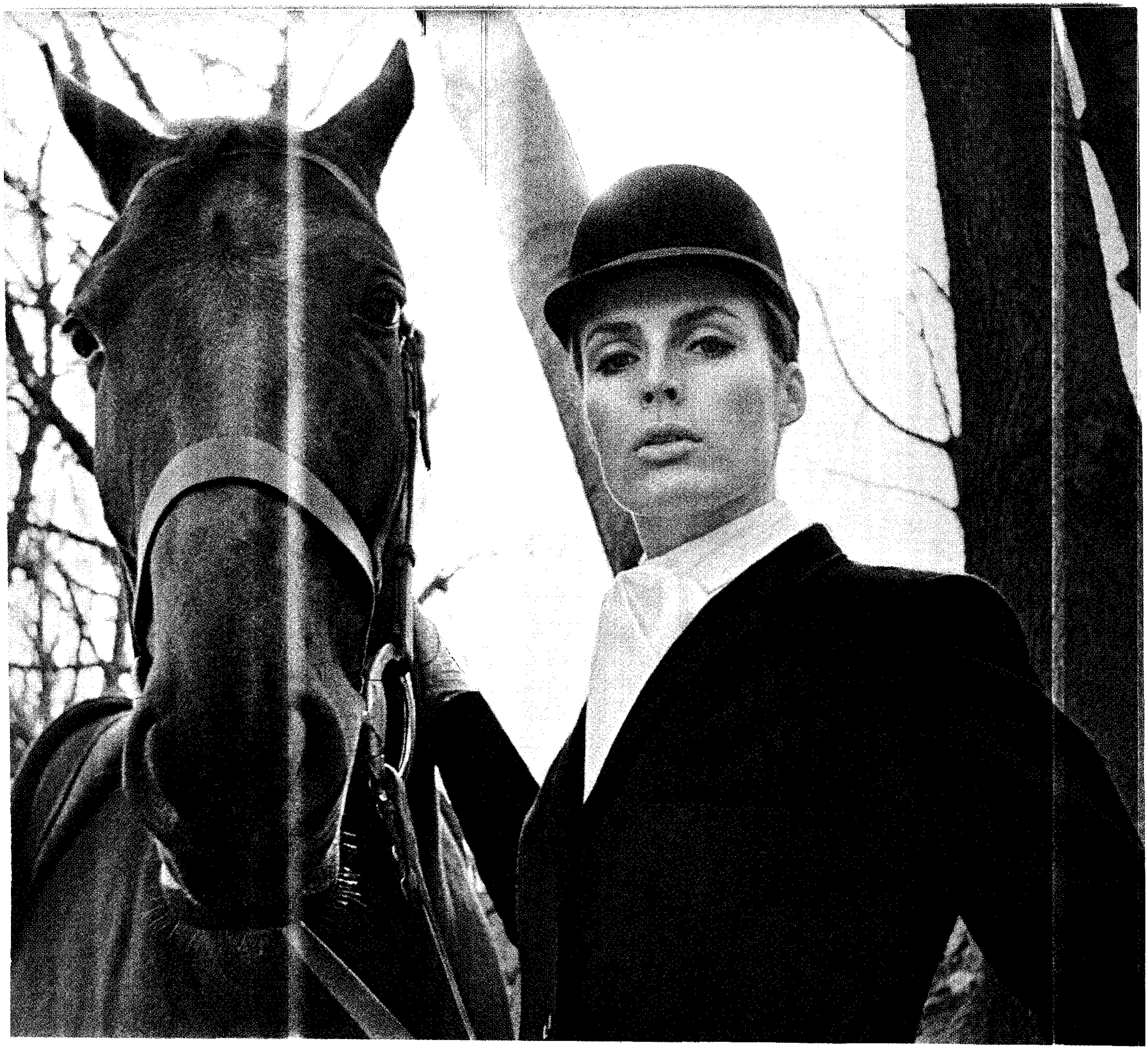

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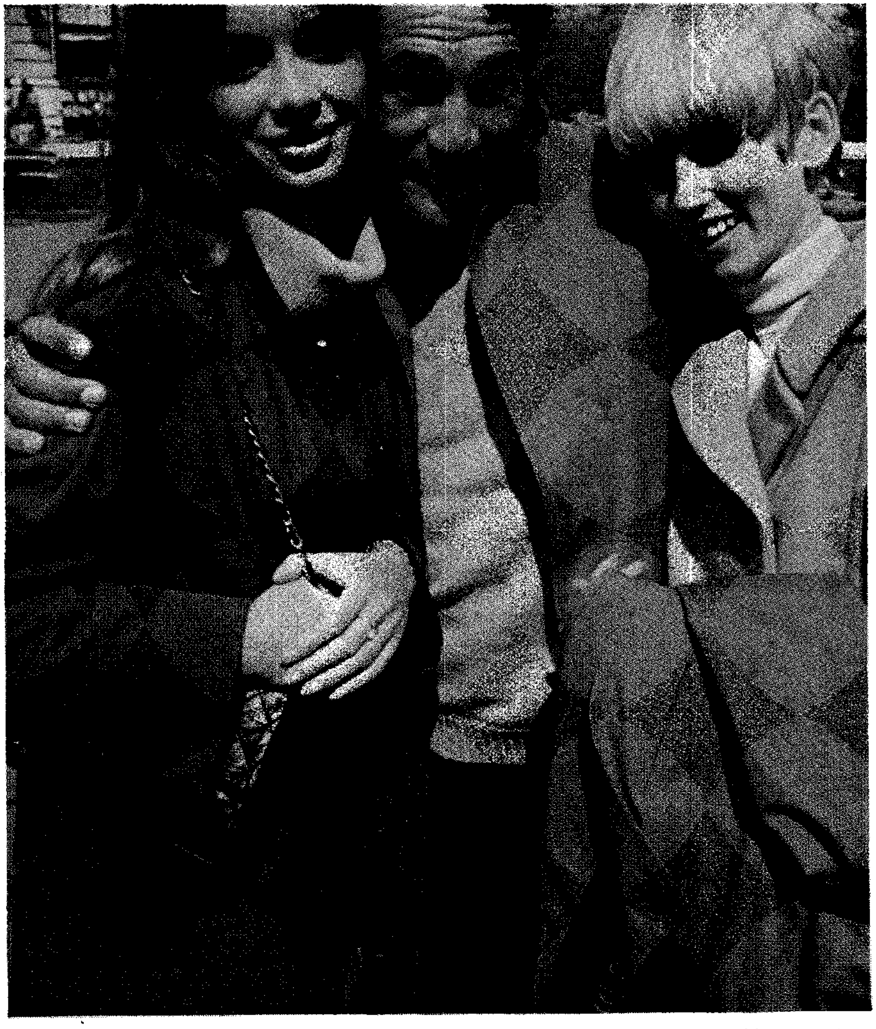

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called upon "all states to refrain from any action which would assist and encourage the illegal regime and, in particular, to desist from providing it with arms, equipment, military material, and to do their utmost in order to break all economic relations with Southern Rhodesia, including an embargo on oil and petroleum products." The resolution was adopted by a vote of ten to nothing, with France abstaining. The tension that had filled the Council chamber for eight days was gone. The room was quiet and uncrowded, and the delegates looked tired and dispirited. After the vote was read into the record, Ambassador Fedorenko took the floor, primarily to say that "the Southern Rhodesian racists would never have dared to carry out their criminal plans without the blessing of the governments of other NATO countries, primarily the United States of America." It was an old story, and Fedorenko reeled it off dutifully but with no evident enthusiasm.

Ambassador Usher then asked for the floor to explain his vote on Paragraph 8 (the one that called on all states to "do their utmost . . ."), and he said, rather sadly, "We would have wished for effective sanctions—an immediate rupture of economic relations, an embargo on oil and petroleum products. . . . It is regrettable that, because of certain difficulties, the expression 'to do their utmost' is used here. . . . Consequently, each one can evaluate just how much he should do, how much his 'utmost' is. But if we wish to serve peace, and in view of the gravity of the situation, every state should make the effort which we call upon them to make."

A few days later, I stopped in at the Ivory Coast Mission, a handsome town house in the East Seventies, for a talk with Ambassador Usher. "In truth, we Africans never felt that we had any chance at all to be successful with *our* resolution," he said. "The British would have vetoed anything that called for the intervention of a U.N. force. Of course, if the O.A.U. is ever strong enough to fight, Great Britain will certainly recall the Council and demand that we be termed 'aggressors,' under Chapter VII of the Charter, and *then* they'll want a U.N. force to intervene, you can be sure. But we did force the British to agree to an oil embargo and a total economic break, and now they are obliged to apply these sanctions. I do not really believe in sanctions—the British could have sent troops to Salisbury without starting a war—but still, strong sanctions are better than weak ones, and more are better than

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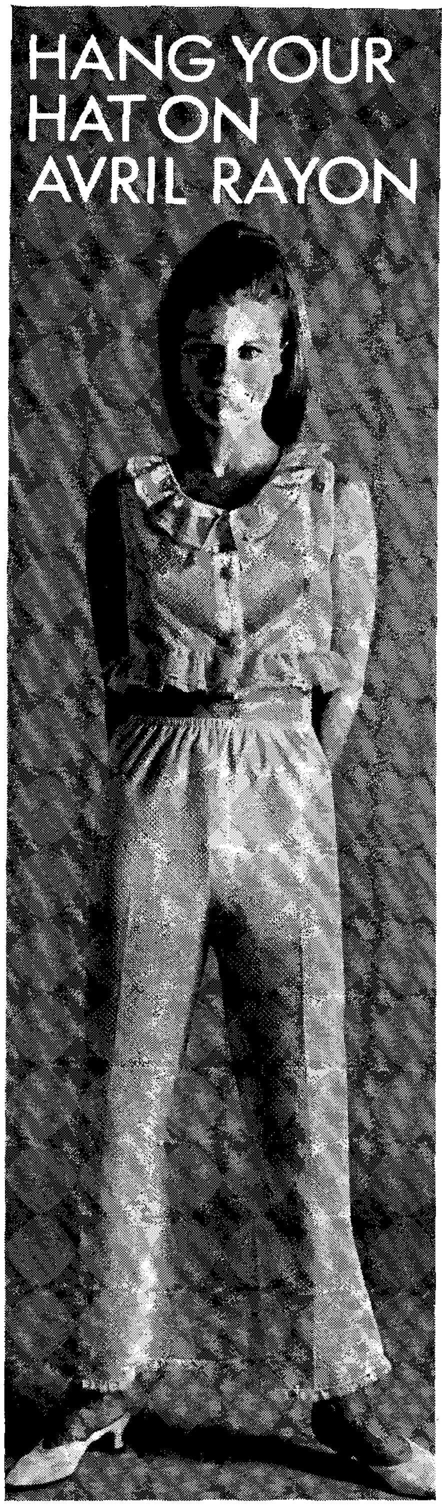
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less. And then too, who can really say what will happen in Rhodesia now?"

ANYONE who heard the last hours of the debate might have predicted that enforcement of the resolution would be rather spotty. Ambassador J. G. de Beus of the Netherlands, as it turned out, was speaking for a good many of his colleagues when he said, "As the text now reads . . . it leaves everyone the freedom to make the effort, to do the 'utmost'—in other words, it leaves a certain liberty of judgment. What measures will be feasible for *us* to take depends on the legal and the practical problems involved. Those cannot immediately be judged in all their implications. We have to examine this. . . . I wish to make it clear . . . that my government does not reject application of this paragraph, but it cannot at this moment undertake as yet the obligation to carry it into practice, because we cannot yet assess all its implications."

Great Britain, joined by the United States, did announce an oil embargo one month to the day after the Security Council adjourned, and since then gasoline has been severely rationed in Rhodesia. Mr. Wilson has stopped all British exports to Rhodesia; placed a ban on Rhodesian imports that cuts off the Rhodesians, for the time being at least, from more than a quarter of their world market; and frozen all Rhodesian gold and currency reserves in British banks. For two months now, Labour Party bulletins have been confidently predicting the imminent fall of the Smith regime. Rhodesia, meanwhile, is doing a lively business with a number of European, South American, and Asian nations, as well as with several of its old African customers. The Rhodesians claim that before U.D.I. they withdrew all but a few million pounds of their foreign-currency reserves from English banks and deposited them in friendly banks in France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and the Netherlands. The Union of South Africa, which froze Rhodesian reserves in its banks under pressure from Britain and other nations in the sterling bloc, seems to be using those reserves as collateral for the hard-currency loans it is now extending to Mr. Smith. The South Africans roughly honored the oil embargo for about a month, although farmers belonging to an outfit called the "Petrol for Rhodesia Fund" began shuttling back and forth across the border in oil trucks shortly after U.D.I. By February, when the flow of oil into Rhodesia had become too noticeably heavy to be

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called clandestine any longer, the South African government allowed that it had broken the embargo. Mr. Smith, in the meantime, had replied to the embargo by placing one of his own on Zambia, whose only oil route lies through Rhodesia. Zambia now gets its oil from an Anglo-American airlift, but it is still dependent on Rhodesia for almost everything else. Zambian merchants are buying tobacco in Salisbury this year, and so are some Swiss, Portuguese, South Africans, and Americans. According to the news from Salisbury, so many countries have broken the tobacco sanctions that Rhodesia is conducting its spring auctions secretly, to protect its customers from embarrassing publicity. Lawrence Fellows, the East African correspondent of the New York *Times*, wrote at the end of January that "at least one British company will market Rhodesian tobacco through a South African subsidiary," and he went on to report, "The biggest new customer on the auction floors this year, according to the best information, will be Régie Française, the French tobacco monopoly. Among the other new customers will be one African country—a member of the Commonwealth and one of the shrillest in its denunciation of Rhodesia."

As for the Africans, their foreign ministers met in Addis Ababa a few days after the Council passed its compromise resolution and voted that if Mr. Smith were still in power on December 15th, the thirty-six states in the O.A.U. would all break diplomatic relations with Great Britain. Tanzania, Guinea, Senegal, and Niger met the deadline, but Senegal and Niger nervously resumed relations with Britain in a few days. Eventually, Tanzania and Guinea were joined in the break by Ghana, Algeria, the Sudan, the United Arab Republic, Mauritania, Mali, and the Congo (Brazzaville). None of these nations found that its trade with the British suffered substantially. The O.A.U. has declared itself in a "state of war" against Rhodesia, and a five-nation committee has been appointed to study ways and means of actually waging one. Presumably this committee, which has not been heard from for several months, is still studying.

—JANE KRAMER

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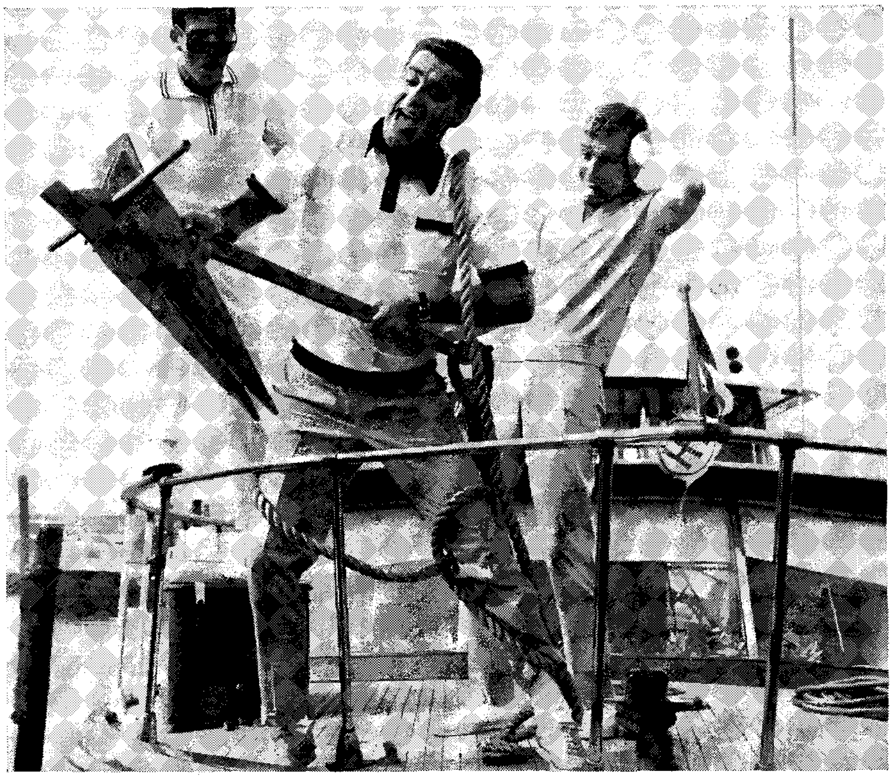

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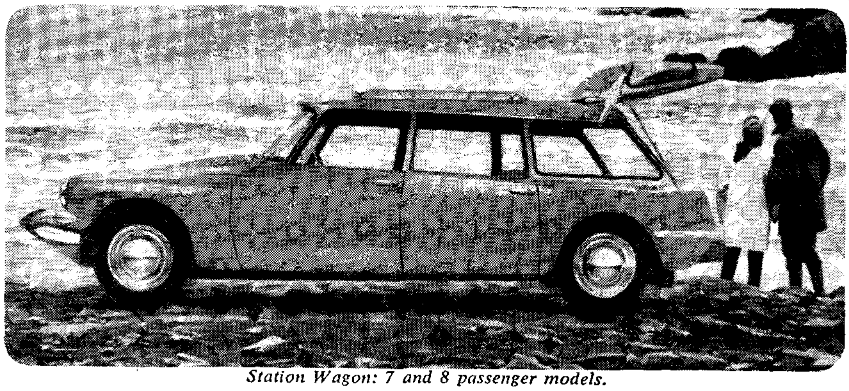

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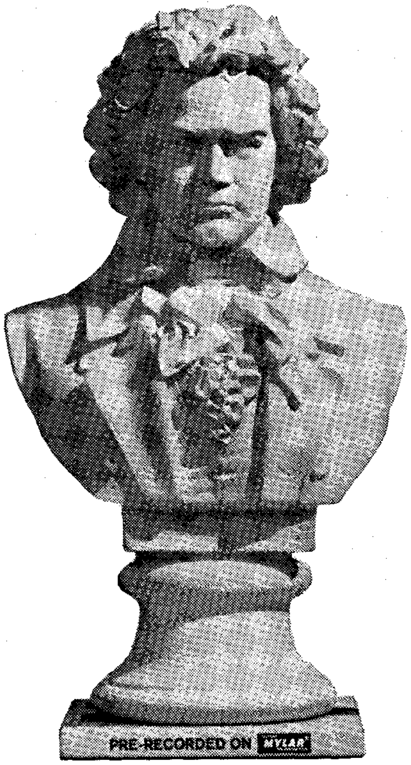

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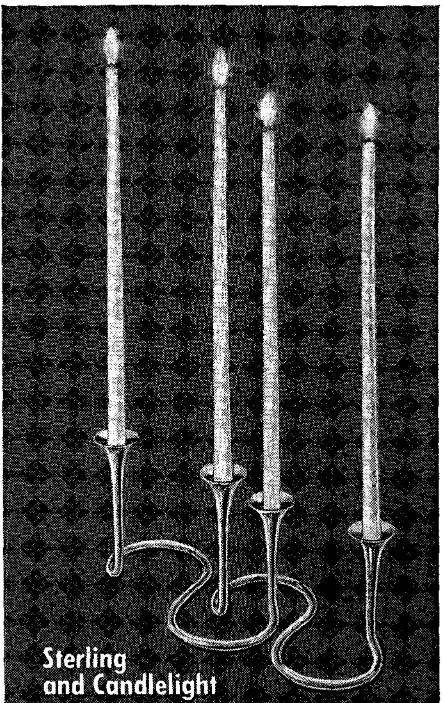
I EXTEND heartfelt sympathy to Paul Newman and Arthur Hill and Julie Harris and Lauren Bacall and Janet Leigh and Robert Webber and Pamela Tiffin and Robert Wagner and Shelley Winters and Martin West. They deserve condolences because they are members of the remarkable cast of an altogether unremarkable, or perhaps I should say terrible, movie called "Harper." Surely in Hollywood it must often be the case that despite all the time, money, talent, and technical virtuosity that have been brought to bear on a movie, it stubbornly refuses to breathe—instead, lies stretched out on the studio floor like a failed Frankenstein's monster, incapable of manifesting the faintest twitch of life. Something like this appears to have happened with "Harper," which, brightly colored and slickly photographed as it is, sheds a mortuary gloom that has nothing to do with the number of corpses accumulated in the course of its long action. I suspect that Mr. Newman, Mr. Hill, and the others got the impression fairly early on in the making of the picture that they were attending an inadvertent wake, and that much of their acting skill had to be devoted to the ordinarily not very difficult task of keeping their chins up and their ears deaf to the keening of innumerable studio accountants.

The blame for "Harper" strikes me as about equally divisible between William Goldman, who wrote the screenplay, and Jack Smight, who served as its friendly funeral director. The movie is based on a detective story by Ross Macdonald called "The Moving Target," and it looks as if Mr. Goldman had made the conventional mistake of borrowing too much from the original. The picture has far too many main characters, far too many tricky turns and twists of plot, and far too many faded red herrings in the form of grimacing servants and mysterious hangers-on. It also has too many sets; now we are in the mansion of a paralyzed (or possibly not paralyzed) lady who hates her husband but who, the moment he disappears, hires a private eye to locate him, and now we are in a gimcrack temple on a deserted moun-



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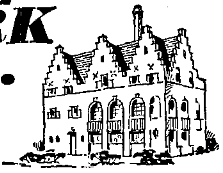

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taintop, where a crazy (or possibly not crazy) guru keeps a pot of baked beans bubbling for an army of presumably nonexistent passersby. We get to visit a cheap night club, an expensive night club, a suburban bungalow, a beach house, a shipyard, a gas station, a lawyer's office, and a real-life hotel, and to render this superfluity of settings all the more objectionable, Mr. Smight has let nearly every scene run on past its natural end. The private eye, Harper, is played by Mr. Newman, and there is internal evidence that the producers were hoping that "Harper" would be but the first of a series; I doubt whether Mr. Newman could find the strength to go through such an ordeal again.

"La Fuga" is an Italian movie about a Roman girl who loves not wisely and not too well, either—wealthy and pretty and dissatisfied with her husband, a physicist who keeps his mind on his work, she strikes up a fatal acquaintance with a lady interior decorator. She also settles down to sessions with a long-suffering psychoanalyst (a short-suffering psychoanalyst would soon be out of business), and it is from his couch that we hear much of the poor girl's not very edifying story. The movie, directed by Paolo Spinola, provides a couple of apparently unintended mysteries; for example, at one point we see the girl tossing an intimate diary into the flames, and later we see her husband reading it. There are many flashbacks in the picture, and even an occasional flashback inside a flashback, and Mr. Spinola may have got confused. It would be more flattering to assume that he was introducing a new cinematic device, the fireback. Giovanna Ralli plays the unhappy Roman girl as if from behind an alabaster mask, but Anouk Aimée is very good indeed as the interior decorator.

At the Paris Theatre, along with "La Fuga," is a short called "The Days of Dylan Thomas," consisting mostly of still photographs by Thomas's friend Rollie McKenna and a narration by his friend John Malcolm Brinnin. It is an affecting portrait of a lovable, difficult man—Thomas courted ruin as most of the rest of us court security—and no admirer of Thomas should fail to see it.

"Flame and the Fire" is a documentary by Pierre Dominique Gaisseau. I haven't the slightest idea what the title means, and I am especially in the dark as to how Mr. Gaisseau

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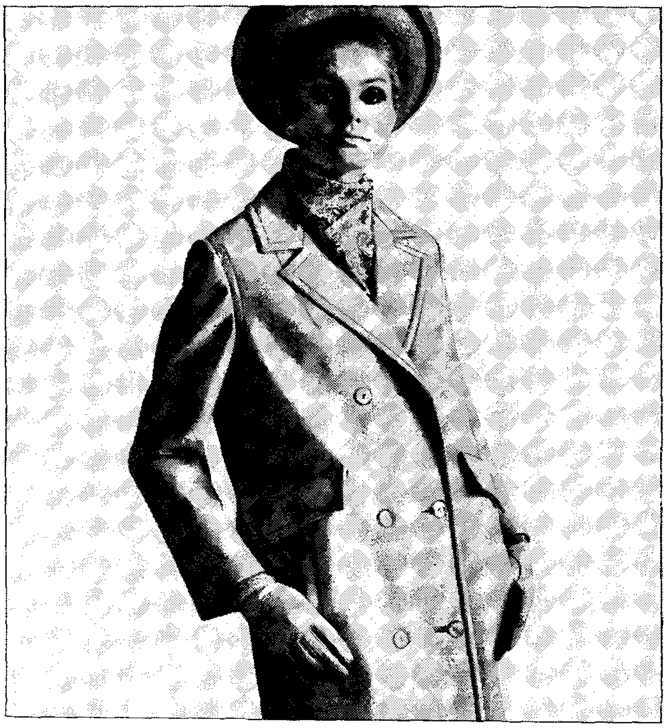

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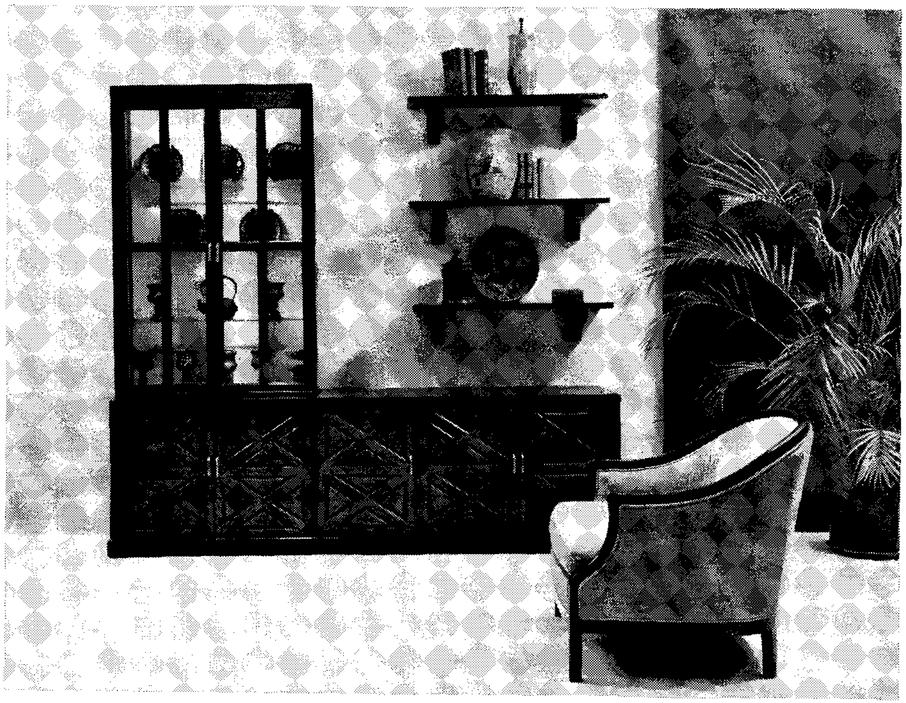

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distinguishes between flame and fire—perhaps he and Mr. Spinola should do a learned paper together on the symbology of combustion. The picture purports to give us authentic glimpses of savage peoples in New Guinea, Australia, Brazil, and Africa. I say "purports" not so much because I doubt the validity of Mr. Gaisseau's camera as because I doubt the anthropological value of the narration that accompanies it. Mr. Gaisseau draws a vulgar contrast between Western man's adeptness in space and the lingering presence in far-off places of what he calls stone-age man. It would be less vulgar and more thrilling to observe that contemporary man in space is also stone-age man in space. The feelings of the first man to land on the moon will not be unlike those of the first man to hollow out a log and launch it and himself upon the murderous sea. There are many voyages but only one voyager.

—BRENDAN GILL

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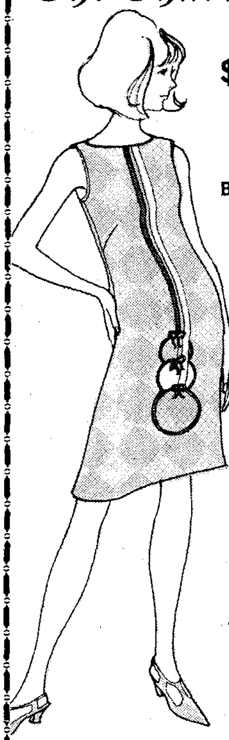

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Inside Joke

THE New York City Opera ended its spring season of contemporary—or near-contemporary—opera in the State Theatre last week. Alberto Ginastera's magnificently produced "Don Rodrigo" was its smash hit, as such things go. I liked "Don Rodrigo," and said I did, but to a few of us, at any rate, the most beautiful event of that season was the revival, on Tuesday evening, of Richard Strauss's delicate, urbane opera "Capriccio." It got only a single performance, for it was nudged out of repetition by the more popular "Don Rodrigo," which had to be given several extra showings. The one house for "Capriccio" was by no means sold out, either. Obviously, it appeals only to a small public, and there are many reasons for that. The opera's theme is tenuous—a witticism on the subject of writing operas—and it lasts a good two hours and fifteen minutes, which is carrying a witticism fairly far. Besides, the witticism is to an extent an intramural one. Nobody else of the composer's generation or (more precisely) of his two generations of creative activity could have brought it off. To appreciate it fully, you have to be a dedicated listener to Strauss operas. Several of them are quoted in it, and the general style of "Capriccio" represents a final distillation of all that went before it. It is his last opera, and his humorous legacy to the world. "Capriccio" closes an epoch. It is the final whiff of perfume from the great Central European musical era of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; it is also one of the final examples of great opera as it was at the end of that era. The fact that it was finished in 1941 and first performed in 1942 is irrelevant. Strauss was an old man. His sympathies were obviously with the *ancien régime*, though he frequently satirized it. And in "Capriccio" he is dreaming of the conventions of a world that had ceased to exist during the First World War. That does not make it any less a masterpiece, but it does suffuse it with an air of nostalgia.

The most appealing thing about "Capriccio" is its wonderful score, in which small parts of a large orchestra are used one at a time, almost in the

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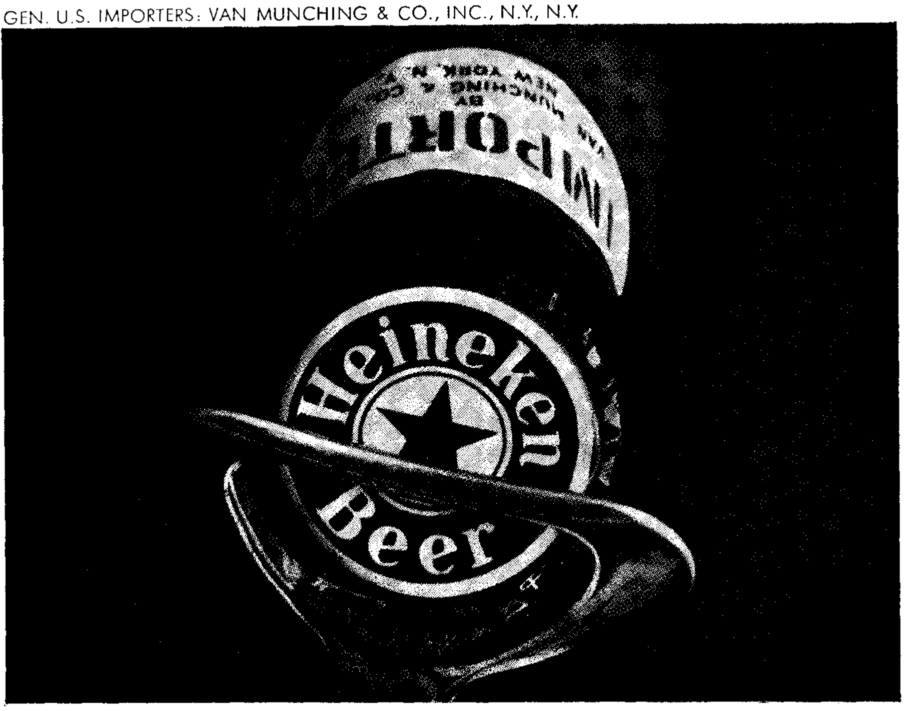

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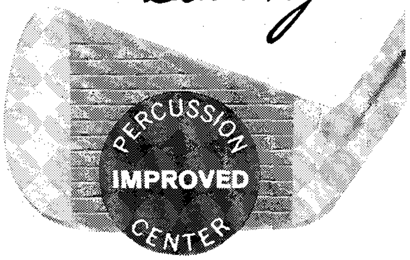

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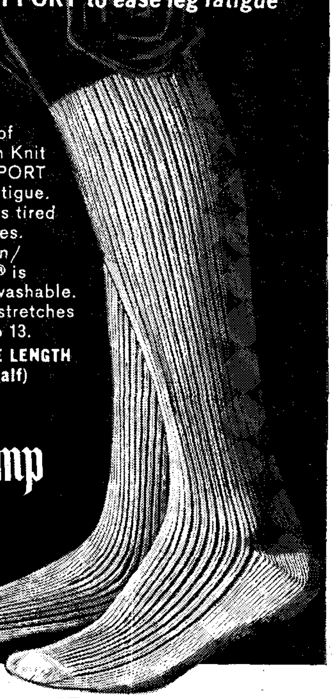
manner of chamber music. The skill with which these small units are manipulated, and the command of contrapuntal craftsmanship that goes into each manipulation, are characteristics that have disappeared from music since "Capriccio" was written. I could with great pleasure simply listen to this score without paying any attention to the drama that accompanies it. Yet with the drama it becomes just that much more meaningful, for Strauss always had a way of thinking in theatrical terms, and his theatrical touch was still infallible in this opera. I hope that a larger public learns to appreciate "Capriccio," and I think that it will. But that will be after "Arabella" and "Ariadne" are well-worn staples and after this public is thoroughly acquainted with "Die Frau ohne Schatten," which has not yet even been staged in New York, though the Metropolitan promises it to us for next season.

The performance the other night was adequate, even if one could pick out details that were less than perfect. To my surprise, the acoustics of the State Theatre were kind to "Capriccio," and nobody had to force in order to be heard. Great credit for the coherence of the performance should go to the young conductor, Ernst Maerzendorfer, who set forth all the score's subtleties with obvious affection. Donna Jeffrey sang the Countess, as she did last year. She is pretty and she has a fine lyric voice, but again I must regretfully say that I have heard and seen Countesses with more natural presence and more emotional power. The other roles were in general well taken. John Reardon was as dependable as usual as Olivier, the poet. David Thaw, as Flamand, the musician, does not have much velvet in his voice, but he made up for this with superb diction. Spiro Malas, appearing for the first time as LaRoche, was effective *throughout most of his role, though his* enunciation often left something to be desired. Robert Trehy made a fine Count, Elaine Bonazzi an excellent Clairon, and the comic roles of the two Italian singers were delightfully done by Ellen Faull and Enzo Citarelli.

WHILE I am on the subject of Strauss, I should call attention to a useful book that has just appeared—"Richard Strauss, A Critical Study of the Operas," by William Mann (Oxford). Although it shows signs of hasty writing here and there, it is obviously the result of much research, and it is a valuable guide to the



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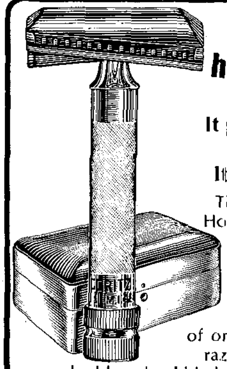

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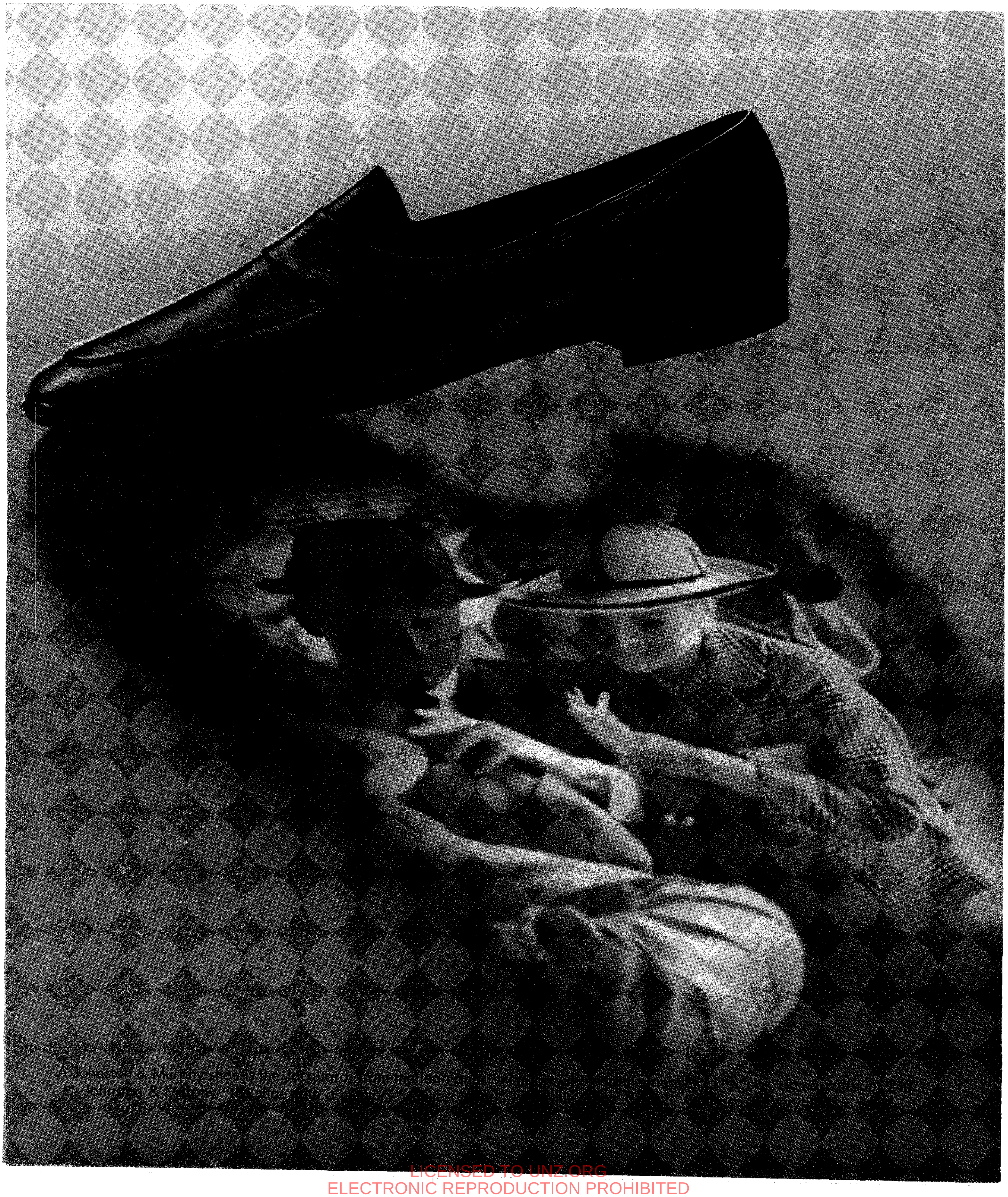

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plots, musical motives, and historical circumstances of all the operas, being arranged rather on the lines of Ernest Newman's well-known works of the sort. Mr. Mann inserts a couple of documents written by Strauss that should allay the suspicion in many minds that he wholeheartedly collaborated with the Nazis. It is true that, almost sixty-nine when Hitler came to power, he remained in his homeland and accepted the post of President of the State Music Council, but he resigned the position because of a note he had written to his former librettist Stefan Zweig (Jewish, exiled, and justifiably bitter), which was opened surreptitiously by Nazi functionaries: "Your letter of the fifteenth makes me despair! This Jewish egoism! I mustn't turn anti-Semitic. This racial pride, this feeling of solidarity—it makes even me feel different. Do you think I have ever let myself be guided, in any sort of action, by the thought that I am German (perhaps, who knows?). Do you think that Mozart deliberately composed in an Aryan manner? For me there are only two categories of human beings, the talented and the untalented. And for me the populace only exists from the moment when it becomes an audience. It's all the same to me whether they are Chinese, Upper Bavarians, New Zealanders, or Berliners, so long as they've paid the full price at the box office." After his resignation, he wrote, to those who had practically forced his departure, "I regard the Streicher-Goebbels Judaism panic as a disaster to German honor, a sign of weakness, the lowest possible weapon of untalented and lazy mediocrity against superior intelligence and superior talent. I openly acknowledge here that I have received so much encouragement from Jews, so much selfless friendship, magnanimous help, and spiritual stimulus, that it would be a crime if I did not recognize it in all thankfulness." True, the old man was not exactly an anti-Nazi firebrand, but it is at least apparent that he despised some aspects of the Nazi program. He did not take any strong position in relation to the postwar democratic regime, either. At heart, I am sure, Strauss was a staunch monarchist.

I HAVE rarely heard a clearer, more justly proportioned performance of Mahler's Fifth Symphony than the one given in Carnegie Hall last Thursday night by Sir John Barbirolli and the Houston Symphony Orchestra. I can recall a reading or two by conductors like Furtwängler and Walter,

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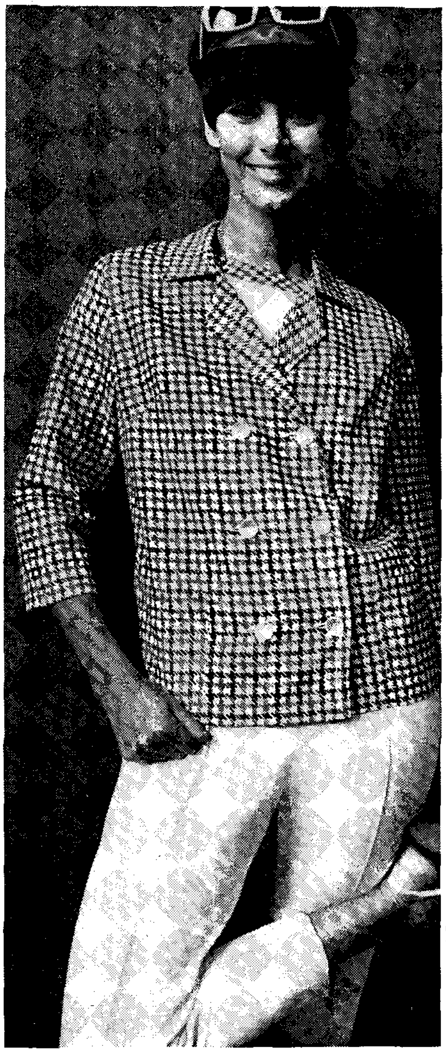

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in the days of the giants, that may have surpassed it in emotional power. But such comparisons are fruitless. Sir John's interpretation of the long, brooding masterpiece was as compelling as any you are likely to hear nowadays, and his orchestra, reflecting the intimate rapport that only a master conductor can build into such an organization, responded nobly. It is a fine orchestra, and it seems to improve from season to season. Its strings have the sensitive quality that strings often have when they are conducted by a former string player (Sir John was once a cellist), and its brasses—augmented for this symphony—have admirable discipline and tone. (The first horn player, in particular, demonstrated prodigious power as well as accuracy.) The Mahler symphony was preceded by a pleasing "Elizabethan Suite," which Sir John has arranged for modern orchestra out of items selected from the "Fitzwilliam Virginal Book," a well-known anthology of seventeenth-century music, and by the Strauss Oboe Concerto, in which Evelyn Rothwell (Lady Barbirolli) appeared as soloist. The Concerto is a late work, even later than "Capriccio," and it has all the subtlety, rollicking humor, and incredible technical élan that Strauss could exhibit at that period in his career. Miss Rothwell, an oboist of the British school, which stresses refinement rather than large tone, performed with taste and with the great agility that the concerto requires. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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BOOKS

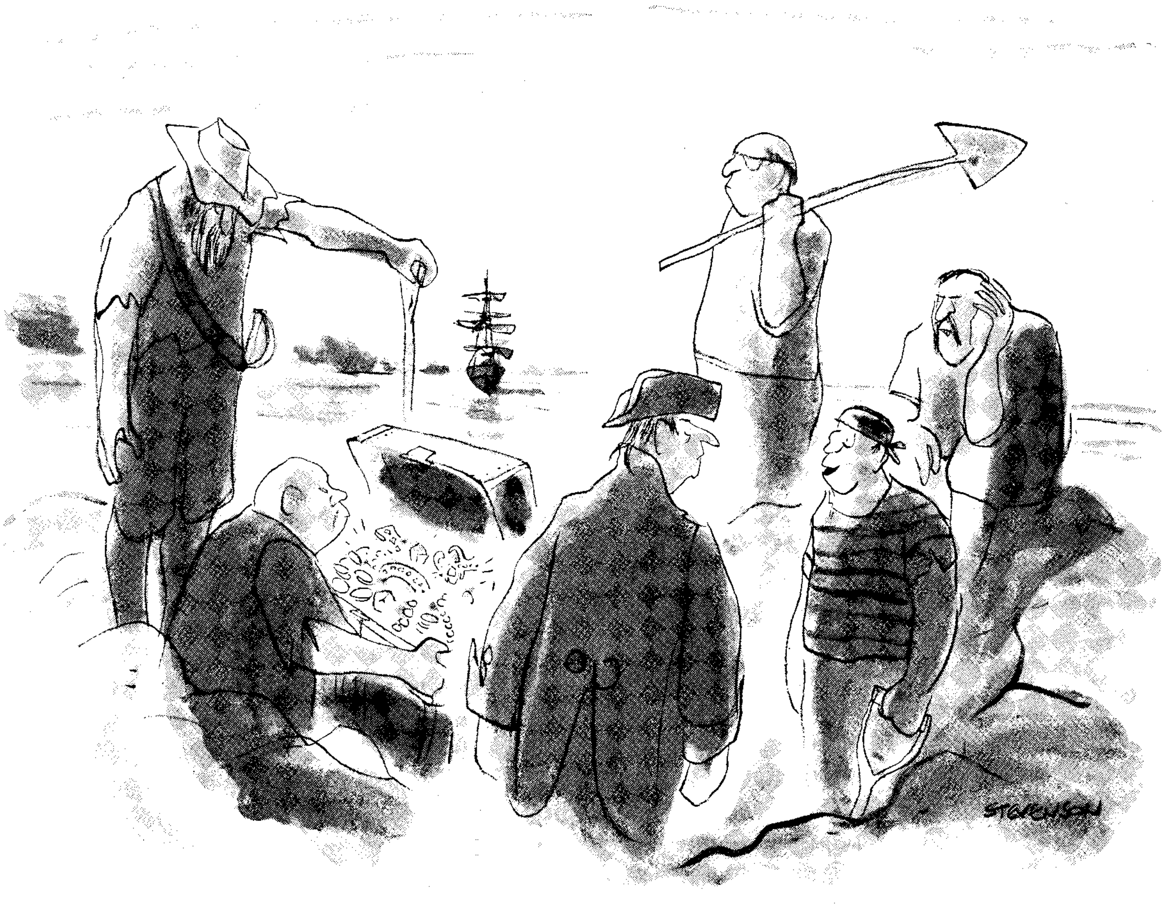
An Ailment All Too Common

WHEN Giuseppe Berto's "Il Male Oscuro" first appeared, back in 1964, Marc Slonim described it as being "very close to the avant-garde." He no doubt intended his remark as a compliment. However, now that an American version is available—"Incubus," translated from the Italian by William Weaver (Knopf)—it appears that Mr. Slonim concisely diagnosed what is wrong with Mr. Berto's novel. It is indeed close to the avant-garde, but with the avant-garde a miss is as good as a mile. Either a writer is out in front of his contemporaries, breaking new ground, or he is not, even though he may be taking up new fashions and producing pastiches "in the manner of" some genuine innovator. The precise defect of Mr. Berto's novel is that it represents such an effort to be in the movement, and thus goes against the grain of his natural talent as a storyteller.

The straining begins early. As the novel is launched, portentous quotations from Aeschylus, Freud, and C. E. Gadda are broken across its bow. It is from Gadda's "La Cognizione del Dolore" that Mr. Berto has taken his title, "Il Male Oscuro":

> It was the obscure disease whose causes and behavior the histories and laws and the universal disciplines of the great University chairs continue to ignore; and the victim carries it within himself, along the whole blasted descent of a lifetime, heavier every day, untreated.

With this broad hint that he is to explore hitherto unplumbed depths of human experience, Mr. Berto brings us to a text running to something in the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty thousand words. With the last of them, Mr. Berto's narrator has reached such a point of misery that all he asks of life is release from the burden of enduring any more of it. The situation and the wish are not exactly unfamiliar, but, with a dashing air of opening new territory to literary colonization, Mr. Berto describes in detail the wearisome nights, full of dreams and visions, that torment his hero along the blasted descent. It is not surprising to find that the fortunes that destroy the narrator's will to live consist of recensions of his previous experience. He is cursed with total recall, and what he gives us, in the form of a somewhat scrambled first-person-singular narrative, is the content of a naturalistic novel of the slice-of-life variety, adjusted slightly to incorporate a certain amount of the patter of psychoanalysis. The secret of the narrator's soul sickness, we learn, is his involvement in a lifelong struggle against his father for psychic survival. This he is unlucky enough to lose in a final, post-mortem round, the old man achieving a technical knockout after the bell by dying of cancer at the end of a harrowing surgical episode, and so saddling his heir with more guilt than he can handle. Mr. Berto's main business is with an account of the son's subsequent disintegration. Here, again, there is nothing either fresh or exciting in what is attempted. The decline of Mr. Berto's narrator into isolation and helplessness would be indistinguishable from one of those epics of accelerating misfortune that Zola and his disciples loved to contrive but for one thing—Mr. Berto knows that his novel will not be received as a serious and truly contemporary piece of fiction unless it is difficult to follow and rich in ambiguity. He has accordingly modernized his prose. His manner of doing this is delightfully simple: He has adopted the device of omitting periods in most places where they might be expected, in order to replace them with either commas or conjunctions. There are, as a consequence, only seven and a half sentences—one of them more than four hundred words long—on the first five pages of Mr. Berto's text in its English translation. Later on, when he really hits his stride, it becomes necessary to fight one's way through such monstrosities as a sixty-five-hundred-word sentence that is to be found oozing its way from page 199 to page 216. It may be suggested that Mr. Berto has cobbled up these long ribbons of words because it would be impossible to re-



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spect the conventions of normal punctuation while conveying the experience of a man whose mind is spiralling downward into the lethal darkness of depression. But anyone with a pencil at hand can turn a given page of Mr. Berto's text back into conventional prose almost as fast as he can read it. The short, staccato sentences, rapidly shifting from topic to topic, in which the madmen of nineteenth-century fiction habitually expressed themselves are as easy to detect within Mr. Berto's lengthy constructions as so many hens' eggs swallowed down whole by a snake. Once the experiment of modernizing a page of Mr. Berto's text has been performed, certain questions present themselves with some insistence. Can the extremely complex clinical entity that Mr. Berto claims to be dealing with really be presented that easily? And is there anything whatever to be gained by monkeying with the punctuation while telling a quite conventional story-of-my-life-and-hard-times?

The truth appears to be that if this novel had been a great deal less pretentious and if it had been written in a straightforward fashion, it would have been immediately recognizable as a moderately imaginative, moderately well-observed, and moderately worthwhile study of middle-class life in modern Italy, centered on a sympathetic exterior view of the disintegration of an individual's personality. As it is, however, the book is something of a fraud and a good deal of a bore.

MAX FRISCH's "A Wilderness of Mirrors" (Random House) is a work of the same general tendency, though the pretension is of another kind. Mr. Frisch's favorite road to profundity is through the question of identity, and in this book he is following it once again. This time, the starting point is the saying of Nietzsche that we invent the people with whom we associate. If they do the same thing, which is our real identity—what we know of ourselves or what others choose to believe about us? And suppose one made up a story about oneself—could *that* become the reality of one's identity? On the basis of some such riddlemeree, Frisch has concocted a story about a man who loses himself in a fantasy about a certain Gantenbein, a personage who pretends to have been blinded in an accident and who lives the life of a sightless man, though he is well able to see. As the fantasy becomes more and more complicated in its details, the personality of Gantenbein crystallizes and his inventor's person-

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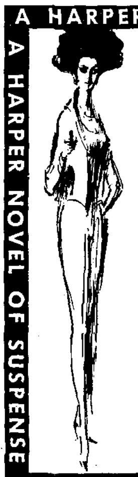

ality begins to be absorbed in that of his invention, until at length the life he has imagined begins to acquire more substance than his own. The reader is also expected to give serious attention to the possibility that this box may be inside another box, and that the man who has invented Gantenbein may himself be the invention of someone else. It is all very arch and, at the same time, extremely heavy in the hand. The straight story buried in all the flummery has to do with Gantenbein's deception of his wife, his friends, and the world in general, and it is a fair example of the sort of gimmicky, wholly unmotivated mystery that Friedrich Dürrenmatt produces with such ease and frequency, and that may do for an airline flight or a train journey. It cannot be said in this case, however, that the straight story will yield an adequate return for the effort required to dig it out of the mass of coffeehouse conceits in which Mr. Frisch has buried it. Like so many contemporary novels of the third rank, "A Wilderness of Mirrors" gives one yet another occasion to regret the oppressive element in the prevailing literary atmosphere which forces many writers with a modest talent for giving pleasure to attempt to live beyond their intellectual means and make contributions to world literature. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE FALL OF PARIS: THE SIEGE AND THE COMMUNE, 1870-71, by Alistair Horne (St. Martin's). This is a superb history—just, readable, and filled with new documentation. Its subject is an unhappy one: twin episodes—a war (lost) and a rebellion (suppressed)—which both appear at this distance in time to have been unnecessary and stupid. Still, this sad story is invaluable, for, as the author rightly reminds us, the history of France and of Western Europe down to now has been influenced—determined is not too strong a word—by the bitter events he chronicles.

THE VOYAGE HOME, by Richard Church (John Day). The third volume of the autobiography of an English writer who was so sensitive in his younger years that if a day or two went by without the emergence of a poem "a wave of fear and despair would flood my intestines and stomach." It presents him as a young poet with a job in the Ministry of Labour (under the ebullient Hum-

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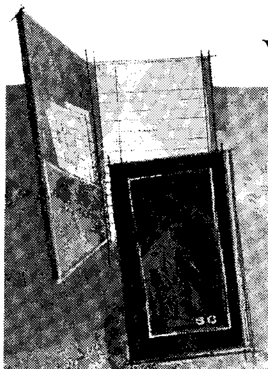

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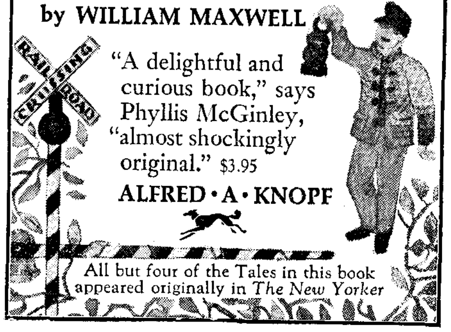

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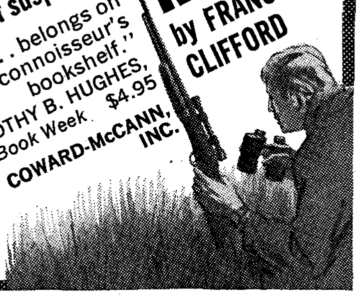

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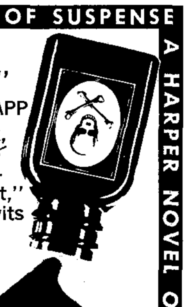

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bert Wolfe), and carries him through the founding of the *Criterion* (with T. S. Eliot, Herbert Read, Bonamy Dobrée), through divorce and remarriage, through a successful first novel ("Oliver's Daughter"), and into a publishing job. It is, on the whole, a joyous story, for Mr. Church found in the literary life the "home" of his title ("Home is nothing more, and nothing less, than the house within the mind"), and he tells it with a gentle joyousness. The period covered is roughly 1921 to 1936.

AUSTERLITZ, by Claude Manceron, translated from the French by George Unwin (Norton). The fascination that Napoleon has exercised over so many generations is here given a most explicit definition. It is the *fascination* of excellence rendered endurable by peripheral but damning imperfections—vanity, autocracy, insincerity, theatricality. M. Manceron, a conscientious historian and a vivid writer splendidly translated, denies Napoleon everything but his military genius, yet that is enough, and Austerlitz (won on December 2, 1805, the first anniversary of his coronation, against an immensely superior force of Austrians and Russians) was the highest expression of that genius. It is impossible to read of it without excitement. Photographs and many first-rate maps.

THE GREAT SHAKESPEARE FORGERY, by Bernard Grebanier (Norton). The Shakespeare forgeries of William Henry Ireland make a superb story: in a few months in 1795 the twenty-year-old Ireland produced innumerable documents signed by Shakespeare, including the original of "King Lear" and a new play, "Vortigern," and saw them—for a while, at least—rapturously accepted. Professor Grebanier tells this lovely saga of human gullibility very badly, in prose borrowed from Victorian melodrama ("That day young Ireland had good reason never to forget") and with a heavy reliance on parlor psychoanalysis ("They come from an emotion-starved boy").

THE CUSTER WOLF, by Roger Caras (Little, Brown). A biographical study—part fact, part fiction—of an outlaw timber wolf that playfully killed hundreds of head of livestock in the neighborhood of Custer, South Dakota, around the time of the First World War. The facts at the author's disposal are meagre: the Cus-

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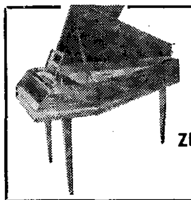

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ter wolf was white, male, and undersized, and it was trapped and then shot by a hunter named H. P. Williams in October, 1920. Mr. Caras has thus been forced to imagine nine-tenths of his story, but he has done so with an imagination informed and controlled by a thorough grasp of what is known about the ways of wolves. The early chapters, which describe the mating of the Custer wolf's parents, the birth of the wolf and his brother and sister cubs, and the careful education in hunting and survival that they received from the parent wolves, are absolutely first-rate. From there, however, the story declines. Mr. Caras refuses even to try to explain the transformation of an ordinary wolf into a renegade: "We could search without profit in the secret byways of cause and effect and never determine if the Custer Wolf behaved as he did because of man's attitude toward him, or if man reflected in his ways only the hurt the white wolf had done." Nor does he bother to give us more than a glimpse of the wolf on the prowl during his years of notoriety. The writing, too, declines, sinking from the functional to the oratorical: "The sun, author of life and sustainer of all that lived, moved erratically into a period of merciless extremes and smashed its searing heat against the earth."

HISTORY OF COLOR IN PAINTING, by Faber Birren (Reinhold). This is a lengthy (three hundred and seventy-one pages) and exhaustive study of the various uses and functions of color as they have developed from the beginning of painting in the Western world. It is divided into two parts, with some overlapping. The first is a survey of the practical side of the matter, such as the gradual refinement of oil-and-pigment as a medium and the standardization of tints, and the second, more philosophical in tone, is a history of the changing views on the relation of color to form and atmosphere from the beginning of the Renaissance to the present. The work as a whole is extremely particularized, but even a cursory reading is likely to unearth a good deal of interesting anecdotal information, such as the almost mystical qualities that very early painters attributed to color (red for fiery moods, blue for serenity, and so on) and the little-known contributions that both Newton and Voltaire made to the rationalization of color se-

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quences. The more generalized second part of the book, with its brisk procession of brief accounts of the ideas of the Masters, is a handsomely organized and highly illuminating affair. There are about five hundred and fifty illustrations, including thirty-two in color. Twenty-five dollars.

VERSE

19TH CENTURY BRITISH MINOR POETS, edited, with an introduction, by W. H. Auden (Delacorte). Mr. Auden has faced up to what at first glance seems a thankless task—when one considers the amount of mediocre verse produced in England from the time of Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) to that of Lionel Johnson (1867-1902)—by not passing over the delightful light, comic, and nonsense verse so characteristic of the period, and by tying his selections firmly to history. Three separate chronologies (political and social, scientific and "technical," intellectual and literary) remind the reader that he is being given glimpses of the experience of men and women moving through, and writing lyric poetry within, a most crucial and crowded era in a world whose circumstances often seemed baffling in the extreme. The serious poetry, chosen (without fear or favor) according to the editor's taste, often comes through with fresh relevance and sparkle, and he has supplied biographical notes on thirty-four of the eighty poets as well as interesting glosses on many of the poems. Direct, sensible, and remarkably readable.

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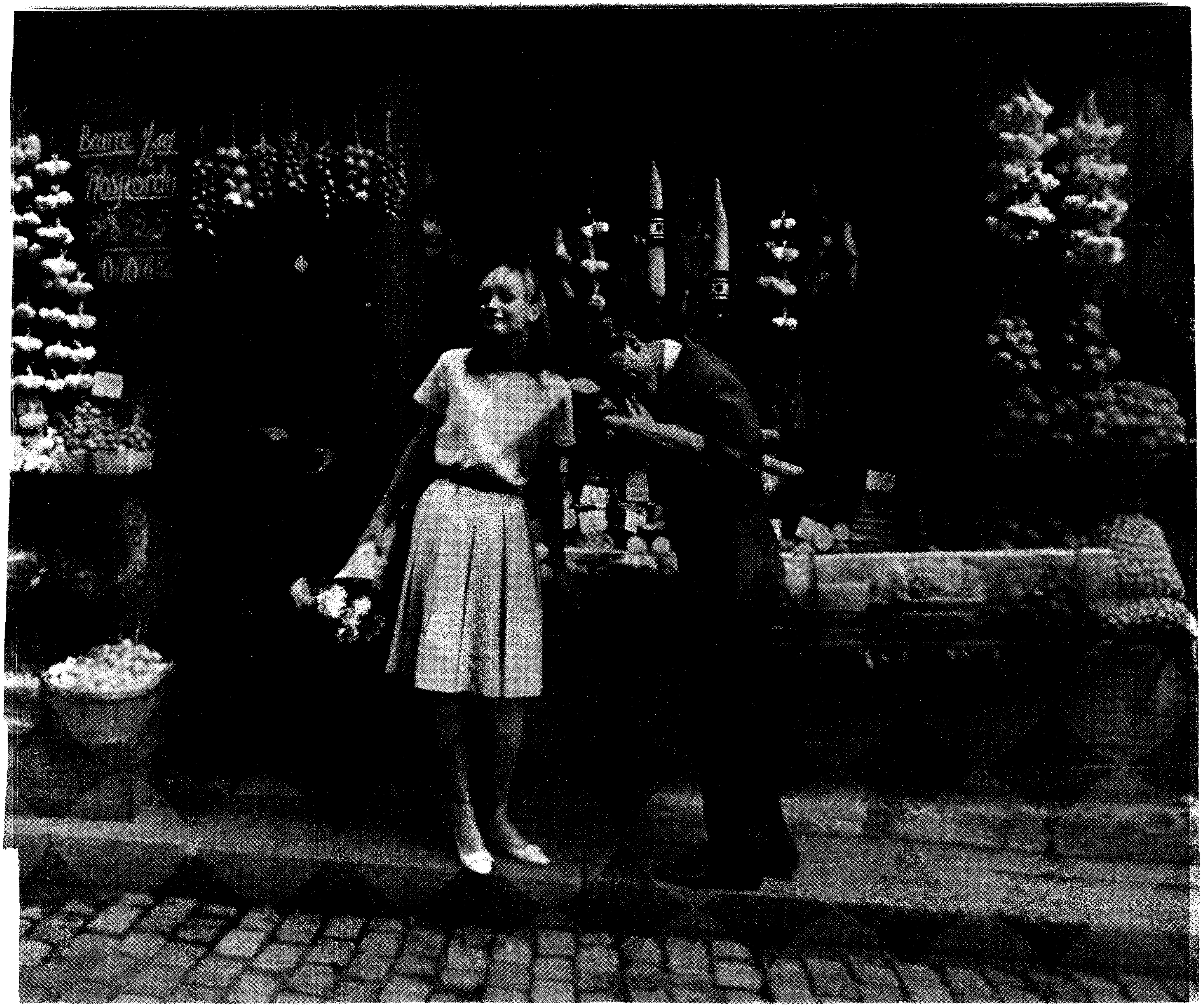

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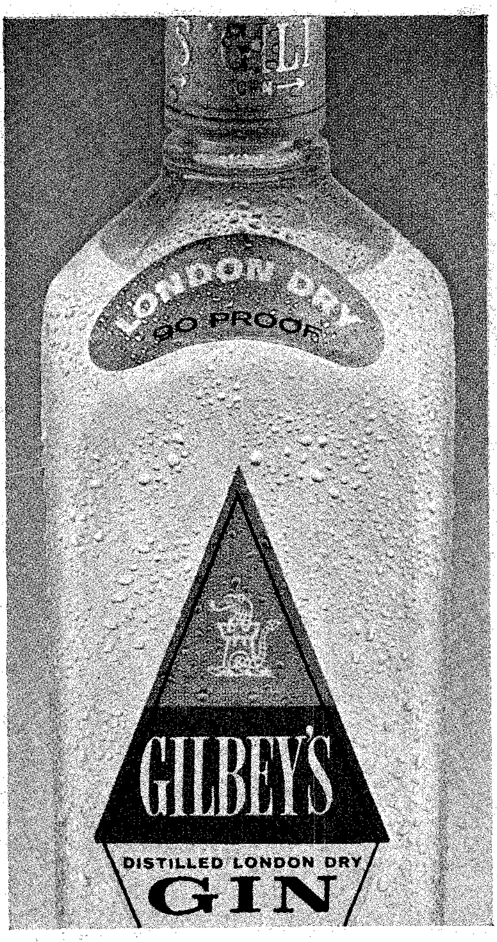

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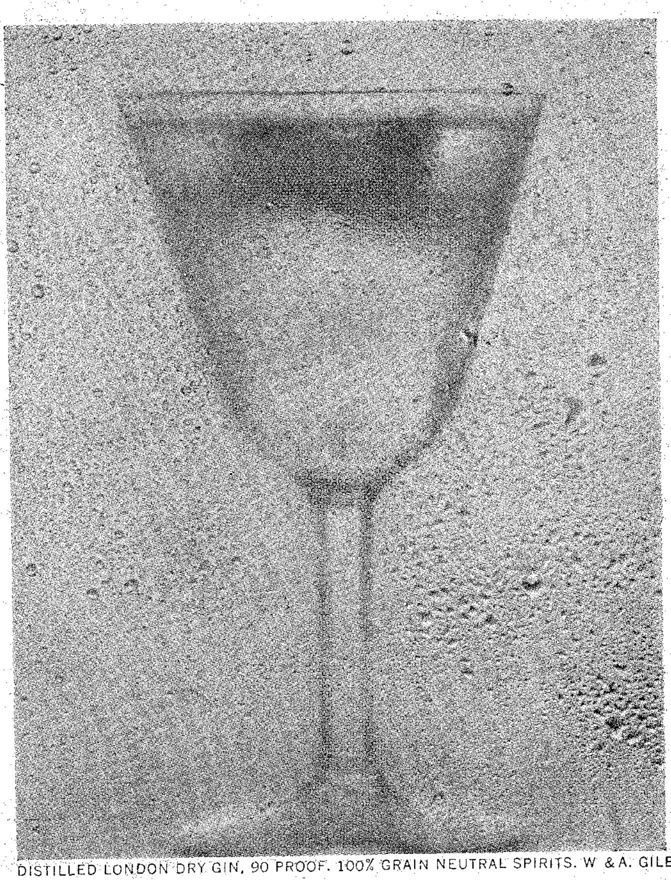

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